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HISTORY
OF THE
TRANSPORTATION OF DECEMBER.

THE
AFRICAN GAOLS,

BY
CH. RIBEYROLLES,

Late Chief Editor of the "*Réforme*" of "Paris."



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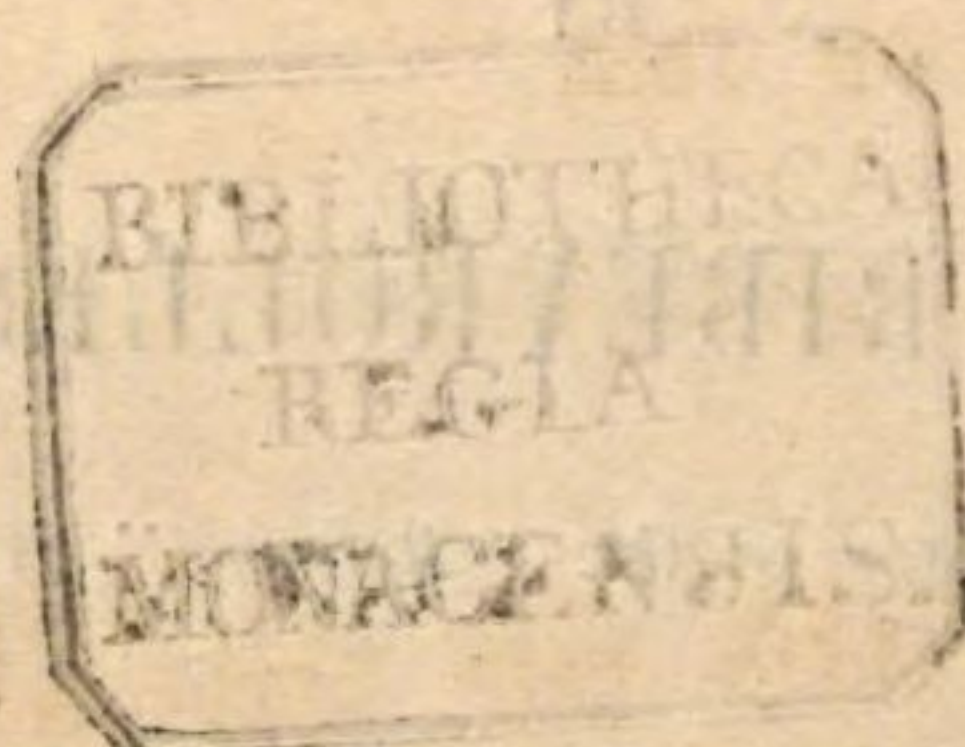
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HISTORY

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TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

“ La République doit être généreuse et avoir foi dans son avenir ; aussi, moi qui ai connu l'exil et la captivité, j'appelle de tous mes vœux le jour où la patrie pourra, sans danger, faire cesser toutes les proscriptions et effacer les dernières traces de nos discordes civiles.

(LOUIS NAPOLEON, 10 décembre 1848.)

It is to you, Sir, that I dedicate the following pages, transportation has dictated, exile has gathered them. They are yours by right, for this is another blood-stained leaf, a book of woe and tortures, a legend of the Arenas, and, as you know, the spoils of the martyrs have ever belonged to the executioner. Your masters of the Roman times, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, also had their historians or rhapsodists, who engraved on their tablets of bronze, the sanguinary follies of those Emperors, and embalmed them, as it were, in their crimes. Such were Suetonius, Persius, Tacitus, Juvenal ; powerful and terrible were their legends which, far better than their Olympus, have preserved the memory of those Cæsars, ranked among the Gods.

Like all those imperial heads, who seem to the eyes of each successive generation, to sweat blood and debauchery,

you, Sir, will also have the great halo ! As your ancestors in crime and in folly, you will be immortal, but your renown will not be posthumous. The justice that awaits you is a living, universal, contemporary justice. You will feel it under your purple robes, its low whisper will reach your ear in the still night, you will hear it above the noisy gaieties of your “fêtes.” In the most remote regions of the earth you might still meet it, for now a days the barbarians, the distant Scythians are as well informed as the citizen of Athens. It is not only the hulks, the deserts of Africa, the land of exile, but the conscience of mankind that raises its voice to accuse you ! Imperishable then is your fame, and you may enjoy it : — your name is known to Space and Time !

You have attempted, Sir, all that was in your power to avert this awful doom : — *Universal disgust and the curse of the world.* You were bashful in your crimes and you closed all the avenues of your empire, extinguished all light, overthrew every “tribune,” sealed every lip. You trembled before the curse of the last agonies and you walled up your victims in your overflowing prisons, in the holds of your floating dungeons, and you stifled their death wail with the bullets of your soldiers and the gag of your judges !

But the times are no more when Empires were closed in like the arenas, when the radiance of local civilization did not extend beyond their frontiers, was intercepted by the deep solitude of forests and found no reflection beyond the seas. Crime has no longer its secret dens. The world at present is *one* great all. Now, Truth flies far and wide over the world on the wings that science has given her : — living humanity is her tabernacle, the universe her temple.

It is in vain that you have surrounded yourself with servitude, silence and darkness. The dungeon has voices like the desert, voices that are heard throughout the world. Even

the grave has its echos and all the nations of the earth know by this time that you outshine Sylla in cruelty, Octavius in ambition and Tiberius in dissimulation.

You are anointed a Cæsar. Aye! anointed with gore and you will rank the highest among the monsters who have disgraced mankind.

You have fairly won your fame however, for you have outstepped all the "Belluari" through the darkest tragedies in the shade and conquered in one day the highest step of the gibbets of history.

For truly, who was this Nero, whose head rolls along the stream of ages as the very emblem and effigy of crime?

A despised wanderer, exiled both in his race and in his person, was *he* restored, as you were, to his native land by the blood of a people and through the clemency of a revolution?

Had *he* hailed as *you* did that revolution, the liberator of the world and of himself, by those words thrown from a foreign shore to the triumphant barricades:—

"Without any other ambition, save that of serving my country, I announce my arrival to the members of the provisional government, and assure them of my devotedness to the cause they represent and of my sympathy for their persons."

By this other word, so fearfully belied since, by the most infamous treason:—

"In presence of the sovereignty of the people, I will and can only claim my rights as a French citizen... my whole life will be devoted to the support of the Republic."

By this engagement of honour, a real contract freely signed and deposited in the hands of the people in the midst of the struggles and the cabals of the Presidential election:

"There must be no misunderstanding between you and

“ me ; I am not an ambitious man ; brought up in free coun-
“ tries, at the school of adversity, I will ever remain faithful
“ to the duties that your suffrages and the will of the Assembly
“ would impose upon me. Were I elected President, it would
“ be a point of honour with me to hand over, after four years,
“ to my successor, public authority strengthened, liberty
“ unsullied, a real progress realized.”

By this solemn oath, sworn before the world, at the sovereign “tribune” which remains as a stain on your forehead, and brands you beneath your crown : —

“ In the presence of God and before the French people,
“ represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain
“ faithful to the *Republic, one and indivisible*, and to fulfil all
“ the duties that the *Constitution* imposes upon me.”

No ! when the son of Agrippina entered the palace of Clodius, he did not find the Republic established and the sovereignty of the people proclaimed in Rome. He did not swell the train of the Gracchi, hailing the people from the sacred mount, humbly begging for a home, claiming his title as citizen and modestly taking his seat in the senate alongside of Cato ! He had not taken twenty oaths before the images of the Gods, twenty oaths violated afterwards with all the hypocrisy of ambition—all the savage violence of brutal force. To win the Consular chair, he had not deluded the people with almost agrarian proclamations. Holding up the urn of the great Cæsar, he had not awakened the bitter memories of past defeats and roused the spirit of vengeance in the heart of the nation. He had been as yet neither a comedian, a traitor, nor a perjurer. He had neither silenced the Rostrum, dismissed the senate nor overthrown the sovereignty of the people. To ascend the throne he had only slain Britannicus.

When I reflect, Sir, that *your* Britannicus, is the French

Revolution; that *your* murdered Agrippina is called the Republic; that instead of slaying Poppea, the courtesan, you raised your hand against the conscience of mankind, — I declare you have never had your equal amongst the malefactors of the world, and that Nero himself, that eternal prototype of monsters, when compared to you, is but a pigmy!

Nero, that dismal Narcissus of crime, is said to have basked smiling in the light of burning Rome, — that Rome which you have bombarded! Nero the flute-player had his competitors thrown to the wild beasts of the Arenas. A heathen Emperor, almost a half cousin of Jupiter, he burnt Christians in his feasts; but to enlighten his conscience, to form his mind, what education had he received?... The morals of Seneca, the doctrines of Burrhus, the Pedagogue, and the advice and examples of his mother. Moreover, in his youthful cup, he had found that dreadful nectar of absolute power that begets the thirst of sanguinary intoxication!

But, you “brought up in free countries, at the school of adversity;” you the sectator and contemporary of two revolutions; you, the professed disciple, — in former days — of those ideas that hope whispers in the heart of the poor; you who should have had your heart and mind opened to the lessons of public reason, by your past trials, by your education, by yours remembrances, and by your exile; you, a son of the 19th century, who had already seen civilization cast her anchors, public liberties taking root, and science like a luminous column, ascend so high; — you have rushed, of a sudden, upon those fruitful liberties, and trampled them under your feet; on those bright pharoses, and extinguished them; on those ideas, divine seeds, in bloom already in the garden of the people, and you have cut them to the ground! You have destroyed right, and overthrown the law, you their high-priest, their supreme magistrate! As a highwayman

breaks into an inn and steals a garment in the dead of the night, so you have pilfered the sovereignty of a nation, of the first among the nations of the earth !

The people's sovereignty, right, law, justice, liberty, these are your victims : truly they can compete — can they not ? — with the corpses of Seneca and Burrhus !

Awakened by this catastrophe, by the shock of an entire civilization suddenly broken down, by a midnight plot, like a tent overthrown by a storm, the public mind was struck with terror, and staggered. This triumph of brutal force, this plot so rife with the strategy of murder, this savage disregard for the sanctity of oaths, this sudden downfall of institutions, of powers, of a whole world, in a word, the day before teeming with life ; all those things disturbed it deeply, and many heads, the seat of high thoughts, were bowed down by a weight of doubt, as they viewed all these ruins !

Besides, the darkness you had made around you, and which was only broken by the dull glimmer of the dark-lanterns of your police, this darkness covered the wreck, and concealed the graves, your murders and your plunders. Some few traces of blood could alone be found in the “ dithyrambics ” of your journals, and a universal night spreading afar, like terror, that other night of the soul, the general feeling was, that heavy and feverish anxiety which weighs on one, when in the dark and mysterious solitude of a cavern.

But, I have said it already, Sir : truth in our days can never remain long concealed ; dumb in this place, gagged in that, the captive of force or treachery, it glides like the sunbeam through the prison bars, and awakens, the world over, the infinite scales, the boundless keys of its great human instrument, the Press !

And so, before you had picked up the corpses of your victims and thrown them promiscuously in your yawning

burial grounds ; before you had washed away the blood of your murders, from the walls and the courts of your prisons, from the “*Préfecture*,” the “*Champ-de-Mars*” and the “*Luxembourg*,” your three nocturnal slaughter-houses,—**TRUTH**, swift as the swallow in its flight, had already reached us in London, your wholesale butcheries were the theme of every conversation in Switzerland, Germany and Lombardy ; and Belgium could sum up the balance-sheet of your murders.

The amount of your extortions at the bank, at the “*Bourse*,” of the bribes you had pocketed on the grants of authorized lines of steam packets, and on the famous lottery of the “*Lingot d’Or*” were also known and fully discussed. People talked also of your needy accomplices, hemmed in between the debtor’s gaol or the felon’s cell, Clichy or Clairvaux, and thus the “*Coup d’Etat*,” was explained by its foul motives : robbery, bankruptcy, sordid or princely ambitions, as well as in its hideous results : three thousand corpses in Paris, the prisons crammed, the provinces devastated, and civilization ransacked !

These first rays of truth, were quickly followed by a bright and universal burst of light. The generals kidnapped by you, in that night of treason and handed over to your worthy accomplices, spoke out ; the hulks told their gloomy tale, their tortures and your infamy ; exile sent forth its severe witnesses, and Victor Hugo, *your* Juvenal, *your* Chateaubriand, threw such light upon your soul and upon your “*ditches of Vincennes*,” that those tragedies were clearly understood by the whole world

It knew then and knows, that the government intrusted to you by the nation, became in your hands a conspiracy of three years against that nation ; that by a double-edged Italian policy, whilst you slandered Republican France, to raise against her the host of panick-struck interests, you neglected

no means, at the same time, of throwing discredit and dishonour on that weak and sad Legislative Assembly, so as to damn it in its turn, in the opinion of Republican France!

The world knew and knows, the secrets of your preliminary intrigues to buy up military, administrative, and police consciences, if indeed that sacred word "conscience!" can be applied to that litter of greedy instincts, jobbers, Corsican servilities, Jews, bigamists, pirates and adventurers, who swarm in your court and amongst whom you have recruited your Marshals, your Chamberlains, your Senators, O you Charlemagne of freebooters!

The world knows all about your nocturnal "razzia" of the 2nd of December, and your masterly manoeuvres of which Car touche himself—a great man and a kindred genius!—might justly have been proud. The world knows, that on the 4th, at two in the afternoon, your army, glutted with gold and wine, murdered by your orders—without any previous summons or provocation—two thousand unarmed citizens, women, children, old men! A rich hecatomb, truly! and such as Rome itself seldom witnessed in its Arenas!

The world knows, in a word, that after your victory, when the struggle was over, one thousand men were murdered in cold blood by your orders, either on their very hearthstones or in your prisons. That you raised the political scaffold, to breathe freely the strong aroma of Republican blood,—that ever-cherished perfume of kings!—That your Kabyl-pretoriaes, got up "man-hunts" as in the recesses of Mount Atlas, and that from every part of France, of poor, wretched France, laid waste by you, were marched off,—mournful caravans—for the hulks, for exile, for Algeria and Cayenne, thirty or forty thousand martyrs, guilty of having defended the law against your assassins!

But what the world does not know, is the extent and the

bitterness of your hatred for those victims transported without even having been heard ; their slavery, the humiliations under which they are crushed down, the practical workings of your revenge against this sacred legion, where, coupled promiscuously together, in misery and despair, are to be found the artist, the operative, the peasant, the physician, the magistrate ; men of every class and station, and upwards of a hundred mothers, whom you have torn from their babes, and thrown on the roads of exile, or to your galleys of Africa !

Those are the things which are as yet unknown to the world, they form the last page of your triumphs which I now submit to its reflections and dedicate to you.

It will be but colourless and incomplete, this legend of your martyrs, for transportation is mute and *your* arenas are shut in like the circles of Dante ! Yet, fear not ; not a tear, not a spot of blood will be lost ! Every thing will be carefully treasured up : the sigh, the sob, agony, despair, hunger and you too, shall have your Trajan Pillar, O Cæsar ! with the gory crown !....

but none of your nation for these reasons: they are without
 even having been heard; their slavery, the indignities under
 which they live crushed them, the poorest workings of your
 message against this sacred religion, which, counted by mis-
 chance together, in misery and despair, are to be found the
 chief, the operative, the present, the physical, the moral
 root: men of every class and nation, and thousands of a
 hundred millions, whom you have torn from their families, and
 thrown on the fields of exile, or to your dungeons of a trial!

There are the things which are not yet unknown to the world.
 They form the last page of your triumph which I now submit
 to its criticism and dedication to you.

It will be said: "What is the meaning of this?" It is your
 message, the last page of your triumph which I now submit
 in the circles of justice! "Yes, you say; not a tear, not a
 spot of blood will be lost! Every thing will be carefully trea-
 sured up: the right, the good, the holy, the precious, and you
 too, shall have your Tropic Pillar, O Canaan! with the gay
 crown!"

I have said, and I repeat, that the message which I now submit
 to you is the last page of your triumph which I now submit
 in the circles of justice! "Yes, you say; not a tear, not a
 spot of blood will be lost! Every thing will be carefully trea-
 sured up: the right, the good, the holy, the precious, and you
 too, shall have your Tropic Pillar, O Canaan! with the gay
 crown!"

CHAPTER I.

I write amidst ruins, ruins greater than an invasion would have left behind it, for brutal force does not always destroy honour, and here alas ! all has fallen together !

The fields of my native land are green this year as at every spring the furnaces of her manufactures burn and smoke, her arts flourish though, as it were, in a hot bed ; she is still full of life and activity ; her academies continue their eternal round of duly studies. France, in a word, has retained all her material forces : her armies, her citadels, her frontiers, her towers, — and all the splendour of her beauty : her palaces, her museums, her monuments !... And yet ! she is paler under her gems, she is sadder and more down-trodden than after Waterloo'...

And why ? — It is that her very soul is dead, that the heavenly breath of her genius is gone, that she is allowed no more the free expression of her thoughts. — Why ? — Because her sovereignty now, is the whim of one man !

Throughout this great country, what is to be heard ? The heavy gallop of the “gendarme,” the shrill bell of the judge, the hue and cry of the policeman, the “hozanna” of the drunken hirelings of the press and of the petty parliament, and the “ukases” of the emperor ! — What is to be seen ? Brutal force reclining under its arms, suspicion watching in the dark, fear hiding itself, the informer marking the doors of his victims and the emperor returning from the chase !

The police and the emperor, those are the only masters !

Yes ! France is more wretched than after Waterloo ! Her

body alone was wounded then and her soul remained unsullied; her destroyed armies slept under the grass of her plains, but her ideas rallied over their graves, and Europe trembled, even as she held down her vanquished and bleeding foe! To day France is the captive of crime: the stranger has not turned his arms against her; and it is her young legions, the children of her bosom, who have now crushed her to the earth!

How could it come to pass that this sinister night should have so suddenly fallen over our History? What are the causes of this rapid downfall? — Those causes, two words will explain them: — ambition and fear. Ay, the heavy, stupid fear of interest, alarmed by a sovereignty young and ardent, but magnanimous even to madness, and the crooked ambition of wandering dynasties, who for three years, had laid the siege of the Republic, in the hope of regaining their old domains. But, those last robbers being too slow, the Lord-protector of all the conspirators, a villain of darkness, came at the favorable hour, aimed the blow — and the revolution fell! — Such is the drama in its most prominent features.

Then come the incidents. In the besieged camp many faults were committed; the manœuvres between the two great conspiracies were awkwardly combined, but such points are not to be discussed here. The details are of trifling consequence in such great catastrophies! Let us then ring the knell of agonies and go strait at the monster!

The crimes of the tyrant are the first vengeance of the martyrs.

EPISODES OF PARIS.

Simple chronicler of facts which did not take place in exile, we cannot be a witness in this cause; but we can confidently assert that the notes and documents that form the substance of this book emanate from the transported themselves or from some of their friends recently escaped from the galleys of Africa.

One of the latter, citizen Frond, ex-lieutenant of the firemen of Paris, gave us the greater part of those documents which he had collected one by one, in the prisons, on the hulks and in

the camps, which he had to go through. Wholely devoted to his task of just retribution, this officer, now our companion in exile, went to the bottom of each misery, of each grievance, of each suffering, and when afterwards he attempted his successful escape, carrying with him his notes through the dangerous hazards of the sea, he made the solemn vow of opening as soon as he possibly could, to the cause of his martyred brothers, the great assizes of public opinion.

This vow we now accomplish here, regretting only that we cannot at the same time avenge all those who suffer, and reveal the infamies that the grave hides or that silence covers!

But if we have only been able to glean a few sheaves in this vast field of mourning, if the thousand tragedies of transportation remain for the greatest part in the dark, if many names and many crimes are omitted, at least we can let the world see into the hideous secret of transportation itself, its brutal practices, its refined methods, its savage laws, and to complete our task, before we pass the sea, we will gather a few episodes as yet unknown of the battle in Paris. The trains of blood and the graves will guide us from the cause to the consequence, from the 2nd of December to transportation, from Paris to Africa.

THE CRIPPLE.

On the 4th of December, at that dismal hour when a shower of fire was falling on the "Boulevards" of Paris, a workman, an invalid, leaning on a crutch and on a stick, was slowly and painfully making his way from the "Chapelle-Saint-Denis" to his mother's house in the suburbs.

The poor cripple, whose name was Alfred Habrant, had retired without a pension from the navy; he had been bed-ridden by paralysis during the two stormy years that followed February 48, and though a Republican, he thought that his infirmity made him safe and sacred, and that his crutch would sufficiently protect him even in the midst of the most bitter civil war. — Whether soldier or workman, who would attempt to hurt the poor paralytic?

Habrant got to the "Barrière": the gates are shut, all the outlets are barricaded and men in "blouses" mount guard. The invalid asks to pass out: they are brother workmen, of course they will open the gate? — They surround him, form a council of war and determine that he must be shot!

But of a sudden a volley of guns and the charge of a troop are heard, the military are coming. The men in blouses immediately abandon the barricade they had erected : — it was but a snare ; the *blouses* were in the pay of the police.

To escape the “ fusillade,” Habrant takes refuge in the gate-way of the custom-house. The balls fall like hail around him and the soldiers rushing furiously onward, — easily destroy the undefended barricade.

No wounded are to be found behind the barricade, no runaway is to be seen in any direction, there is no one there but the poor invalid. What is to be done against crutches ?

Those crutches our brave soldiers mistake for arms !... Gorged with wine, mad with blood, they throw themselves on the cripple whom their officer had already struck with his sabre, and discharge their arms.

Habrant falls ; he is only wounded for the bullets are drunk, but he pretends to be dead, the soldiers turn to retire thinking they leave nothing but a corpse behind, when a man in plain clothes, who acted as “ *éclaireur* ” to the troop, cries out after a moment : “ They were not arms after all, but merely crutches.”

They raise Habrant, they extinguish the flames that were already devouring his clothes and even eating into his very flesh, and when the poor man more dead than alive, asks to be let through the barrier : — “ The pavements obstruct it, answers the officer, it cannot be opened. Be off ! the ‘ ambulance ’ (1) is at ‘ La Chapelle. ’ ”

The mutilated man makes a last effort, he directs his faltering steps towards the “ *Mairie*,” losing his blood as he goes, but the way is long, not a friendly door opens before him, not a brotherly hand is extended towards him, and his blood still flows from his wounds and his forces are abandoning him fast. About half way, at last, the invalid finds an apothecary’s shop which he enters. All present fall back with terror at the view of this spectre actually riddled with gunshots ! whose face is burnt, whose clothes are in tatters, whose flesh is torn almost as much as his garments, and when the chemist has stript the body, bleeding from twenty wounds, a cry of horror is raised against the torturers.... A fugitive protestation, alas ! and that fear will quickly stifle !

The first dressing is applied to the wounds ; the cripple is laid on some straw in the hall of the house, and there Habrant passes his night, naked, and without anything to cover him but a horse-cloth, and with a pitcher of water at his side... The next day the worthy chemist gets rid of his guest. He is carried on a litter to the “ *Mairie* ” and there he passes the day, still naked, without his wounds being either examined or dressed... but this time, instead of straw he is laid on a bundle of hay.

(1) Camp hospital.

Towards five o'clock, however, the police arrive, throw Habrant on a litter of "insurgés bleus" (1) and conduct him to the "Hôpital Saint-Louis."

There he remains till the 1st of March, neither curing nor dying, the object of incessant cares and studies, a curious example of vitality for the physicians, who cannot understand this indomitable skeleton. But the police does not fancy those who hold out so long, and when they will not die with a good grace, she carries them away to her dens. Habrant was removed to the "Préfecture." Eight days after he was carried to "Bicêtre" and from there to the Fort of Ivry, that great magazine and "entrepôt" of transportation.

Here at last, Habrant still bed-ridden, pierced with bullets like an old standard, receives the visit of one of the *emissaries of mercy* (!), the General de Goyon — "He was a cripple, says the Doctor, now it is all over with him." — "He is a most dangerous character" exclaims the warrior of the 2nd of December, "we have the most serious information against him." — "What are the charges?" answers Habrant, "let me be confronted with my accuser!" — "His spine is greatly injured," the Doctor continues, "he has received four gun shots, he is worn out and paralysed. He will never live to reach Africa." — "Well, well, let the principal persons of his neighbourhood sign a certificate in his favour..., The *clemency* of the Prince will decide..."

Habrant's old mother runs begging and praying all over the quarter; the signatures abound; the petition is rich! On the other hand, the Doctor declares that another removal would be a murder; — of course Habrant will be set free?...

A few days afterwards, he was sent with a "convoi" to the hulks and shipped for Africa!...

What has become of him, under a climate that destroys the most robust and the bravest? Is he still alive, or has he found at last the end of his sufferings? No one can tell, not even the "*Moniteur*" who on the 4th of February gave his name in a list of persons amnestied... of whom *twenty were already dead*!...

THE CHILD.

The day following Habrant's murder, at the same barrier, the heroes of the day before were still encamped. It was the same detachment of the 28th of the line under the command of a lieutenant. The orders were as severe as in war time; the arms loaded, sentinels posted as "éclaireurs;" one would have fancied an advanced post, awaiting a

(1) Bleu insurgents or moderate Republicans, to distinguish them from what the police termed "les insurgés rouges" or red Republicans.

battle... A child presents himself. In each hand he carries a tin can, he advances as far as the gates and looks out for a passage to enter the town and go the daily round of his customers.

The soldiers perceive him; — perhaps those cans hide arms or ammunition, — like the crutches of Habrant! — A soldier cries: “Qui vive?” fires and kills the lad. His blood and his brains bespatter the pavement!...

The child was not fifteen years of age! — And what was in the cans? — Milk!

AN EXECUTION BY THE BAYONET.

On that ever to be accursed day, the 4th of December, a barricade constructed in front of the 5th “arrondissement” had just been carried, by one or two companies of the 5th battallion of the “Chasseurs de Vincennes.” A citizen who happened to be at this “Mairie,” took refuge under the door. After scaling the barricade, the soldiers wild from drunkenness, advance led by their officer: — “What are you doing there?” cries the latter to Voisin, and without waiting for his answer, without questioning him further, without visiting his person, he orders his soldiers to shoot him. — The detachment drag the “bourgeois” on the side path, and as the muskets are not loaded, six soldiers run him through with their bayonets. Voisin falls; — he had received twelve wounds!

Twenty minutes after he is able to crawl as far the “Mairie.” The old porter receives and conducts him to the “ambulance” where his wounds are visited: — they were deep, yawning ghastly, but not mortal. He obtains to be removed to the establishment of Dr Dubois, and there his wounds heal, though slowly; but the police has not lost sight of its prey and before three months are elapsed, it seizes on Voisin or rather on what the bayonets have left of him. He remains twelve days at the hospital St Louis, and then begins his long pilgrimage from the prisons to the Forts. First he remains a week in the foul dens of the “Préfecture” of police where the victims are parked to be counted and known; then he passes twenty four hours at the prison of “Bicêtre,” and at last is sent to the Fort of Ivry, where those who are intended for the hulks remain till their departure.

While Voisin, “pierced like a sieve,” lay dying at Mr. Dubois establishment, he was obliged, “for the inquest, to be confronted with the officer of the “Chasseurs de Vincennes.” After the twelve stabs of the bayonet this officer had said: enough! and had stopped the hand of a soldier who wanted to despatch Voisin with a hatchet. — “We all thought you dead, quite dead,” said the *gallant* officer, when he met with Voisin, “otherwise I would have *finished* you with my own hand!”

It was when he was quite cool and sober, two months after the butchery of December, that the worthy gentleman, let fall this affecting regret, over the bed of suffering of his victim!...

THE MILITARY MEDAL.

About the 20th of December, at one of the barriers of Paris, two baker's men quarrel and come to blows about some question concerning their trade; a detachment of soldiers arrive, they seize the two champions and push them in the ranks. On the way, one of the workmen contrives to disengage himself and endeavours to escape, but he had not gained ten paces, when a soldier fires at him and he falls.

The insurrection was over, no barricades were to be seen; why then fire at this man?... Louis-Napoleon had just *founded* the military medal and the soldier hoped to win it by his ready and good shooting at the *workman*!

The unfortunate Baker died at the hospital St. Louis, towards the end of February, after a long and terrible agony. But the police had marked him out and three days after his entry in the hospital a "juge d'instruction" had given directions that he should be given up to the council of war... in case of recovery!

What forethought! And why bring this man before a court martial? Why shoot him like a wild beast or a piece of game?... But this is logic: — under M. Bonaparte, when the soldier does not finish his man he hands him over to the executioner.

A PRÆTORIAN GAME.

A Mother was passing with her child at her breast in one of the streets in the neighbourhood of the "Boulevards," between the "Conservatoire" and the "Château-d'Eau." There, as everywhere else, martial law had placed its sentinels from place to place, and two "Chasseurs de Vincennes" were posted at ten paces from each other at the entry of the street.

The first lets the woman enter the street with her precious burden. The second stops her by hickuping a drunken: "Qui vive?" He menaces the poor mother with his bayonet and rushes at her like a maniac. She turns to fly, holding her child more tightly to her breast, but then she meets the bayonet of the other soldier that pierces her flesh and throws her back against that of his comrade!... Then a frightful game begins between the two drunken soldiers! They run

the poor woman through, pushing her from one to the other, until at last she falls with her child, both bleeding, both murdered !...

That same evening of the 4th, and a few paces higher in the same street, three soldiers of the same battalion, were pursuing another woman, who took refuge in the shop of a wine-dealer. They enter the shop nail the woman to the counter with their bayonets, and letting their arms remain in the body, they call for something to drink. 'Tis well ; wine and blood ! The brave fellows are dry !

The witness who related those hideous scenes to us is a shoemaker, who served ten years as soldier in Africa, and who by his courage won the cross of the legion of honour : four days afterwards he was crying like an infant and could not speak, — he, the African soldier ! the slaughterer of Kabyles !...

Those chronicles of the great murder, are quite independent, as may be seen, of the butcheries of the "Boulevard," and of the real and serious barricades. We have chosen them from a thousand others, to prove that at every point, even where no resistance was offered, where no struggle took place, the watchword was always the same : — assassination ! and that in those orgies of blood and fury no one was held sacred, neither the invalid, nor the infant, nor the mother !

And on whom must fall the responsibility of those hideous exploits of this savage slaughter ? Certainly the soldiers who accomplished the deed of blood, have disgraced their banner, the officers who commanded them are miserable wretches, and their generals infamous and deliberate assassins. But if the French army has damned itself for ever by its obedient murders, if no excuse can be found to attenuate the horror of this prætorian debauch, yet impartial history will say : —

" Those soldiers, who murdered women and children, those
" slaves of discipline — ambition had hired them : — they had
" drank the wine of the 2nd of December !

" Those officers so ready for the slaughter, were penniless,
" a Siren, corruption, had tempted them : — they had drank
" the hopes of the 2nd of December !

" Those tainted generals, irretrievably sunk in debt, those
" malefactors of high degree, those captains of crime, Cæsar
" had bought them : — they had drank the gold of the 2nd of
" December !

And that will be no excuse for those venal, brutal and cowardly consciences ; and all, officers, soldiers and generals, will retain the mark of blood ; but the responsibility passing

over those foul instruments, will reach the master and history will say :—

“ Who, to satisfy the gross appetites of an ignorant and coarse soldiery, rolled the hogsheads of Vittellius into their barracks? — Louis-Napoleon !

“ Who made a market of crosses, of commissions, of military commands for needy and unprincipled officers?—Louis-Napoleon ! ”

“ Who stole millions from the bank to buy up, at the weight of gold, the scruples and the sword of those generals of treason and murder?—Louis-Napoleon ! ”

History will say :—

“ He, who in a famous proclamation beginning thus :

“ Soldiers,

“ ‘ In 1830 as in 1848, you were treated as a vanquished foe. Your heroic devotedness was scoffed at; your sympathies and your wishes were disregarded, and yet, you are the choice part of the nation....’ ”

“ He who in this appeal to the most cruel reprisals of the army against the people, belied truth to enlist bitter hatreds and set them loose in Paris—is Louis-Napoleon !

“ It is this same man who, palsied by fear during the battle, though far from it, exclaimed over and over again, in his den of the “ Champs-Élysées ” :—Tell Saint-Arnaud to execute my orders! — and what were those orders? — To massacre the lookers-on, to shower grape on the passers-by, to murder by wholesale in fact, in the face of the sun, and with all the forces of open warfare !

“ It is he, who got placarded over the walls of Paris, with the signature of one of his menials, this savage decree, of which the spirit seems to rise over all those hideous scenes like a sinister revelation :—

“ ‘ Any person found erecting, or defending barricades, or with arms about his person, *will be shot.*’ ”

In war time, Tunis and Morocco, make prisoners. Attila, king of the Huns, dragged his by thousands behind his baggages. The Red-skins themselves, are said no longer to scalp their captives but to bring them to their huts ; — it required a Bonaparte thus to murder his prisoners in the middle of the 19th century !—And what prisoners? — Citizens carried away by duty and honour to resist perjury ! Martyrs

of public faith, and of right, cynically violated by a sacrilegious ambition..... O human justice!

This decree was more effectual than either wine or gold; for it served as a "carte-blanche" for each soldier, who thus could give a full scope to his drunken whims and to his private hatreds. Thence those cold-blooded murders perpetrated far away from the battle, on the mother, the child and the cripple. Thence those ferocious "frolics" of the soldiery, shooting and running through indiscriminately, the "Bedouin" (1) whether orphan, old man or woman, whether wounded or a prisoner, "bourgeois" or workman.

Louis Bonaparte who drew out this decree of death, is then the strategist of the slaughter. His, is the crime, all the blood spilt is his!

As to the corpses, hastily thrown in the common charnel-pit or buried here and there as after a wreck, they have received neither the visit nor the prayers of the living. None can point out the sod where they sleep:—of those who fell in December, the graves are nameless!

But one name is known, the name of the butcher, of the assassin of so many victims: the name of Louis Bonaparte. He revels to day in all the pomp of his palaces; he prides himself on the charms of his fair adventuress; with the public funds he treats his accomplices and his courtesans,—after the vengeance of Tiberius he gives himself up to the pleasures of Heliogabalus.

But the dead will have at last their day of reckoning! Up! all who have lost a brother, a sister, a mother, a child! Whether Republicans or no, do not forget those who remain without a sepulture as without vengeance! To public opinion, a sleeping sea to day, a tempestuous ocean to-morrow, throw as a war-cry, the names of the martyrs!

It is the duty of all who still remain around the family hearthstone, and woe! to those, who giving way to the counsels of interest or fear, forget their duties to the dead!.....

(1) A nickname given by the soldiers to all those who do not wear the uniform.

CHAPTER II.

Louis Bonaparte is a man trained from his earliest youth, to all the practices of the conspirator. He has no moral sense; he is equally destitute of honesty, decency and honour.

When the stupid and fatal idolatry of his name, opened to this gloomy maniac, the field of lofty ambition, his conduct was already marked out to him, by his long meditations in exile or at Ham, and without losing an hour he, spider-like, set to spinning his web.

The conspirator of Ancona and Arenemberg, the defeated hero of Strasburg, the contemptible parodist of golf Juan, at Boulogne, had already his host of adventurers and pirates around him.

Those "icoglans" (1) of fortune, those ever ready daggers, those men equally willing to act the valet of the bed-chamber or the bravo, were easily found, by one who had passed twenty years enlisting accomplices, getting up insane plots, and gathering from the very dregs of society, all the needy ruffians that had sprung from a half century of revolutions.

Thus Bonaparte had his men, his creatures, that pushed him on and followed because he was the genius, the force, and the hopes of their libertine passions: — for perjury, for assassination, for robbery, he had his "condottieri" that he could rely upon!

(1) The pages of the grand Turk.

Besides this staff of brigands, devoted and ready for anything, when the hour of sinister executions would come, he had his army of functionaries, five hundred thousand men, feeding off the budget, hierarchised, squatted on their salaries, who would not stir on pay-day, even to save their mother from being murdered !

Then again he had the army, which the code and the discipline of his uncle, still in full force, had organised, formed, and trained to be a willing tool against any civil society following the wide paths of civilization and progress. But to wrestle against the great spirit of France, against the heir of 89, and more particularly against the Revolution of February — the 89 of the future ! — all that was not sufficient yet.

It was necessary to separate the country in two camps, intelligence at one side, fortune at the other, and to blow discord and civil war between the two ; it was necessary to make the farm fear the manor, and the manor suspect the farm ; to spread hatred against the “ presbytère ” and to rally against the Revolution all the weak minded, the egotists and the cowards of a civilization alarmed by the broad winged flight of new and daring ideas !

Thence the “ Jacquerie ” so loudly denounced in the departments by the bishops, the attorney-generals, the prefects and the gendarmes.

Thence the sham-plot of Lyons, that well prepared and tragic prologue of December.

Thence the division of France in four great military commands, four camps of observation, whence the generals could telegraph to each other with their swords, as in a hostile country !

Thence martial law, extending over the central provinces its iron net work, — dismissals by thousands from the public offices, — establishments shut up, — imprisonments on the slightest suspicion, — and how many families ruined?...

They wanted to excite the fear of the rich, the exasperation of the poor : — they succeeded !

Our chronicles will now be explained.

EPISODES OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

The double faced conspirator, who in Paris assumed the character of Mazaniello, against the Legislative Assembly, acted the part of Gessler in the departments.

In the Var, in the Basses-Alpes, in the Herault and in the Haute-Garonne, all the citizens known for the decision of their character and their republican principles, were arrested and thrown into prison. In the central provinces those "razzias" were particularly numerous; thus in the Allier, the Cher and the Nièvre, after having struck at the primary teachers, the authorities turned their fury against the physicians, the notaries and other petty ministerial officers, and even against poor retailers who kept small inns, or coffee-rooms.

Fifteen days before the "Coup d'Etat" at Clamecy, all the houses that were in any way "suspected" were shut up; the children left without bread, and the heads of the families marched off like robbers, under a strong escort, to the prisons of the town.

This first expedition had violently irritated the popular conscience, when the sinister news of the events in Paris spread over the provinces; then, the labourers of the country and the workmen of Clamecy who knew their neighbours in prison, collected spontaneously in masses, under the walls of the Donjon, with the double intention of delivering their friends and avenging the Republic.

Just as the crowd determined, enthusiastic and compact, but inoffensive as yet, raised its cry of justice, it was suddenly charged by several detachments of gendarmes, who had held themselves hidden as in ambuscade. This unexpected attack made the people run to arms, numerous barricades were erected, the "Mairie," the prison and the various other public establishments were taken possession of; in fact, in the space of a few hours, a revolutionary government, or rather a government of legal resistance, was established and worked regularly.

In stating those facts, which explain the attitude of the people of Clamecy, our intention is to prove, not only that the "Coup d'Etat" legitimated the resistance of the citizens, but that moreover, their resistance was the natural consequence of

the conspiracy directed previously against the patriots of the departments.

We must add, that in the moment of their triumph, the people of Clamecy, furnished an instance of their spirit of "brigandage" by the following proclamation: —

ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE,

" Probity is the Republican's virtue.

" WHOEVER IS DETECTED ROBBING OR PLUNDERING WILL BE SHOT.

" All persons who possessing arms, will not have deposited them before twelve hours at the "Mairie" will be arrested and kept in prison for the present.

" Any citizen found intoxicated will be disarmed and imprisoned.

" Clamecy, December the 7th, 1851.

" VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE SOCIALE !

" The Social Revolutionary Committee "

Let us now see the character of the repression and look into the acts of the friends and champions of " Order, Family and Property. "

THE DEPUTATION MURDERED.

At the first news of the events that were taking place at Clamecy, troops were sent there from Nevers. They were detached from the forces under the command of general Pellion, one of those proconsuls, remarkable only for his barrack bestiality, whom M. Bonaparte had sent in the departments, to close in France in his iron web.

Before the arrival of the column, the Republicans of Clamecy deputed some of their comrades to open a parley with the troops and, if possible, to come to an understanding. Those citizens, four in number, set out on their mission with a quiet and calm attitude. But when they arrived within shot of the troops the latter fired a volley, and three out of the four citizens, fell mortally wounded. One of them the citizen Chapuis, was preparing his arm to avenge this act of treachery, when he received a last bullet full in the bosom. Throwing his hat in the air, he then raised a loud cry of : " Live the Republic ! " and fell back dead.

This corpse, worthy of as much respect as that of Dassas, was nevertheless insulted by a miserable country squire of the prefect's train, who till now had taken refuge under the shade of the bayonets. This undaunted gentleman had the courage to alight from his horse while passing before Chapuis and to fire his pistol at the corpse. The troops, the Prefect and the General, filed off before the bodies of their victims : the assassins enjoyed their first triumph !

What became of those bodies?... The relations claimed them, but in vain ; the butchers did not understand their pious intentions and one of the ruffians answered to a weeping mother : — “ Your son shall remain there till the dogs have devoured him ! ”

THE GUIBERT FAMILY.

Captain Sajou, of the 10th regiment of horse chasseurs, was marching towards the town of Entrains, at the head of eighty soldiers, when he met some citizens who were on their way to Billy.

The poor people frightened by the sight of the military, try to fly through the fields, but three of them are taken and a fourth falls under a discharge of musketry and rolls into a ditch. As he was not quite dead a soldier fires his carbine and the gallant Captain runs him through with his sword. Elated by such a brilliant success, the hero jumps into his saddle, treads his victim under his horse's feet and flourishing his sabre, takes the head of the column !

On his arrival at Entrains, Captain Sajou, sets his soldiers, now transformed into police agents, to execute the arrestations noted by the informers. One house in particular, that of a gunsmith named Guibert, obtained the honours of the day. The Captain first finds an old woman and arrests her : she was the mother and sixty years of age ! The Captain next finds a young man of twenty, bed-ridden for upwards of two months and therefore quite innocent of any active participation in the insurrection ; — he arrests him ; he was one of the sons, the other had given himself up the day before to avoid the very scene that was now taking place in his home. The “ Bayard ” of the 10th chasseurs, overlooks the father, upwards of sixty, but we will soon meet him again in the prison. Of all this family, so full of life the day before, a young girl now remains alone to weep over the deserted hearth !

Captain Sajou continues to fulfill the orders of martial law, and the next day seventy-six citizens, whose doors had been marked with the red ink of the informer, were gathered together before the town-house and hedged in between two ranks of soldiers. Woe ! to him who would attempt to leave the ranks ! for the chief of the Janizaries is on the watch, his pistols cocked, his sword naked, ever threatening, ever insulting, ever ready to shoot and kill !

A cart is brought, and Guibert the son, is thrown on a bundle of hay, shivering from cold and fever.

"My poor boy will be dead before we reach Clamecy," sobs the old father.

"So much the better," answers the captain, "it will be one brigand the less!"

And pushing back the old man he gets the mother, Guibert's mother, tied behind the cart where her son lies dying!... Two other women and two or three citizens are secured in a like manner. Then placing himself in the centre of his troop, he orders the muskets and pistols to be cocked, and call's out to his soldiers:

"Be without pity for those blackguards: treat them as you would Cossacks!"

The column then moves on. The seventy-six prisoners hemmed in between the "chasseurs," and the three women, chained to the cart, following with their two companions, named Coquard and Comeau.

Dismal procession! The dying son stretched on hay like an animal bound for the slaughter-house. The mother tied to that cart of agony, walking painfully in her wooden-shoes and listening to the breath of her gasping child, and the old father hobbling on in the rear and trying to catch a glimpse of the fatal cart!

Oh! the reactionary party possesses precious virtues, which will some day find their reward! It excels particularly in the tragedies of civil war, and those it composed this time will live long in the memory of the "Nièvre!"

During the march, the prisoners are constantly insulted, struck and bespattered with mud by the soldiers galloping to and fro. The chained women follow with difficulty on their torn and bleeding feet. They arrive at length, but the prisons are crammed and the victims are thrown pellmell in the cellars of the "salle d'asyle." (1) There without light, without straw, without... anything, they are left for *thirty hours*... without even bread or water!...

The programme of the captain had been scrupulously followed, as may be seen; for who, in open war, would have treated Cossacks in this way?...

A RAZZIA OF OLD MEN.

At Billy, a village in the neighbourhood of Clamecy, the 27th like the 10th "Chasseurs" at Entrains, was working for the benefit of the Reaction and of M. Bonaparte. They had already picked up some *suspicious characters* (the great crime when no other accusation could be brought forward), but the column did not seem sufficiently nume-

1) The charity school.

rous, and to swell it a little, our gallant soldiers, guided by the bloodhounds of the police, seized on four old men. One of them, named Oudy, was sixty three; another, Badin, was sixty nine, the third was *seventy four*! As to the fourth, named Ravier, a poor weak, shaky old man, they loaded him with blows and insults, as also his three *accomplices* of the border of the tomb, and then threw him in prison.

We lately had amongst us (in spite of all the lying amnesties of the 2nd of December) one of those sexagenarians "Jacques," who was wearing away in London his exiled old age:—it was the citizen Badin.

When he was thrown on the land of exile, after his long tortures in the dungeons and on the hulks, he had nothing to cover him but a "blouse" and his white hair!... The stranger would pause before this sun-burnt face, before this figure bent under the weight of nearly a century... and M. Bonaparte was judged!

In this same village of Billy, while this expedition was going on, some of the soldiers, were making a most careful search in the house of a citizen, named Pinon, who was already in prison, they were searching for pamphlets, for ammunition, for bullets, and while the main part of the troop was ferreting in every corner, a few were caressing the child and coaxing it to make it speak, a child five or six years old!.. and they were endeavouring to make it betray its father!

THE CONSERVATIVE THIEVES.

We have seen by the proclamation of Clamecy what were the true sentiments of the Republicans. Those "brigands," as their enemies called them, had said "respect to prisoners! Death to thieves, and 'Vive' the Republic!" — Let now us see how the "saviours" of society, the soldiers of "order, of religion, of property" understood and carried out their mission.

Caurier, a hatter at Clamecy, had been wounded during the affray, and his partner in business, a woman of the name of Roguier, attended as well as she could upon him and also on another of the combatants, named Coqueval, who since died of his wounds.

The soldiery, the police and the gendarmes soon make there appearance; under the pretence of a search, the house and the shop are pillaged, and one of the most active amongst the official marauders, is a fellow of the name of Décheaux, a spy in the pay of the police and brother to Mrs. Roguier! This woman is arrested as an accomplice, (she had attended two wounded men,) and the shop is shut up.

A few days after, Caurier receives at the hospital the visit of another police agent, named Raoul, who offers him his services. He will look after his interests, he will gather the sums owed to him, and set

his shop to rights. Caurier believes him, confides his keys to him, and from that moment is plundered night after night!

All these robberies would have remained unpunished, only for a circumstance that brought them to light and forced the "procureur" of the Republic, to bring his accomplice to justice.

The 22nd of April 1852, a great excitement prevails in Clamecy, the police, soldiers and gendarmes, run in every direction over the town: two Republicans have escaped. One named Millelot, condemned to death and the other, Coquard, sentenced to transportation. Raoul is sent to hide before Coquard's door and to watch the return of his wife. Over his waistcoat, the fellow wore a watch chain belonging to a young man of the name of Fouilleron, which Raoul, the spy, had stolen at a watchmaker's named Dinot. By a singular chance Fouilleron's house stands opposite to Coquard's, and the former's mother recognises her son's chain on the breast of the police agent. She runs to the watchmaker to whom she had given the chain to repair it and he discovers that it has been stolen from him. They proceed together to the "procureur" who is then compelled to get his agent arrested and to order a search to be made in his room.

At his lodgings were found a large bunch of false keys, the watch belonging to the chain, a number of articles taken from Caurier's warehouse, where the fellow had been placed as a guardian both by the proprietor and the tenant.

This champion of order was judged and convicted of eighteen different robberies; he was sentenced to eighteen months prison.

A few months before, a prisoner, named Lavèvre had laid a complaint against this ruffian, who had attempted to use violence against his daughter and had afterwards offered to sell her a permission to see her father at the most odious price. The "procureur" refused to pursue him and the commissary of police had offered his liberty to Lavèvre if he consented to withdraw his accusation, but the outraged father asked for justice... he was transported like so many others.

As to Decheaux, the other plunderer, he was not even molested, the "procureur" of the Republic, covered the honest fellow with his protection.

Poor Caurier remains at the hospital, ruined, a prisoner, expecting death from his wounds or from his judges, and his "accomplice" the poor woman Rougier, after having been dragged from prison to prison, was at last removed from St. Lazare, by the clemency of M. Bonaparte and thrown to the horrors of Africa!

THE TORTURE OF A "JACQUES" 74 YEARS OLD.

The Cher and the Allier, as the Nièvre, witnessed scenes of desolation, they also had their murderers, their informers, and their execu-

tioners. There, as elsewhere, arrestations took place, establishments were closed, property rendered fruitless by seizure, and every oppression the administration could imagine, every insult the police could invent, were heaped on the democrats and their families.

These provocations were intended to excite partial risings, to scare the "bourgeois" to push them on, so as to be able to strike them when the "coup d'Etat," the conspiracy of the 2nd of December would come.

Amongst this honest and brave population, devoted to the cause of the Republic, the success of this snare was but too certain, and everywhere the country people rose almost to a man, to deliver the prisoners on their way to the gaol.

Thus in the department of the Cher, at Percy, three citizens, fathers of families, were arrested as Republican propagators in the beginning of October 1851. They were named Ragoix, Monniau and Brau. The first had eight children, the second seven and the third, nine! At this news indignation spreads through the villages, the inhabitants assemble and determine to go in a body to Sancerre and demand the liberation of the prisoners.

This is all that was required by their enemies. As soon as the "rendez-vous" is known, the police calls all its forces together, and the groups are hardly arrived when soldiers and gendarmes, emerging on every side, rush on the poor peasants, who are scattered like chaff under the flail!

They fly but their steps are dogged, hunted through the fields and on the roads: — the "brigands" must be brought to Sancerre!

Trying to escape being crushed by the fugitives and the mounted soldiers a poor old man named Laurent remained alone, resting till this whirlwind should pass him to try and reach his brother's house at the village of Baux. But a soldier of the artillery foreseeing an easy prey, runs at him and knocks him down with kicks and blows.

"Get up, you brigand!" cries the hero, his eyes blood-shot, his mouth foaming, and still continuing to strike his victim with the most savage violence.

"Alas! how can I? You have broken my back!"

The soldier rises him with his left hand and four times his heavy sword comes down on Laurent.

The old man falls a second time:

"Take pity on me," he cries to his torturer, "do not make me suffer more, for mercy's sake, kill me!"

Crime has its intoxication like wine; the soldier attempts to "bleed" his victim as butchers do cattle, the blood flows, but the wound is not mortal. He then drags by the feet towards his horse what he believes to be a corpse. He calls to a companion of arms who had remained an impassible witness of this hideous murder, and the two carry or rather drag the bleeding body to the nearest military post.

This poor wreck of age, is left there a whole day, on a little straw, weltering in its blood and without attendance. At night, however, a soldier approaches, and says to him :

“ Well poor old fellow, how do you get on ? ”

“ Oh ! I suffer cruelly and I am parched with thirst ; am I to be left to die in this way ?... ”

The soldier was moved, perhaps he had a white headed father ; he retired and soon returning with a comrade they carried the old man away between them.

Four days after this cowardly murder, the first cares barely taken of him, with his wounds still open, Laurent is thrown on an open cart and sent to the prison of Bourges.

What had this invalid of time to do in M. Bonaparte's political game ? He dated his Republican faith from the great Revolution of which he had been a contemporary, and never betrayed it, but he no longer belongs to strife, he belongs to the grave ; he is broken, wounded, decayed : — he is SEVENTY FOUR YEARS OLD ! — It is almost a century that is going to expire !

What can M. Bonaparte want of him ?

It is said of some Roman Emperors, that to revive their blunted senses, they used to smother children in their baths, — would this one require the slow agonies of old men ?...

Be that as it may, Laurent after having been butchered by a soldier of December, was brought from prison to prison, to the fort of Ivry where he was marked out for transportation.

“ He will meet his brother in Africa, ” waggishly observed the “ commissary of mercy. ” — His brother, aged sixty-two years !

THE INQUISITORS OF DECEMBER.

Paul Faure, a farmer of twenty-five years of age, was arrested at Châtillon (Drôme), he was accused of belonging to secret societies and to be one of their most active agents.

After two days passed in the gaol of Châtillon, Faure is conducted to Dy, in company of eight other citizens, chained two by two.

At Dy, Faure is kept in prison for twenty-four days, during which time he is examined twice by the instructing judge who, in spite of his entreaties, his promises and his threats, cannot obtain a single word of confession from his prisoner.

Finding his promises and his threats equally useless, he then has recourse to physical tortures. After his second examination, Faure was plunged into a slimy dungeon and put on bread and water. Each day at the hour of meals the gaoler would advise Faure to make a clear breast, adding that as long as he would persist in his refusal of telling

what he knew he would remain where he was ; " I have nothing to say," Faure would answer, " you may kill me, but you will not make me speak." Then gaoler, turnkeys and gendarmes, would load him with abuse and threats, but the patient, whose legs are already paralysed, still remains immoveable in his determination : — He knows that one word from him would ruin men who have as yet miraculously escaped from the pursuits of the police !

After four days of these tortures, which his youth and his strong constitution alone could make him able to support, Faure is sent to the hospital where he remains till his removal to Cray.

At Cray as at Dy, the prisoner is submitted to several examinations ; after the instructing judge and the gendarmes, comes the prefect of the Drome himself. Liberty, money, were offered, threats of deportation and of the court martial were thrown out, no means was left untried, to obtain a word from the prisoner, but he remained firm and unshaken in his resolution of honour.

After forty-five days of prison at Cray, seeing the energetic constancy of his denials, perhaps also to remove this sad example of their inquisitorial tortures, the authorities determined at last to send their victim to Africa, hoping that he would find his death there. — But soon, maddened by this obstinate silence, the more anxious to discover the secret society, that by Faure's conduct and his declaration that " he would rather die than reveal anything," they might judge of the energy and determination of the men who composed it, the decembrist authorities order his return to France.

At Brest new attempts obtain the same results.

Faure is again sent to Africa ! — But he is hardly landed when he is once more embarked and brought back to Brest. The paralytic of the gaols is put on shore and carried on a litter by the sailors of the vessel. This time it is the prefect himself who examines him, in the midst of all the menials of his mock court. The same questions, only draw forth the same answers.

The prefect orders Faure to the hospital and a few days after, *according to superior orders*, the physician declares that Faure's paralysis is occasioned by excesses of ardent spirits and that science and the greatest care would be unavailing to cure him. Once more Faure is embarked on board of the *Berthollet* and arrives in Africa on the 28th of May.

From the port of Algiers he is sent with his comrades of transportation to the Lazaret.

I heard this story from those who knew him and hastened to see him, I found him laying on some straw, without a shirt and almost without any clothes, deprived of the use of his lower limbs, but always calm and undaunted. I gathered then from the very lips of the martyr, the melancholy account I now send you.

The next day, Faure was sent to the hospital. Some say he is dead, others assert he has been sent to Cayenne : — that is death too !

And what was his crime ?... Silence !

THE BASTILLE OF MOULINS.

This is an ancient castle or chateau long known in the history of our olden times by the name of "Palais-des-Bourbons." Burnt down, long since, its massive remains now serve as a gaol, or rather to speak the language of the times, as a state prison. A chief guardian, a wretch who has gone through every degree of infamy has the supreme direction of this gloomy establishment where his will is law.

In ordinary times three hundred prisoners can barely find room under these vaults but the hurricane of civil war brought eight hundred republicans there.

They came there from each hamlet, from every part of the department, loaded on carts and charged with chains, escorted by numerous bodies of soldiery, pistol in hand, through the friendly but gloomy population. They were separated in rooms and cells, and then began for them the interior discipline of the Bastilles.

Neither light, fire, nor covering were allowed ; a little bread, a bucket of water, were given in the way of food ; a few had a little straw to stretch their weary limbs on, but the greatest number had nothing but the naked stone. At first all intercourse with the families was interdicted. At length after two months, conversations of ten minutes were allowed between the prisoners and their relations ; the meetings took place in a stenching kennel, in the presence of the gaolers who never permitted any one to enter, not even the women, without searching their persons !

Another ignoble measure was taken particularly odious to political prisoners : — as the gaolers were not in sufficient number, *thieves* were adjoined to them, and those last were not only charged with giving out the food but were moreover directed to watch the Republicans ! During three months no room could be found in the hospital for the sick political prisoners, but when the robbers were sick there was always plenty of room to be found for *them* !

This state of things, of course, brought on the most serious diseases, and in one month, twenty-eight prisoners died covered over with vermin, and in all the nameless tortures that haunt a forsaken death bed ! — One, Ducoulange, died thus at the Donjon, on straw, without help or attendance, without even seeing his wife who, night and day, besieged the gate of his prison !...

In this den, another martyr, Charpin, was labouring under a brain-fever. One night, Charpin rises in a fit of delirium, and in his wild flight knocks down the pipe of a stove. The guardians came at the

noise, seize Charpin and throw him naked in an iron cage intended for mad-men. There he passes the night; the guardians come back in the morning but what they find is little better than a corpse, the last breath is ebbing past from his livid lips! To hide their crime they hasten to the hospital with the patient, but before they can reach it Charpin expires!

The same philanthropy is displayed in the interior discipline of these hideous prisons. At the slightest alert, at the first song, the order given to the sentinels was to fire. A narrow grating, admitted a scanty light through the barred windows, and at the least contravention, at the most trifling infraction of the very letter of the regulations, a few victims were chosen amongst the prisoners and thrown in dungeons where the police worked on their fears to try and gather information.

Of those "gaol-tombs," the prison of Moulins possesses three that were constantly full; they are under ground, damp and slimy; the light only penetrates by a small vent-hole placed in one of the angles; they are six feet long by four in breadth and four in height. Two of them have sanded floors, in the third the earth is not even covered. All three are shut by doors of six inches thick, with three ponderous bolts at each.

It is in one of those coffins of stone and iron, that amongst many others, Stanislas Papu, expiated his crime of having composed a song about the socialist beards, proscribed and condemned by the prefect, M. de Charnailles!

It is this same M. de Charnailles, who conducting, sword in hand, the inquest and the examination in the Allier, addressed the prisoners, then merely accused, in the following fatherly terms:—

"So there you are you blackguards! It's a good job for society to be rid of you!... Ah! M. Billard, so you are caught at last;—put your cap on the ground or I will plunge my sword through your body!..."

Then turning to the chief gaoler:

"You know what sort of fellows you have to deal with, they are not worth the rope to hang them. Treat them as they deserve!"

This is only a narrow and limited view of the scenes which unfolded themselves in the agricultural districts of France in December; the Basses-Alpes, the Var, the Herault, witnessed many others, and when the peasant's history will register this new chapter of its Republican "Cévennes," all the legends of the past will be thrown in the shade by this picture that darkness covers now!

The peasants! Why, in November 1848, they voted by millions for this man whom the star of St. Helena protected!

He was unknown to them, they knew nothing of his life, of his character, of his disgraceful and disgraced attempts. His name was not inscribed in the book of popular gratitude by important services, generous ideas, heroic devotedness to the cause of the people : — He was the “unknown” but the unknown protected by glory : — his name alone proved his fortune.

For thirty years, the evenings of the farm house had been filled up by the mighty poems of the empire, its distant invasions, its fearful struggles, its gallant agonies, and the tortures inflicted on its chief on his Caucasus of the African sea !

Their native land, polluted by two invasions still unavenged, had had its share in the tragical fall of the man ; the peasant felt this and responded to the feeling by preserving his memory and crowning his bust, forgetting, alas ! that under the glories of the hero and the sufferings of the martyr, lay hidden the crimes of the monster !

This pious remembrance of the great captain of 1815, who remained for them as the very image of their wounded land, this it was that sent the peasants to the urns of the 10th of December and that delivered up the government of the Republic to the nephew of the Emperor.

And how did the heir of the legend, he who reaped the benefit of those sentiments, how did he pay his debt of gratitude to that people, who in its simplicity, thought to avenge by his election the fall of the soldier, whom Europe and its Kings had overthrown ?

Look along the high roads of the Nièvre, of the Var, of the Herault, of the Allier ; — do you see those cartloads of captives, wounded, worn out, charged with chains, escorted by fierce soldiers, the musket to the shoulder, insult on the lip and sword in hand ?...

’Tis the gratitude of the “prince” ! ’Tis the justice of the 2nd of December !

Do you see at the road sides, those corpses of the working men, laid low by the bullets of the soldiers, and scalped by the savage rage of the officer or gendarme ?

They are the determined and bigotted electors of the first Presidency ; this is M. Bonaparte’s welcome !

Go you in to those cottages, those houses, those farms, yesterday full and smiling, desolate and empty now : — who has made them desert ? Where are the hardy labourers, where, the children, and the women ?... The mothers are in prison, the

fathers captives or dead, the children weeping at the neighbour's hearth or on the highwys!...

The bravoës of M. Bonaparte have been at work :

This is also the gratitude of the " prince " and the justice of the 2nd of December !

O Peasants ! in the hereditary darkness of your ignorance and misery, you were not responsible for your votes for this pretender who bore a name marked out by glory ; in your indistinct and confused instincts you even had a plausible reason of honouring this name which had been proscribed by the Bourbons and the stranger ; it was a protestation on your part, who for thirty years had been excluded from all discussion of public affairs.

But now, see what they are worth, all these royal or imperial scions, whether covered by the blazonry of ages, or meager adventurers and parvenus !

Louis-Bonaparte has hardly put his foot on the first step, when he opens a campaign against your primary teachers, your mayors, your judges, and hands you over to the men of 1815, as if the Cossacks still held the fields of Champaign ; he sets the houndish pack of his " gendarmes " after you ; they break through your hedges, into your farms and your villages, they spy your words and your actions, ever ready to hunt you down like wild beasts ; your homes are searched, your drinking houses shut up, the best of you carried off ; he imprisons, decimates, ruins you and, when at last comes the hour of his crime, he sets loose his armies, to shoot, to exile and transport you, like plunderers and assassins, you the labourers, of the land, the nursery of our legions, you the living plough of France !

Keep now if you will, in your desolate homes the images of the great captain ; sing his glory and his victories ; wreath his busts with flowers, and when those of Cayenne and of Algeria will return, wan, infirm and wasted, they will tell you what emperors are !

Oh ! this last war, this war against the peasants will bear its fruits ! For the first time since 92, they rose in defence of right, when the towns trembled, and the sickle has been tempered in the furnace of ideas ! — Isolated, scattered, ill-directed, they were overwhelmed this time : — but the peasant knows how to treasure up his holy hatred !

Henceforward the last Idolatry has had its day : — emperors are dead now as well as kings !

CHAPTER III.

Steeped in blood the day before and strewn with corpses, France, the next day, becomes a vast prison.

In the departments, as no more room can be found in the already overflowing gaols, the public schools the hospitals, the town-halls, are used as such, and there, are swallowed up the columns of the proscription of December. In Paris every cell is full from the cellars of the "Châtelet," to the casemates of the forts.

Without mentioning the dead, one hundred thousand families were stricken by the dictator! In some provinces arms were wanting for the last harvest, and, as after our great wars, the soil is waiting in vain for husbandmen!

One man has caused all these disasters, through pride and to satisfy his sacrilegious ambition, and it is this man who violated his oath, who murdered law, whose feet are still stained with blood, it is he who now opens his courts of justice!

In the number of his victims he picks out a few, and puts them aside: — those are intended for the scaffold. That is the business of the court-martials.

And what have they done those men, peasants for the most part, to obtain this fatal privilege?... They ran in arms, to the rescue of the social law, and in the struggle, while repelling criminal force, they killed a few gendarmes.

If, as they did, all the citizens of France had fulfilled, their duty, the law would not have fallen, carrying away with it honour and everything else worthy of man's respect: — crime would not now be God!

It is for this that they were chosen by the dictator. — The soldiers of right and duty!... in the eyes of perjury and treason, could greater criminals be found?

The court-martials are opened: — who presides them? He who yesterday led the gangs of the “coup d’Etat,” soldiers or gendarmes. — And who is to judge those peasants? The officers who murdered them yesterday. — As to the witnesses the police will supply them.

A lawyer rises, for the sake of appearances; in a shrill and trembling voice he mutters as an excuse and as low as possible, something about the violation of the law: — “Silence! do not insult the ‘prince’ to defend your brigands!” exclaims the Ambert or the Martinprey who happens to preside, and the lawyer holds his tongue!

Unable to discuss the principle which would justify his clients, he tries at least to protect them against the police by the discussion of the facts laid to their charge. He opens the written charges drawn out by the prosecution, and carefully worded and prepared; he clearly proves their falsehood, their calumnies, their contradictions; he proves that the “insurgents” — the soldiers of the law insurgents! — were not the first to open the fire, and that when the gendarmes fell in the struggle, their carbines were still smoking. — “Hold!” cries the president, “the gendarmes are martyrs and your men infamous assassins! The cause is heard!”

The cause is heard!... Aye! as that of Christ at the tribunal of Caïphe, as that of Galileo at the bar of the inquisition, as that of every martyr who, for judges, found executioners!

Who had collected the evidence? Who had prepared the elements of this prosecution from which death was to spring? The military authorities, assisted by the police and the local magistrates, leagued together in the same service and the same hate.

What guarantees of justice could be found in these crooked, hasty, dark proceedings, based on doubtful examinations, and informations prompted by vengeance or fear. No public and open inquest, no contradiction, no control; and when the debates are open, no possible defence, neither in law or in fact, and before you enemies for judges, your enemies of yesterday who sit there with insult on their lips, hatred in their heart and blood on their hands!

Thrice happy the murderer, the robber of the high-way!

He at least gets a serious hearing, a free jury, full liberty of defence; he can dispute his life and his honour against the hangman, with all the means and arms of judicial fencing! — Here, nothing! the free and sincere witness is gagged, the defence impossible, the prosecution violent, absolute, sovereign, and the sentence falls on you with the calumny as the knife slips in blood. 'Tis the justice of the slaughter-house!

And yet, those who in the great debauch of December, were thus judged by the military courts, were the privileged few; they had at least the appearance of a legal procedure, and of an inquest; they saw their accusers and their judges face to face; as a last vengeance their voice sounded under the vaults of the court, and France knows their names.

But those who were thrown in the gaols and in the forts, — those who loaded with chains, were sent in dreary caravans to the hulks, — the thirty or forty thousand captives of December, who are now in the camps of Algeria or amongst the swamps of Cayenne, in the land of exile, or placed under the constant watch of the police in some place of "internement," — where is the sentence that condemned them? Where the inquest, the debates, the proofs? What tribunal, whether of regular or martial justice were they called before, to hear their accusation and defend themselves against it?...

The savages have a kind of procedure; before they eat their prisoners they hold a family council. Where is the family council here?... Where are the proofs, what law, what written text have our Cannibals applied?..

After a crime, the most infamous that human ambition ever committed, forty thousand citizens are torn from their homes, are heaped together like cattle in the prisons, and dragged two by two, along the highways towards the sea; not a pitying ear opens to receive the lament of the captives, not a judge interposes his authority nor inquires where are sent those legions, children of the soil, these cohorts of woe that embody all the forces, all the glories of the father-land!

The magistrate is mute, impassible like the priest; like the church, the temple of justice is closed! The soldiers guard the road; — the gendarme is king!

Not only the priests and the magistrates, kept aloof of right and misfortune — a sad symptom and one that foretells a threatening future! — but speculating on the un hoped-for triumph of force, their vengeance had drawn out the list of

the martyrs ! Judges, priests, the lordlings of fortune or of the administration, each had chosen his victims, pointed out the devoted heads, and the dictator obtained their ready and active complicity, even in his judicial assassinations !

This is the most hideous feature of those tragical times, when right succumbs and disappears, leaving, every thing on earth and in the soul of man under the brutal law of force ! Then hatred, jealousy, ambition, cupidity, fanaticism, envy, show themselves at every threshold, crawl into the very bosom of families and even about the cradle, like so many snakes, whistling, tearing, biting and sucking away both honour and blood. — Those are the dark hours of humanity, when man falls to the rank of the dumb creation, the hour when the wild beast and the serpent awake in his heart !

No spectacle is so frightful as this sudden decline of our nature, and history does not hold out to us more sinister downfalls ! Who cares if kings fall one after another ? If the cannon ball carries off the hero ? If victory, blind under her steel helmet, cuts out boundaries according to her fancy ?... All these things are mere accidents ; all that is nothing compared to the terrible catastrophies of conscience !... Those are the true defeats of humanity !

Let us not despair, however ; this eruption of hideous vices, this foul leprosy of cowardly hatred and vile lust, was only a partial evil ; it did not reach the heart of France.

Everywhere, it is true, the priests acted as the blood-hounds of the 2d of December and the bishops sang *Te Deum* to crime ; but on the lists of the exiles or the dead are to be found by hundreds, the Republican writers and primary teachers, who fell faithful to their duty !

The men of law, the judges, the magistrates of all degrees, lent an obedient and willing hand, to every violence whether military or administrative, and the high court of justice cowardly sanctioned the murders of the martial courts ; — but the old liberal and revolutionary stock of the middle class, though betrayed by the “parvenus” who had risen from its ranks, was true to its duty ; the best of theirs fell in this struggle with the dictator, but the phalanx saved the banner !

The soldiers, pushed on by passive obedience or by the greedy thirst of pillage, rushed at the Republic, overthrew and trampled on it : — But the peasants rose to a man and the farms count their martyrs, by the thousand.

When a cause is thus defended, when, it finds heroes in

the unknown multitude, when blood has flown for it in the town as in the hamlets, then that cause is invincible as that of the christian catacombs; it is no more a party, it is a religion!

Do you know who really are dead?

It is the church, so ardent in its denunciations, so prompt to deify crime on its disgraced altars!

It is the magistracy, deserting the law to follow force, countenancing, nay! accepting the complicity of these furious outrages, of these monstrous procedures!

It is the army, the permanent army, trained to murder by its code; the army encamped in the very heart of civilization, with the spirit, the discipline, and the habits of the proetorian times!

It is usury, spiderlike capital, banking jews, who neither feel the love of country, of liberty nor of honour, and who squatted on their strong boxes during the last tempest, pointed out to the drunken soldiery, the phantoms of their dreams, the terrors of their cowardice and egotism, — the free thinkers and the poor.

It is in fact, the unitarian and centralised government, that vast mechanism of hierarchised forces, all dependent, all blind, which in the hands of an ambitious traitor, can in one day make of a Republic a Cossack waste, of civilization the galleys, and a slaughter house of the native land!...

Those are the dead! those, the great corpses which the Revolution will throw to-morrow to the "gemonies" and which will mark like Milestones, the exact limits where the old times finish and where the new begin!—Those priests, magistrates, generals, usurers, functionaries, are doomed; but their last convulsions are terrible! They torture, they imprison, they kill, they sweat blood and calumny: in their eyes, pity is a crime and they punish it by the galleys. (1) They transport women, they search the bed of the virgin, on the lips of the child they try to discover the secrets of the father; they are

(1) In December 1851, at the sitting of the 30th the court martial of Lyons, presided by colonel Ambert, condemned a person of the name of Brun, a landowner at Grasse (Drôme), to ten years prison for having hid insurgents. Astier, a game keeper, at Loriol, is sentenced to ten years hard labour for having given shelter to those who had attacked the gendarms. (Lyon's Newspapers).

The chief of the gendarms, commanding under martial law in the Lot, took the following measures:

familiar with every meanness as with every outrage and every violence!

Does not this reveal the restless fury of coming death?... — But as yet we have only raised a corner of the curtain, we have only unclosed the first scenes of the drama!

The great procession of martyrs is now going to pass before your eyes: look ye, then, and judge!

THE HULKS.

The following reports, written without any pretention to art, and day by day, are the true records of republican suffering and grief, they are more eloquent in their simplicity than the most fierce anathemas of the orator or the poet: It is the martyrs themselves who speak!

THE PRISONERS OF IVRY.

On the 7th of March, at eight o'clock at night, a guardian cried out to us, through the opening of our casemate, that we were to set out, and ordered us to prepare our bundles. At nine o'clock we left, after raising the free cry of our hearts: "Vive la République!" and calm and silent we marched into the yard. Our names are called out; the waggons are ready to receive our baggages and we are soon hemmed in between two thousand soldiers of different arms: cavalry, infantry, forming at each side a treble line, in the centre of which we are placed two by two. We are divided by detachments of ten and after each detachment is a line of "gendarmes mobiles" *carrying ropes*. Policemen swell the "cortège" and close its rear.

There are four hundred and sixty-eight of us. Before the order is given to march, the troops load their muskets before us with all that brutal insolence of force which before captives is the last degree of cowardice.

At eleven o'clock we leave the fort of Ivry; it is a fine moonlight night, the road is beautiful. — Shut up so long and deprived of light and of open air, we breathe freely, we are joyful! We think of

"Any person who will give an asylum, or offer any help or assistance to the insurgents, will be pursued as an accomplice."

"Quarter general of Agen.

"Whoever will give an asylum to the "criminels" or favour their escape will be considered as an accomplice and as such handed over to the court martials."

Paris that we are to go through, and we march on towards the terminus of the "rue Saint-Lazare," by the Boulevards, the Invalides, the Quays, the place "de la Concorde" and the "Madeleine" On the way a mother rushes through the soldiers, and throws herself in the middle of us to embrace her son for the last time, but the policemen are on the watch and they roughly push her back! Our friends who had hoped to be able to bid us a last adieu, a poor woman who sees the father of her children led away, are submitted to the same treatment: — they are thrown out of the ranks!

These meetings, raise our hearts: all is not dead in the great town since, in spite of fear, in spite of armed battalions, people dare to come on our passage! At last we arrive at the rail-way, it is two o'clock in the morning and we set out for Havre. At Rouen ten more prisoners are added to our number. We arrive at Havre at ten o'clock and are conducted still under a strong escort to the dock where the steam-frigate that is to carry us away lies. We remain four hours grouped on the port, hungry and thirsty, and without being able to get anything to satisfy our wants: — even water is refused us!" At two we are embarked on the *Christophe Colomb*, and put in the battery and the half deck; a space of eleven "mètres" long, less than ten "mètres" broad, and two "mètres" of height. Not quite one "mètre" for each man; only for two ventilators we would inevitably have been stifled! Our first meal was served at five o'clock we had been fasting for the last twenty-four hours! Our meal is composed of bad coffee without sugar and damaged biscuit: — how comfortable for constitutions worn out and ruined by the casemates of Paris!

We group by messes of ten, the tenth is the chief of the mess, and we form forty-eight messes. As order is necessary, we name two commissaries; Citizen Miot, for the first twenty-four messes, and Besnard for the twenty-four last. The first are in the half deck the others in the battery.

We pass Cherbourg and arrive before the "goulet" or entrance of the Brest harbour, the 9th, at half past five in the afternoon; at last we are permitted to go on deck; it rains, the wind is high and it is intensely cold. After an hour we go below to settle for the night! What a night! The most of us are lying sick over one another and deprived of air! Suffer, martyrs! suffer and complain not, suffering is not your lot alone! It is forbidden to smoke, to sing, to speak loud; we are threatened with irons. A few "gendarmes" are themselves revolted by the orders they receive about us! The most severe injunctions are given to the sailors; they are even forbidden speaking to us. — This is a dreary night! We are deprived of air and water; furious waves come in through the port holes, we are wet through and frozen; several of our comrades faint, but crushed together as we are, we can give them no assistance.

The 10th at break of day, we perceive the roads of Brest; the entry of the port and several ships of war, on board of which as we had heard, are several of our friends. The frigate *Mogador*, is intended to carry us to Africa and here is the *Duguesclin* a line-of-battle ship, at anchor for the last two months, in the sinister service of Bonapartist vengeance.

For breakfast we are served disgusting pea soup in buckets : we are obliged to eat it with our hands ! Luckily, a few of us had some tin mugs and we use these instead of spoons, one after another. This soup is most abominable, the peas, hard as flint, had been left by several years in the stores.

At half past eleven we go on deck. The names of one hundred and thirty-four of our friends are called and they are sent on board of the *Mogador*. Fourteen more are called : — these last are intended for Cayenne. We see them go off in boats, the first to the *Mogador*, the last to the *Duguesclin*. They wave their hands to us and we answer their mute adieu in spite of the threats of our guardians !

At three in the afternoon we are again called on deck, where we remain by messes of ten ; we have salt beef for dinner ; my mess is the fifth. After repeated demands we at last obtain water which we eagerly swallow. We settle ourselves, but badly. Our friends who are gone leave us a little more room, especially by each mess grouping together, but we are given hammocks, which only take up the space and prevent our free circulation.

At night the regulations of the ship are read to us and after each article we are threatened with being put in irons. After this we are informed that as long as we remain in the roads we are to do without wine, and that we will not be allowed to go on deck ; whether we will or not be able to live in such condition, is not even thought of. “ Send, the insurgents below ! ” Those are the terms in which the order is given, and when at night the sailors come to bring us some water they hardly dare to look at us, for we had been described to the brave fellows, as brigands. One of them, however, ventures into what we might justly call our “ hell ” : — “ Oh ! I’ll go in there,” says he, “ I am not afraid ; they are but men after all, and perhaps not of the worst ! ”

There is not sufficient room for all the hammocks and the greatest number of us lie on the deck. The hammocks are occupied each by us in turn, but as a duty of fraternity they are of course given up to the sick.

One of us is taken with a scorbutic disease of the mouth ; we demand the doctor and a place for our friend in the infirmary ; — both demands are brutally rejected, the doctor is *not visible* !...

This night we are less crushed, but we are almost completely deprived of air ; for my part I fall at last exhausted by most violent seasickness. My throat, my stomach, my head, give me intense pain ;

I am consumed by a raging fever, my legs refuse to carry me; I ask for the doctor, but cannot even get an answer!

The 11th of March we ask to be allowed to have a few little provisions from the shore, such as bread and cheese; we are refused!

The 12th we again ask for the doctor, but we are again refused. We learn that a young sailor, named Leonne, has broken his leg. Grieved at this news we immediately make a subscription amongst us to relieve as far as it lays in our power, our countryman, the victim of this sad accident. Our subscription brings in fifty-five francs fifty-five centimes. — Our delegate presents this sum to the commander, begging him to give it to the poor sailor. — The commander answers that he himself would willingly accept it, but that the most severe orders forbid his doing so: he thanks us warmly, however, and adds that once on the way or in Africa, our gift will probably be accepted.

Some of the sailors of the *Canada* join our ship; they seem to be well disposed towards us, they are just returned from Africa where they have conducted other exiles, and do not observe so closely the orders they receive about us. They ask us for the *Evening hymn of the Republicans* which we write out for them. They tell us that at Brest public opinion is in our favour, and add: "We know that you are good citizens, honest fathers of families, carried off without having even been judged. In England, at least, they judge a man before they punish him! But here!... We know by our own experience what they are capable of; we are obliged to work as long as we are able and our only prospect is to beg our bread in our old days!" With those words the sailors return to their labours leaving us to our thoughts... At two o'clock a boat comes alongside. Five gendarmes, pistol in hand, conduct on board the prisoners who remain at Brest of the "convoi" of the 9th of January. They are six in number and have just left the hospital, one is so weak that he is obliged to be hoisted on board and carried to his bed. They inform us that two hundred prisoners have sailed for Africa on the *Mogador* with the hundred and thirty-four of ours.

(Note given by citizen B....)

THE PRISONERS OF BICÊTRE.

The "convoi" to which I belonged, left "Bicêtre" on Sunday the 16th of May; it was composed of citizens belonging to the departments of the "Loiret," the "Nièvre," the "Allier," the "Loir and Cher," the "Meurthe," the "Bas-Rhin," the "Yonne," the "Sarthe," and the "Seine," we were in all three hundred men of all conditions and classes: workmen, merchants, manufacturers, artists, writers, lawyers, journalists attorneys, notaries, veterinarians, farmers, professors, pro-

prietors and officers of the army ; there were magistrates and functionaries who had retired or had been dismissed ; prefects, sous-prefects, mayors, engineers, primary teachers, municipal councillors, officers of the national guard, etc.

Nineteen out of twenty of these men had been torn from their homes, merely because they were reputed to be Republicans. Two of them condemned to be shot had actually stood the fire of a platoon, but death refused its prey, and M. Bonaparte sent them to Africa !

Since morning we had been kept constantly on the alert by the arrangements necessitated for our departure ; we had been changed five times from one casemate to another and obliged each time to carry with us our trunks, our bundles and our provisions ; between four and five in the afternoon we were stationed in the barricaded yard. It was here that on the visiting days, when the weather was dry, we used to be allowed to see our relations for a few minutes, through the interstices of the planks.

The troops that were to escort us had been drawn up for an hour on the square in front of the fort, when at last our baggages and our sick were loaded on the waggons, a numerous detachment of policemen entered the yard, and we left it two by two.

We were placed in the centre of the troops, the arms were loaded and the commander harangued them in a few words, the purport of which was that they were to fire at the slightest movement on our part.

We were much crushed as we passed the gate of the fort and for a moment infantry, cavalry, and prisoners were all mixed together. We passed through the village of Bicêtre, in the middle of policemen, gendarmes, lancers and troops of the line. The greatest number of us carried a knapsack on their back or a bundle in their hand.

Most heart-rending scenes now took place, for several hours, wives, mothers, children, had been waiting in the hope of exchanging a last adieu, and now their anxious eyes were searching the thick column that was advancing ! They were looking out for a father, a son, a husband, a friend ! and their voice would rise over the noise of the march, bringing a last blessing, stifled by sobs, to the heart of the beloved exile who would endeavour to convey encouragement and hope in his answer !...

But we still marched on and soon lost sight of those we loved ; many silent tears then trickled along manly faces, and more than one brave and noble head was for a moment bowed down by grief. Oh ! this was a terrible and solemn hour ! All those affections and ties that make life valuable to us were brutally and cruelly severed ! Behind us we were leaving all that was dear to our hearts both as men and as citizens ! Each step took us farther from our home and brought us nearer to a distant land, and we were totally at the mercy of a relentless and abominable conqueror ! We left our families in grief

and misery ; our country that we wished prosperous and free, we left groaning under the most degrading oppression!...

We passed by the "barrière Fontainebleau," and by the exterior boulevards to the Invalides.—The people of Paris were at the barriers, enjoying the usual pleasures of the Sunday, they remained silent, sorrowful and as stupified on our passage! A great many took off their hats and saluted us and at the time this was an act of courage, for the Bonapartist terror still weighed over the great city like a storm-leaden cloud.

In one group, a man from whom every one soon shrank back, parodied one of the most sinister cries of the worst days of monarchy and exclaimed in a loud voice : " Laissez passer la justice de l'empereur!" — Was this man imprisoned or decorated for this insult or this flattery worthy of Nero!

From the Invalides, our course was directed to the "Place de la Révolution," between the Tuileries and the Elysée, where the balls, given in commemoration of the 10th of May, were still continuing.

At the terminus of the Havre railway, we were divided in the waggons, in each of which was an equal number of gendarmes and prisoners, and thus we started by a dark and rainy night. The next morning at six o'clock, we were stowed away in the 'tween-decks of the *Berthollet*, that had been for several days expecting us in the port of Havre. Three hundred men were crammed into a space barely sufficient for one hundred. Imagine the room taken up by our baggage, our provisions, &c., and you will easily understand that we could hardly breathe. Buckets of coffee and some bread was served out to us.

I will not attempt to describe the tortures, the awful existence of the transported on board of these ships! They have been already related and history will brand these abominable cruelties and their ready executioners!

The passage from Havre to Brest was rough, wet and windy; every moment we were knocked about, against each other, we were without air and the tubes that were intended as ventilators only served to pour water on us. About twenty of us escaped from sea-sickness. It is with a feeling of unutterable disgust that I remember this night and the following morning! Pressed together as unfortunate negroes in the hold of a slaver, rolling about in the soiled blankets, shivering with cold and fever, on the deck covered with filth.... it was frightful!

In this infected atmosphere I found an old friend whom I had not seen for sixteen years. We had been prisoners at Ste. Pélagie and had escaped together. Five days before he had been snatched from his home where his wife and three children remained without any means or resources, and he was now thrown on board a ship to be transported without even having been informed why!

The tempest had abated and the sea-sickness diminished; we were ordered to rise to put by our blankets and our clothes and to try and get our things in order as there was no means of getting them cleaned. Then the same nauseous coffee, as the evening before, was brought to us in buckets of the same form as those that had been used by us in the night!... Though all were exhausted, few had the courage to taste this loathsome beverage, and those who, to repair their forces, attempted it had as much to suffer from disgust as the others from hunger.

When we were permitted to go on deck for a few minutes, each in turn, we calmed our thirst by sucking a teat adapted to a barrel full of yellowish water and then we were sent back to our hell!

Through the care of some friends we had been able to carry away with us some provisions, but on our arrival on board they had been thrown in the bottom of the hold, they would have been of great service to us now, but it is only several days later and when they were already almost entirely lost that we could get them.

When we arrived in the roads of Brest on the morning of the 18th, our blankets were taken from us to be washed, and we passed the next night without anything to cover us. We pressed against each other, on the naked deck to try and warm ourselves: this night was not calculated to make up for the sufferings of the former one. The next, our blankets were given back to us still damp and many who used them in this state caught violent colds and acute pains in their limbs; we got hammocks also, but only for half our number so that we were obliged to sleep in them only one night out of two. Half of us was thus swinging at about a "mètre" and a half above the others who were stretched on the deck.

We remained four days in the roads of Brest, and during that time many and painful were our emotions. Nine of us, amongst others the citizen Carette, were sent on board the *Erigone*, for Cayenne: they were to make the passage in the company of murderers, robbers and burglars! Some others were put on board of the *Mogador* that was to sail for Africa at the same time that we were. In their stead, we received some of our poor comrades who for two months already had been actually rotting on the *Duquesclin*, on was a paralytic, who could not use a limb, and was obliged to be hoisted on board. We sailed six hundred, divided between the two vessels.

(Note of cit. GRANGER of the Sarthe.)

We might multiply the number of our chronicles and trace, day by day, the course of those caravans, which for six months, carried a whole people of martyrs, to the hulks, of the Ocean or of the Mediterranean: the two seas that wash the shores of the mother country have seen but too many, alas! of those

human cargoes! But, if the episodes sometimes differ, the system does not change and the drama is ever the same: 'tis ever the executioner who guides the devoted caravans!

Thus the prisoners leave the casemates and the gaols, but they are only informed of it at the last moment: — and why? — That they may be deprived of the last embraces of the mothers or the children; that grief and uncertainty may equally weigh over all, that the family hearth may have its sobs, like the high roads where the captives tread their weary way!

When they are removed from a prison, a circle is formed round them, and cavalry, artillery, police and battalions of foot are displayed around them. — For what? — To load the guns in their presence and to throw a menace of death to the vanquished and powerless victims! — What is more hideous than the pride of force exulting thus before chains!...

At the stations, at the railway terminus, on the decks of the ships, — silence in the ranks! The conquerors fear a song, a word, a look exchanged. — And wherefore? — Because "*the galerians of honour*," "*the martyrs of the Constitution*," "*the unjudged transported*" are going past, and these few words would be sufficient perhaps to make the very stones of the road rise in vengeance! But the gendarmes have stout lungs and they go from group to group, saying: "They are the vilest criminals, the scum of the "*Bagnes*" (galley). Bonaparte will have no more assassins in his towns. They are to be transported to Cayenne! Long live the emperor!"

The crowd shrinks from the contact of the prisoners and when they arrive on board of the hulks, the sailors themselves draw back, for the foul calumny has been repeated to them: — "*They are the scum of the galleys.*"

And they descend thus, these galerians of *right* and *law*, physicians, notaries, engineers, proprietors, merchants and writers, they descend and disappear under the decks and in the holds, where, without air or light, squeezed together as close as grapes in the vintage caldron, they soon learn the last secrets of human misery!

They are hungry: — what is thrown to them? — Damaged and rotten provisions, served out in foul buckets and which they are obliged to eat *with their fingers*!...

Buried alive in this charnel-house, breathing night and day this putrid air, suffocated by stench and miasms, they are parched by thirst: — What relief is given them? — Sometimes

a few port-holes are opened and the angry waves rush through and almost drown the feverish herd!

The hulk according to the plans of the 2nd of December, was to be death. The murderous drama of Paris was to be noiselessly continued at sea. For let it not be imagined that those hideous practices, were exceptions and only lasted a day! To prove the contrary we will here give the journal of one of the transported of the *Duguesclin* and the regulations of the ship:

THE DUGUESCLIN.

The *Duguesclin*, captain Mallet, is a two-decker, a second class line of battle ship, carrying 75 guns, drawing 30 feet of water, and has been used of late, sometimes as a prison, sometimes as a depot. — We were cooped up upwards of five hundred in the lower 'tween-decks, the third of which was occupied by two large barracks placed fore and aft, where the gendarmes of the watch were lodged. Some lamps lighted these barracks during the night and at each extremity of them were the closets. The calculation of the whole space by our number, gave eighty-seven "centimètres," and one mètre sixty cubic, or air, for each person.

On the 21st of April, the *Berthollet*, a sloop of war of 400 horse power, brought us on board of the *Duguesclin*, of which our tormentors had made a prison. We went down 307 of us, into the 2nd battery, where we found 200 of our friends who had left "Bicêtre" on the 24th of March. We each received a hammoc and a blanket and then, the "gendarmes," pistol in hand and sabre at the side, began a most minute search amongst our clothes, to find and destroy whatever lucifers we might have. We were crushed against each other and stifled for want of air, for all the port-holes were shut. We complained, but in vain. Several persons fainted, they were carried close to the port-holes, for the benefit of whatever air might be found there; we were deprived of wine and our bread was not eatable. The next day, forty-eight fellows, said to be free emigrants, but who were nothing more than liberated galerians, sailed for Cayenne on board of the *Erigone*. We soon found out that they had stolen many articles before they left. The "gendarmes" returned us our trunks after having thrown overboard all the matches, tinder and wine they found; they did not listen to anything we might say and appeared pleased at the harm they did us. We elected our delegates the same day.

The 24th, after many protestations, we at last obtained that a quarter of a bottle of wine and meat soup should be allowed us once a week.

Thirteen of our sick comrades, who were recovering, were sent on board from the hospital so as to make room for others who were taken violently ill, and no wonder, for the provisions, except the meat soup, were not eatable. The bread was of the worst quality, the vegetables not half cooked and mixed with every kind of dirt: — We used actually to find amongst them stones, pieces of rope and even *quids* of tobacco! Every day galerians intended for Cayenne were sent amongst us. We were permitted, half of our number at a time, to go twice a day on deck.

The 25th, a "gendarme" ordered me away from a port-hole where I was cleaning our tubs; I answered that the work I was about was most necessary and useful to all on board. — "Get away" he cried, taking aim at me with his pistol, "or I will report you." — "Do," said I, "perhaps you will get the cross of the legion." Ten minutes after, seven or eight gendarmes seized me and declared that I was to be confined. I would have protested before the commander of the vessel, but a wretch of the name of Fabre, a lieutenant, told me that all my protestations were as nought, and that I would be confined for ten days having insulted a "gendarme" in the discharge of his duty. Then turning to the gendarme: "You should have sent a bullet through the brigand's scull: what is the use of your arms?... Remember not to spare the first who answers you insolently!" I went down to the lower hold, where the prison was, all my friends protested, but the commander answered that the "gendarmerie" had been insulted and that an example should be made. My friends sent me bread and wine but the gendarmes seized upon the latter. Meanwhile, far from recovering, our sick were in the very worst state, they were sent to the hospital only when they were unable to stand; the Brest surgeon used to say that it was only corpses that were sent to him.

On the 6th of May two hundred political prisoners and forty-two galerians from Toulon, came on board from the *Mogador*; the galerians had clothes given them but the political prisoners could not obtain any. Each day brought us new captives and a certain number was sent on board of the *Erigone* for Cayenne. The sailors gave us constant proofs of sympathy, though, poor fellows! confinement and irons were generally the reward of those who dared speak to us, others were condemned to remain, with naked feet and their head uncovered, standing for four hours in the ratlings. The canteen sold the slightest things at the weight of gold. After a visit of the hammocks a person of the name of Anneau Benoit, who was found with two blankets was condemned to prison in spite of his sixty years of age and his very weak state of health. A quarter master was broken because he refused to seize him. When the sailors used to meet the "gendarmes" on shore they used to thrash them unmercifully. One day a "gendarme" let his pistol fall overboard and offered

twenty francs to any one who would restore it to him; but not one could be found to take the dive. It was expressly forbidden to smoke in the battery, and one month's prison was the punishment for each contravention to this rule.

On the 17th of May the *Berthollet* brought three hundred prisoners of Paris; seven were put on board the *Erigone* and the rest on board of the *Mogador*. A sailor fell from the mizen top and killed himself: "Away with that and be quick!" cried out the first lieutenant, as if he was speaking of a dog. — At last, we left this floating tomb two hundred and fourteen of us, leaving eighty behind, who were to be embarked on board of the *Berthollet*, and at eight in the evening we sailed on board of the *Mogador* a steam frigate of 620 horse power.

(Note by H. Ch. COURAGEUX.)

REGULATIONS OF THE "*DUGUESCLIN*".

During the time that the prisoners will remain on board of the *Duguesclin* they will be submitted to the rules, regulations and discipline of the navy.

Smoking in the battery is expressly forbidden, as also keeping in it any inflammable matter such as lucifers, sulphur, &c., any disobedience to this article will be punished with ten days of *double buckle* or confinement for the first time, and twenty days of the same punishment for the second.

Each day one delegate and the members of four messes, will have to look to the cleanliness of the battery, they will see that the tubs placed close to the closets are always full of water. While the prisoners will be on deck, those on service will endeavour to dry the battery as well as they can; they will be careful in sweeping after each meal, and if this, which is essential for the health of all, is neglected, the messes on duty will be deprived of wine.

All exchange or barter of shares is forbidden, the head of each mess and the delegates will see that no man drinks more than his quarter of wine. — If it was found out that any one drank more than his allowance, the mess would be deprived of wine, and if this gave rise to any disorder, the whole battery.

Silence is to be observed during the time of exercise and during mass. The delegates will be warned when it will be necessary to observe this rule, and if any noise should afterwards be heard, the port-holes will be shut, the prisoners will not be allowed to go on deck and they may be deprived of the quarter of wine.

The prisoners will understand that it is in their own interest to

submit to these measures and not to make us force them into obedience by the rigorous means that we dispose of.

The most precise orders are given that they be treated with humanity but at the same time submitted to military discipline, which admits of no hesitation in the execution of an order once given.

On board, the 24th of April 1852.

The captain commanding the *Duguesclin*,

Signed: MALLET.

Let us front the enemy.

This captain of the *Duguesclin*, who draws out or at least sanctions and applies to political prisoners the regulations intended for thieves, forgers and assassins, — what is this captain Mallet but a pirate?

His lieutenants, his helpmates in his task of torture, his colleagues of the other hulks—were they, more than he, true to the duties of their function? Is such or such a ship-board regulation superior to the social law, public faith, and a sworn oath?

Here are legions of captives, they are dragged by main force from the interior and thrown on the decks, as in the Kingdom of Dahomé.—Who are they? Where are they from? and why these human cargoes?—What is the crime of the devoted drove, that loathsome holds will soon swallow up?

Not an accusing voice is heard.—They have defended, at the peril of their life, the institutions of their country against perjury, violence and assassination; they are the captives of treason, they are martyrs!

And what will captain Mallet do? He has the command of the vessel; beneath him a whole people of sailors, move irresponsible, in their rough labours; his word is sovereign, 'tis the living law of the ship, but on the condition that he will respect duty, honour, and the law!

Duty, honour, the law!—to preserve his command, captain Mallet betrays them; as a slaver he stows away the merchandise, consigned to him and paid for by crime and from the height of his rank, he falls lower than a jailor!

Captain Mallet and all who instead of laying down their swords followed him, disgraced themselves! 'tis becoming the accomplice of crime, to serve its hatred and its revenge, and the same foul stain is on the pennants of the floating dungeons, as on the banners of the army of Paris!

To become the partner of perjury, to aid treason, preparing in the dark the ruin of public liberties, to support in arms during the struggle the sacrilegious plot of an ambitious man against his country, those, certainly, are hideous outrages; they cost the head sometimes — always honour! — And yet, this in truth, is less vile than this complicity of the morrow, bowing low before successful force, serving as its police, carrying its handcuffs and the keys of its gaols,—this is the last effort of degradation, the supreme baseness of the lowest varlet,—of the executioner's help!

Even after the bloody catastrophes of Paris and the departments, all was not to be despaired of for France: — had the trusted functionaries retired and refused their concurrence, the public services came to a stop, and the nation keeping aloof, the conspiracy of crime, isolated in the midst of its triumph, was irretrievably lost!

But right and misfortune were betrayed everywhere and delivered over to the tyrant, without a struggle, without a protestation!—France did not find her HAMPDEN, but instead, and by thousands, she could number her *captain Mallets*, docile servants of the tyrant, wholly devoted to the work of his vengeance!

And yet he was naturally *honest* and *kind*, say some chroniclers, this commander of the *Duquesclin*. When not pressed by the *necessities* of the *service*, he expressed secret pity and sympathy for his prisoners and showed them kindness.

And what do we care for the hypocrisy of words when each act is a crime?... The members of the inquisition too, in their day, practised its tortures with grace and unction and tears in their eyes! What is the form and the manner?... 'Tis the accepted part, 'tis the task fulfilled, that denounce the man and cry vengeance against him!...

And what signifies this secret pity, these mute sympathies in presence of the *regulations*, which you have read and the *necessities of the service*?

Five hundred captives, six hundred sometimes, gasp buried in a tomb of a few feet; loaded cannons threaten them fore and aft with their yawning muzzles; no light, no air, no room to rest a feverish head; the poisonous miasms burn the torn lungs; sickness gnaws into the body; vermin swarm in the clothes; the slimy deck is but a bed of filth; nothing is heard but the voice of agony crying for: Air, air!... But the tomb

is deaf, the port-holes remain closed : — 'Tis the *law*, 'tis the *regulation*!...

Thus parked in their sepulchre, with death beneath them, over their heads, everywhere, the feverish and shivering flock, rushes famishing to its food when the hour comes : — Alas ! nothing there but damaged biscuit, rotten meat, beans filled with worms, and for those constitutions wasted by the fatigues of the sea, exhausted by sickness, for those living corpses such food is poison, aye ! a poison that will not even satisfy hunger ! — What will you have ?... 'Tis the regular fare, 'tis the *law*, 'tis the *regulation*!...

When we reflect that whole legions of martyrs lived a month, a long month of this life of misery and sufferings, we see clearly into the thoughts of Mr. Bonaparte, and transportation is explained. It was to be death, a slow, refined death !

Let the responsibility of those tortures be then added to the glory of his murders, but let the anathema fall as a first punishment on those more lowly heads who bowed before him and became the ready instruments of his infamies !

The action here is on a level with the thought, the valet is worthy of the master, and the *captain Mallets* will be remembered in history like the de Goyons, the Canroberts, the Saint-Arnauds and the Magnans : — they will form an Olympus of murderers !

CHAPTER IV.

Between the land that proscribes and the sea that will carry them away, let us detain for a while the fleet of the exiles. What is their number? Their tormentors themselves could not say : no account is kept when it is a nation that is thrown to the gaols, and the ship log is mute, mysterious and closed ! Yet under all those sails, the *Mogador*, the *Berthollet*, the *Grondeur*, the *Christophe Colomb*, the *Asmodée*, the *Eclairer*, the *Magellan*, in the depths of all those holds that the waves of the west have beaten, 4,000 men could be counted. Paris and the centre of France furnished this first army of martyrs !

But the other, the sun light sea, was not less rich than the dark old Ocean. From the Basses-Pyrénées to the Var, each department, each town, each village, saw its caravan depart ! — More than a hundred villages were nearly unpeopled, and the two African towns, Oran and Bone, as well as Algiers, received their share of the great wreck of December.

Those who know the south of France, its old religious hatreds that run so deep ! its ardent passions, its political wars even yesterday so relentless, those may guess how many private vengeance, sprung up like famished wolves, under the screen of the battle, and spread desolation through this land of fire and blood !

Every catholic whether priest, lordling or “bourgeois” had his Albigense to denounce ; every royalist, whether a titled knight or an humble “verdet,” should have at least his “Ramel” or his “Brune.” 1815 opened once more its chase, but this time under the banner of a Bonaparte !

And see! How many homes violated, how many farms ransacked, how many scents traced! The hedges, the crumbling wall, the hollows of the road or of the rocks, nothing is forgotten, every corner is scoured night and day! They have not got the white flag, but what matters that? The other will hide all the better, the masked hatreds of royalism! And they rush at the *Jacques* — 'tis to day's watchword for murder—and those who are not killed are chained together two by two, and dragged on foot or drove by cartloads to the towns! From Draguignan to Montpellier every prison is as full as the barn after the harvest — for 'tis the harvest of the reaction and of the catholics: — the butcher-god they have made to their image, will be satisfied!

Bonaparte, who feels his dictatorship still tottering, and looks out eagerly in every direction for accomplices, most joyfully abandons the peasants to these hereditary rages: — tomorrow, in their temples, will not the bishops discount this blood and those tears? And moreover did not this country rise to defend the constitution and punish the crimes of the perjurer?...

Strike then, ye pious royalists! Gendarmes and priests, set to the holy task of civil war! Your triumph of to day is also that of the master, his ambition must needs be the accomplice of your hatred and you may raise the scaffold as at Bédarieux or kill the prisoners along the roads, as in the Basses-Alpes; you may imprison, torture, and draw up your family lists: Cayenne and Algeria will take your *Jacques*!

So they did take a few thousand; but the "convois" that left every port, from Cette to Toulon, were not officially announced: — they unpeopled the country noiselessly as a robber plunders a house. Even the place of landing was unknown; the officials and the silent wave were alone in the secret of those mysterious expeditions! Nevertheless, it is positive that the western ports did not furnish one third of the victims, and that with the addition of those from the South, African transportation does not count less than 12,000 martyrs!

A proof of this: — One single department, the Hérault, counts 3,000 condemnations without judgment, and the "Var," the "Basses-Pyrénées" and the "Pyrénées-Orientales" were utterly devastated.

The following list was drawn up last september by the citizen Granger; we extract it from the last work, so full of

courage and honesty of citizen Schoelcher representative of the people :

In the month of September last, the orders of "internement" in the different towns of Africa, amounted to 5,000. I will put down only.....

only.....	4,500
At the camp of Douera from 4 to 500.....	400
At the camp of Birkadem, 250 to 300.....	250
Workmen sent to construct a road in the direction of Chiffa, 200 to 250.....	200
At the Lazaret of Algiers, 30 to 40.....	30
Prison of Algiers.....	10
Hospital of the Dey.....	10
Bon-Pasteur, 7 women.....	7
Prisoners at the Casbah of Bone, 12 to 1,300.....	1,200
Two work-houses in the same province.....	400
Camp of Mers-el-Kebir 2 to 300.....	200
Camp of Mascara.....	200
Camp of Delices, for the building of a village on the borders of the Sabaou.....	100
TOTAL.....	7,507

To this number must be added :

- 1st. Those who had already died ;
- 2dly. The females quartered in the two provinces of Oran and Bone ;
- 3dly. Those who were in the hospitals of those provinces ;
- 4thly. The prisons of Oran ;
- 5thly. The camps, the work-houses, and the depots of which I know nothing.

I am convinced that the number of persons transported to Africa is beyond ten thousand.

Citizen Fillon reckons also on a number of at least ten thousand, including 3,000, scattered in the camps of Bouskika, Oueb-Boutan, Ain-Sultan, Ain-Benian, and Beni-Mansour, about which citizen Granger had no information.

(The Government of the 2nd of December).

Are those figures eloquent enough?... And yet we are quite certain that the two victims are below the truth! No, their evaluation does not give the real extent of our misfortunes! But let the ruffian of December have the benefit of their error: — he does not need all his crimes! Ten or

twelve thousand men form then the great army, the army of the law that was thrown to the deserts of Africa! And this itself is only the phalanx, picked and chosen by the "Commissions mixtes," who had inherited the task of the court-martials.

Mixt commissions: — what is this? Who ever heard tell of such tribunals either in history or in law?

'Tis three-headed hatred like the fabled monster: — A military commander, an attorney general, a prefect, sinister group, judging with closed doors, in each department, on lists drawn up by revenge, without witnesses, examination or debate!

They had in their power, those murderers, nearly one hundred thousand prisoners; they marked them out according to their whim and fancy for Cayenne, for the tribunals of war or of police, for exile, for "surveillance," (1) or for "internement." — The greatest number (barbarians even in their language!) they sentenced to Africa *more or less*; this category comprise twenty thousand heads!

Then appeared upon the scene the bloody mountebanks of mercy, the jugglers of pardon, — three murderous generals and the lawyer Bauchart!

The two first, brutal soldiers, trained to every crime, perverted by the most ignoble ambitions, were named: — Espinasse and Canrobert. They had murdered in Paris and were sent to the departments as agents of mercy: — Mr. Bonaparte would have vainly sought for better Kabyles.

The third was M. de Goyon, coarse, rude and ferocious, he paraded his high plume and his noisy spurs, and took pleasure in insulting the captives, even the women!

These three "justicers" passed through the prisons, the cigar lighted, parading, sneering, insulting; they *accorded* a few hundred commutations or pardons, signed reports against *unconquerable anarchy*, which, by the bye, they left in rags and starving in the country, or under the bolts and bars of prisons, and hastened back to the antichambres: their job of *mercy* was accomplished.

Pardon, mercy, amnesty! those words on the lips of per-

(1) Persons under "surveillance" are forced to remain in one appointed town and to present themselves so many times a week, perhaps every day at the police office. We have explained the meaning of "internement" in a preceding note. Those two words have no equivalent in English.

jurers and assassins, what a mockery ! This hypocrisy in one of the greatest indignities of the present times !

But it is particularly revolting, when we see a man of the law, like Quentin-Bauchart, an ancient liberal, a jurist, a parliament man, commit such profanations and lend the aid of his coward hypocrisy to the impudent violence of brutal force !

May this man be for ever cursed and branded, he and the like of him, backsliding attorneys, cringing lawyers, cowardly and prevaricating judges ; they have murdered right and justice, and hemmed in the middle classes between two graves : June and December ! Transportation will live long !

More hypocritical, mayhap less drunk, than the three barrack-judges, the last commissary opened his hand full of treachery, and *remitted the penalty* of thirteen hundred captives, but not before *they had signed their submission* : — he made them buy their pardon with their honour.

Fifteen or eighteen hundred at the most, almost all peasants, thus disgraced themselves ; 'tis but a slight defection out of forty thousand Republicans, who remained unshaken and undaunted, publicly confessing their faith in the midst of their torturers, and we can proudly mount the Algerian fleet which carries away twelve thousand of our martyrs.

This is the regulation of the ships :

RULES FOR THE PASSENGERS.

The passengers transported in the battery will be submitted to the following rules :

ARTICLE. 1. Divided in four divisions, like the crew, they will mess ten by ten ; each mess will have its chief who will be accountable for the pitcher and the dish and responsible of any disorder that might take place during meals in case the author of the disorder should not be known.

ART. 2. Each division will be divided in two sections, each of which will have its chief, who will be responsible for any disorder which might take place in his section, *unless he informs against the culprit.*

ART. 3. The transported will have hammocks and one blanket or will lay on spread sails equally with one blanket ; this difference of bedding will be regulated according to the number of the transported and that of the hammock which it will be possible to sling.

ART. 4. At the regular hours the hammocks will be slung and the sails spread by those who are to sleep on them. At the morning gun the hammocks will be unslung and the sails folded and placed by those who used them, in an appointed place. Each transported will be responsible for the hammock and the blanket that will be delivered to him.

ART. 5. Immediately after the clearing up the ration determined by the ministerial dispatch of the 6th of January 1852, will be distributed to the transported; it is forbidden to buy, sell or exchange the allowance, any infraction to this defense will cause the delinquent to be deprived of wine during all the passage. At each meal the distribution of the allowances will be announced by a roll of drums; each chief of a mess will then present himself with his pitcher and his dish at the hole made by the mizen mast and receive the allowance of his mess. It is recommended to each mess to keep the place where they eat strictly clean. Every infraction to this order would be punished according to the case.

ART. 6. The transported will be charged with the cleanliness of the fore part of the battery; two tubs will be placed forward to wash themselves in; at the hour when the crew is inspected, the two officers of "gendarmes" highest in rank, will inspect the passengers the even numbered divisions starboard, the odd ones, larboard.

ART. 7. In the course of the day the divisions of passengers will mount on the fore deck each in turn, to take the air and to smoke; each division will remain an hour and a half on deck.

ART. 8. The closets of the larboard paddle-box is especially intended for the passengers; they are forbidden going to those to starboard, reserved for the crew; they are never to go without the leave of the officer of gendarmes on service and the sentinel, nor more than five at a time.

ART. 9. When the passengers will have any demand to make of the commander they will do so through the officer of gendarmes on duty or in writing. *All collective petitions are forbidden.*

ART. 10. They are expressly forbidden destroying the walls, the decks, the wainscoats and the fastenings, under the most severe penalties.

ART. 11. The transported will be submitted in every way to the discipline of the ship.

The commander of the stean frigate *Mogador*, hopes that by their good conduct and submission to the discipline of the ship, the passengers will make themselves worthy of the steps he has taken to insure the humane treatment of every one under his orders; but he warns them that if it was otherwise and if any of them showed themselves mutinous they would be treated with the utmost rigour.

The commander will not hide from them *that he has on board every possible means of repression*, and that in serious circumstances (which he does not apprehend, for he relies on the good sense and the resignation of the passengers) *this repression would be as prompt as it would be energetic.*

On board of the steam frigate *Mogador*, February the 24th 1853.

The captain commanding,

NAUTON.

They call this, *the Regulations for the passengers!* What a miserable hypocrisy of words! what a paltry abuse of the language! *Passengers*, those men who have been violently snatched from their native hearth, their family, their country! Those men that fell captives to the foulest plot, and that perjury maddened by its fears, chases before it like a host of implacable consciences! *Passengers!* this living freight that is stowed away in filthy holds; those men whom force hurries away, gagged, exhausted, shattered both in heart and in body, to the distant deserts of exile!...

And yet, by what name will you call them? — War prisoners? But they leave the native land under the dagger of the assassins not the swords of a foreign foe! They are free citizens by their birth, by their labours, by the law! Sons of the soil and sovereigns by the constitution, they were inviolable and sacred when treason came on them by surprise and hewed them down. But treason is not war 'tis robbery.

How will you call them? — Accused, convicts?... — Accused of what? It is not the law, surely, that will accuse them; they fell in its defense and for it they have lost all! — Convicted, of what? No tribunal, that we know of, received the complaint; — the complaint of crime! — they saw neither witnesses nor judges, they only found executioners!

Then call them passengers, ye ruffian captains, who do not shrink before the task of pirates and slavers! This word betrays a secret remorse, a lingering shame, and this word too is the proper one.

For in truth those troops of workmen, those thousands of peasants, with their robust arms and sun burnt skin, whose eyes now sadly seek the fading horizons of the native land — is not this the labour of France that is going past?

Those learned men, those artists, those writers, all those

pensive brows that the wave carries to the Barbarians, are they not the thought, the science, the great spirit of France, who are going past?

Those lawyers, those administrators, those proprietors, those judges whom a noble resistance threw to the holds of the great slaver of December and who leave behind them their houses ruined, their families scattered, their seats and their property to auction, an auction where the greatest rascal is sure to be the successful bidder, are not they the probity, the valiant honour of France, who are going past?

Yes! 'tis the native land that is departing captive, overwhelmed, sordid under her rags but luminous under her dazzling halo, entire and scatheless in her just pride, ever indomitable, ever living!

What the martyrs leave behind is not France; — 'tis Africa, 'tis the land of Jugurtha!

In a night of blood and treachery, darkness spread of a sudden over it as over a city swallowed up by an earthquake, a shower of filthy toads fell over its palaces and swarmed on the steps of its Louvres! People only speak low, they hide their children, their tears and their thoughts, for the informer is at every door and the brigands hold the streets!

This is not France, 'tis a robber's den, 'tis the *Empire*!

Then call them passengers, the noble passengers of civilization, those men who fill your galleys, carrying right under their chains, honour under their vermin, and high thoughts under their rags. Never has the sea, that has carried so many martyrs, never has the sea seen any more noble, and before your captives, you would bow low, ye haughty commanders, if your souls were not as dark and as closely shut as the port-holes of your floating gaols!

But no! when they fell to the rank of jailors, these officers took the ways and as it were the genius of their new employ: their own degradation too was a secret torment for them. The sight of the misfortunes of which they are the jailors irritates them; remorse bleeds through their ambition, and as every fear assails them, carries their suspicions and their anger to exasperation.

Towards their *passengers*, their anxiety makes their discipline furious: each contravention, each fault, draw down its penalty: — the dungeon, the hold or irons, The allowances

are diminished, air and wine are refused, such are the punishments of slight incidents; but if misery, becoming insupportable, rose its voice, and exploded in mutiny, then it would be the loud voice of the cannon that would silence fever, madness and despair!

And what is mutiny in the eyes of fear? — Perhaps a murmur, a collective petition, a song! Who knows?...

This is the discipline of the white slave-traders on board!

And often the sea would add its angry passions to the brutal violence of the regulations; the tempest would howl over the vessels, and the sea and winds seemed in league with man against the captives!

Listen to one of the most clever writers of the French press, Xavier Durrieu, in his *History of the Persecution of December*; he was on board of the *Canada*:

“It was in the month of January, the season of gales and tempests, on the night of the 15th to the 16th, one of the most sinister that ever passed over the Ocean. The winds and the waves seemed to grind the frigate, and carried away from the decks the boxes of the paddles. Launched to the very top of a foaming Alp, she presently would be dashed down its declivity describing the wildest course. A change of wind threw us more than fifty miles out of our way, between Jersey and Ireland. If we had had one single sailor amongst us, capable of commanding the vessel, the *Canada* would have been ours, between those two lands of liberty. We would only have had to deal with the “gendarmes” but they were wrapped in the most disgusting dejection and would not have resisted us long.

“The hammocs were knocked together and violently thrown from the beams, but no one thought of slinging them again and even those who were trampled on in the fall did not complain. The tubs and clothes floated together in the water that rushed in through the port-holes as by so many sluices. A last effort shook the whole vessel; the wind tore the sails and threw them in rags into the engine. Suddenly sails and engine ceased to play, and nothing was heard but the working of the pumps in the depth of the hold. The frigate seemed to be settling like a drowning man whose heart and limbs fail him at once.

“A few hours more and all was over with the *Canada*. Happily day-light came and the wind, shifting by a providential chance, brought us in view of Brest. We were obliged to quit in all haste the frigate that was immediately given up to the workmen *to be taken to pieces*. We arrived at ten o'clock; at twelve we were all on board of the *Duguesclin*.”

Thus, below they were covered with vermin, crushed, suffocated; above were the gendarmes, martial law and cannons; unhealthy rags, by way of clothes; rotten provisions for food; the dungeon and irons to enforce discipline, and sometimes the furious waves scourging all this misery!...

How could they live in such a hell, with so many enemies leagued against them?...

And yet but few died. 'Tis that their republican conscience strengthened the martyrs under all their sufferings! Their intrepid souls gave strength to their frames. Sublime patients, they made suffering the slave of their energy and nothing could subdue them, neither the violence of their tormentors, hunger, nor the tempest: — Faith works miracles!

But here is Africa, with its scorching sun and the fevers of its infected land, our twelve thousand martyrs have landed on its coast, they have left far behind them the last horizons of the father land and the dictatorship has scattered them in its foul camps! — How many of them will remain, even ere long, if crime prospers and lasts?...

CHAPTER V.

If we are to believe the hungry panegyrists of Louis Bonaparte, his intention was to colonise Africa after having cleared the mother country.

These long files of prisoners whom he snatched from the native land, were the recruits of a new France, and what the two last governments had not been able to effect, the great man of the "coup d'Etat" would accomplish.

During six months all the *statesmen* of the gang have extolled and glorified this great conception in their hired gazettes, and perhaps — perverted by them — public opinion was led astray by these lies. — People are so cowardly after such storms!

'Twas a singular way in truth, of understanding and organizing such great undertakings, to open thus with a knife the entrails of France, to draw its blood like a butcher; and for what? To throw a little of that blood to a foreign land!

But the Colbert of crime had not even the merit of this *high desing*, truth will soon be made clear and we will see that he only *colonised* with *corpses*!

Let us enter the Galleys.....

ALGIERS.

The greatest number of the vessels that carried the spoils of December to the African coast, anchored successively in the roads of Algiers. The anchor cast, the military were formed in two ranks and then were counted the flocks designed for the "Lazaret" or the

"Maison-Carrée," those two block-houses of death. The last of these buildings was at first privileged and received the first arrived; ever logical in their system of murder, the government had chosen it because placed as it is in the midst of poisonous marshes, its habitation was fatal even to the strongest constitutions. It is only later and when the mortality created a real scandal that the doors of the Lazaret were opened to the "*pestiférés*" of socialism!

The revue of the captives once past, the human cargo scrupulously counted, the gendarmes crammed their victims into large barges and the oars pushed to the port. At first from every quarter of the town an ardent and brotherly population rushed to salute the proscribed. — The "gendarme" trailed his sword with a conqueror's air, the officer caressed his "moustache," the police insulted, the staff blustered or sneered according to the mood of the moment, but the people acclaimed the vanquished soldiers of right, and this great consolation after the hazards of war and the dangers of the sea elevated and strengthened the souls of the martyrs!

Their lungs torn in vain by the slow fevers of the hulks would still pour forth avenging hymns and the loud cry of: "Vive la République!" And then on the doors, on the squares, on the roofs, the crowd would uncover themselves, a pious salute to dying liberty, to liberty that will awaken soon and everywhere, since she is acclaimed even in the old pirate's nest!

These demonstrations several times repeated, deeply irritated the high plumed soldiers of perjury. — Governor Randon felt a particular horror for those avenging greetings and to escape from the condemnation thus expressed by the popular voice, he soon forbid the prisoners from passing through the town: crime does not like witnesses. For the last arrivals large boats received the transported on board and landed them at the Lazaret.

THE "MAISON-CARRÉE."

At one of the angles of the port of Algiers, almost facing the town is an old moorish building, built in the middle of marshes and shut in like a tomb; this is what is called the square house, (Maison-Carrée.)

The interior is divided in a large yard, and galleries that run round the four sides. It was formerly the stables of the Dey; the proscribed of December are thrown there now: the martyrs have taken the places of the horses.

When they are once in this stone cage, heated by the ardent rays of the African sun, the prisoners are divided in detachments of sixty; each detachment has its compartment. No beds, hammocks for a few,

some meager straw mattresses for the rest. At night the heat falls and the damp breezes pierce even through the walls. The scorpion, the tarantula, all the insects, and viperine reptiles, become the companions of the prisoners and their sleep disturbed by fever and constant stings or bites, becomes a real torture.

As to the food it was the same as on board the hulks. In the morning, soup and rotten meat were distributed; at night, large dishes of rice round each of which ten men seated themselves. To prisoners exhausted, worn out by the fatigues and tortures of a long voyage, who for months had suffered hunger and thirst, to men who had suffered every kind of sufferings both of soul and body, this was the fare allowed by the noble liberality of the government!

Their aim was always the same : — death !

Unwilling to die of this slow and miserable death, ever anxious also to fulfill their great brotherly duty of protecting the little and the weak, the Republicans elected delegates, as on the hulks, and those rendered bold by long suffering, carried to the chief gaoler the complaints of all : — “ We are here, said they, through the victory of crime and the least we can expect is to be treated as prisoners of war. Why then condemn us to a slow death, to the torments of hunger ?

— You are here for punishment and you will be treated accordingly ; we know nothing about political prisoners, we only know the regulations.

— Let us at least buy provisons freely, though ruined by December we will pay them.

— Buy and pay if you please, there is the government canteen.

This canteen, was a special licence, a privilege accorded by the administration to one of those wretches, who come behind the prisoners like birds of prey after corpses ; his name was Roustan and he shared no doubt with governor-general Randon or one of his lieutenants, the hideous profits he made out of the sufferings of the famished captives !

Shylock, the Venitian Jew, was less vile than these ravens of civil war, he merely carved out human flesh !

Necessity, however, is law, and hunger cannot long wait. The prisoners, during the first few days, bought coffee, sugar and wine from the canteen and submitted to be plundered by the authorised robber. What could they do and why complain ? Those who complained of these robberies were put in irons !

Such was the life of the prisoners at the “ Maison-Carrée,” an old stable transformed into a prison by the pacha of crime, and it is thus and there, that lived and suffered thousands of Republicans fallen the martyrs of right and law ! — Some, the happiest perhaps, died there !

THE "LAZARET"

The "Lazaret" (Lazar-House) whose name explains its former destination, is a large building, one story high, extending along a rock at the foot of Algiers ; it is the second depot and the great reception-house of the proscripts on their arrival. At one of its sides is the fort Bab-Azoun, that receives in its dungeons what the algerine authorities call the political mutineers.

The interior was divided in four large rooms or halls, two fronting the sea and two others behind with wide loopholes heavily barred but open to the wind and rain that gushed through them on the prisoners. When the turnkey-sergeants had counted their prey of the day, they divided their prisoners by messes and pushed each mess to its allotted place. Here no beds, not even a few hammocks as at the "Maison-Carrée," nothing but straw and straw eaten by vermin.

By day the heavy stifling heat of the leads of Venice, at night freezing dampness and the freshness of the sea ; two miserable meals a day ; in the morning rotten meat, and rice at night ; the sea to guard the prisoners on one side, on the other thick walls and heavy iron bars, and to crown all in the interior ever watching, insult on their lips, provocation in their looks, the sergeant spies. — Such was the system the victims had to endure.

The Lazaret had its canteen, like the Maison-Carrée, its privileged canteen, where robbery held its scales and sucked hunger. Every complaint was considered as an insult and brutally punished ; the administration had the fort Bab-Azoun alongside.

How many terrible and unknown dramas must have taken place behind those walls, where so many gallant natures, and iron wills were submitted to the insolent caprice of force !... Their regulations multiplied the contraventions and the slightest infringement of them became a crime ; the guardians were low, perverted, needy rascals, who to prove their zeal, denounced a word, a gest, a look as an outrage, and the military fort was close by ever ready to open before those miserable vengeance.

We will only speak here of one fact or rather a crime, that relates to this fort of Bab-Azoun.

The Lazaret and the fort were under the command of a governor, named captain Mongeot. This man who recommended himself by an ambition capable of every crime and every cowardice, was not only twice a gaoler but moreover, general inspector and high judge of transportation. This last function was given him on account of his ferocious character : — the government knew him well !

One day this captain de Mongeot summons before him, on the report of a subaltern, the brigadier Couba, a proscrip who formerly had been

himself an officer, lieutenant Millet, whom the informer accused of having remained too long at the waters of Rovigo. The crime was the more heinous that this officer was ill and almost bent in two by fever and rheumatism. Lieutenant Millet, obeys the call of the high judge-commander, and the latter neither respecting the rank nor the misfortune of his old brother in arms, insults him in the most cowardly way!

— How dare you disobey orders, you, an old soldier, have you then no honour?

— I have been a soldier, 'tis true, answers Millet, but illness knows no orders and it was impossible for me to keep to the time assigned.

Exasperated by this calm bearing and by this quiet firmness, captain de Mongeot orders his captive back to his place of "internement" and in his report to the governor-general Randon he demands a severe punishment for such a serious act of insubordination, — the insubordination of rheumatism!... Governor Randon who delights in those petty vengeance, becomes a willing party to his Decembrist-lieutenant's hatred, and condemns Millet, for the insolence of his answer, to pass one month in a dungeon under the eye and hand of captain de Mongeot the king of Bab-Azoun!

At this intelligence a kind of delirium takes possession of Millet. The long persecutions he has already been submitted to and the new hatreds that watch and threaten him, prey on his fevered brain, still he enters the fort and begins this new expiation: alas! 'twill be the last! Three days after Millet was dead! — How did he die?... No one can say: — this is one of de Mongeot's mysteries!...

However, we must allow that in his life Millet had committed one crime; the brigadier of gendarmes Couba, who informed against him as unnatural a son as he was an unworthy soldier, treated his father as a useless burden, a charge, a tax, and his bread was begrudged to the old man and he was loaded with daily insults. The unfortunate old fellow thus ill-treated, knocked one day at Millet the proscrip's door, who received him with respect, shared his table with him, in fact comforted as far as he could, the unhappy father: — Thence hatred, vengeance, crime, and at last, death!

O land of Africa! Even in Jugurtha's days, you never knew such monsters!

As an officer fallen to the rank of a gaoler, M. de Mongeot is known, him and the rules of his Bastille, is fare and its discipline: — here now, is one of his dialogues:

A DELEGATE. — In the forts, captain, each one of us demanded by what right he was detained captive; each asked on the hulks: why the hulks? in virtue of what judgment? where is the act of accusation? where the judges? what tribunal had pronounced the sentence? We were answered: "That is no business of ours, you will know in

Africa." We are now in Africa, in your hands, neither accused, judged nor condemned, what have you, you a soldier, to answer?"

CAPTAIN DE MONGEOT. — "All that does not concern me; you are the prisoners of government: my business is to keep you and so I will!"

THE DELEGATE. — "But there are categories *more*, and categories *less*, without admitting for a moment the crime for which we suffer, its hierarchy or its divisions, we insist on knowing the value of those words *more* and *less*."

CAPTAIN DE MONGEOT. — "I only know of one Africa for all, I know nothing about *more* or *less*; you all remain here under the same law, the law of punishment, and to my best ability I will apply it. That is my duty — Bab-Azoun is intrusted to me.

Such was the hero.

Still he had his hidden views this Achilles of the African gaols. His canteen-man, Roustan, sometimes experienced bad seasons, when the captives were sent in "internement" or when small detachments of liberated prisoners sailed for France. The patron would then detain them a few days that the stock might be exhausted and not to let the industry of his partner suffer. You were sure to obtain the great privilege of going out when you dined at the Mongeot-Roustan-Tavern.

Another speculation :

Amongst the proscribed workmen, prisoners of the government, were tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, &c., workmen in fact of every trade and for all kind of work. — The fatherly governor helped them to fill up the long hours of captivity. Thus our friends could work, but the governor reserved to himself the monopoly of the orders and of the sale, and thus kept the two profits of the capitalist and the merchant. Between those two useries you may guess what became of the workman's pay!...

M. de Mongeot practised another kind of cleverness; absolute governor of the central house, he kept away with the most religious care, the relations and friends of the transported. Neither the father nor the daughter, the sister nor the brother could arrive in the Lazaret except after going through all the administrations of Africa. But the marauding jews, the speculators, the lynx and the usurer, all those prison-spiders were greeted with a cordial welcome and open doors : — Why ? — That is a question of discount.

Once more such was the "Lazaret" and its hero!

THE CHARTER OF LABOUR.

Before the prisoners were sent to the various camps of transportation, police agents made their appearance either at the "Lazaret"

or the "Maison-Carrée" to draw out a general list of each detachment.

Those lists once completed, a regular examination began and each in turn had to answer the following questions :

" — Have you got money and do you wish to employ it in Africa, either in colonising or in your trade? "

To the workmen they said :

" — You who have no capital do you desire to work at your trade? "

And to the farmers and peasants :

" — Will you clear and cultivate the land that will be given to you? "

The most brilliant promises were lavished on them; the richest prospects were opened to their eyes; they were shown a golden harvest, growing up in a short time. In those enticing harangues you seemed to hear the looms working, the anvil ringing under the hammer, the shuttle running to and fro, and according to them, the least the capitalists might expect was ten per cent for their funds.

In spite of all these marvellous baits, the great, masse of the transported refused : they guessed the fraud and the robbery beneath those magnificent boasts, and further, determined to remain entire in their proud right, they would not seem to sanction crime by accepting its poisoned offers.

The peasants, however, who live in the sun or in the rain, whose lungs love the open air and the free winds, the peasants whom the prison kills, accepted to work on the roads, thinking they would be sent to the fields and thus fell in the snare.

As to the workmen they generally asked to exercise their trade freely.

All this information once obtained, as well as the names and description of the prisoners, a list was drawn up and for the first time two categories of prisoners were established, those who entered into the views of the administration by accepting to work, and those who refused to help in any way the government to carry out its hypocritical project of forced colonization.

We will see, by the details that will follow, what bitter deceptions were the result of those interested offers and the real worth of this famous charter of labour.

When the police had regulated its divisions and formed its groups, the signal of departure was given : some were sent to "BIRKADEM," the others to "DOUERA," the two most considerable camp-depots; some small detachments were despatched to the miserable little colonies of "Ain-Sultan," "Ain-Benian" of "Loued-Boutan" and of "Bourkiska" to work at clearing land or building villages.

A last detachment, that of the *unruly*, remained to enjoy the mild

rules of the fort "Bab-Azoun" or the agreeable abode of the dungeons of Bone.

What had they done these great criminals? This one had sung a Republican song, this other had remonstrated to a sergeant-spy; a third had made a gesture that had been made an insult of!

What mutineers!

THE "DOUÉRA" CAMP.

At about eighteen miles from Algiers, at the side of the little town of Douéra, rises an old cavalry barrack, a filthy building, with black and tottering walls, swarming with every kind of vermin and burnt by the rays of the sun. This, in the bulletins of government, is called the *great camp* of "Douéra."

The transported thrown here formed a standing division of seven or eight hundred, guarded by a swarm of sergeant-spies and two companies of "Zcuaves." (1)

Those who had let themselves be seduced by the offers of labour were lodged in the privileged part of the building and occupied the upper rooms the rest was parked in the bottom, in the stables, and in the hay-lofts.

The ordinary of the latter was composed in the morning of black bread, soup and some stringy and half rotten meat; at night of boiled rice. Those who had consented to work received, moreover, a quarter of wine and ninety "grammes" (2) of bacon, — instead of 400 "grammes" promised by the lying charter of the administration. They also enjoyed a mattress, whereas those who refused work were condemned to a straw bed on a floor musty with dampness.

The prisoners were mustered three times a day, the first time at six in the morning, when the workmen would depart for their labour; the second at eleven for the communications of government, and the last at eight o'clock to count the prisoners and shut them up in the rooms.

As in all other Bastilles, there was here the eternal dungeon, a damp, cold and dark hole, a real hot-house for rheumatisms and fever.

The discipline was the same for all, but caprice applied its measures, and the most tormented of course, were the men of *revolt*, as they called those who refused to break stones on the government roads.

As to those who worked they were submitted to the daily discipline of a scorching sun, and the dungeon itself would have been preferable to the long torture of those rough labours under a torrid heat, often interrupted by the sudden icy breezes of winter.

(1) Zouaves, the name of a particular african regiment.

(2) There are something less than 500 grammes to the pound.

Such were the laws and customs that ruled the life of the prisoners at the "Douéra" camp; as may be seen, the law was not exactly Athenian, but the law is almost always better than those who apply it, and the commander Monnier was a new proof of this truth.

We will sketch the life, the character, and the habits of this African *Hudson Lowe*, whose name, for the last two years, is mixed up with all the agonies of Africa!

Monnier was sergeant-major a few years before the revolution of February; in a banquet with some comrades he sang the *Marseillaise*, and denounced for this by the police, he was sent to Africa in the companies of correction (*compagnie de discipline*). Passing through Mâcon, the broken sub-officer received a most cordial greeting from the patriots of the town, and the very man who organized the *fete* that was got up in his honour, afterwards transported, became the captive of Monnier, turned gaoler of his former host.

At the Revolution of February, the sergeant-major, who had been sent back into the ranks, petitioned, made known his titles, and the Republic made a lieutenant of him.

After this act of reparation, Monnier made himself conspicuous by his Republican ardour. But his enthusiasm diminished, as the reaction gained ground, and soon the great man gave up politics; the times were dark and it was as well to be prudent: — 'tis the tactics of lieutenants as well as of princes.

After the 2nd of December, after the triumph of crime, Monnier the Republican became bonapartist, and this rapid and honorable conversion was recompensed by a place of gaoler.

It was at the "Maison-Carrée" that he began his noble functions. But as he found himself the servant of an accident that might have its morrow, Monnier at first was cautious, he showed himself nearly moderate, almost a democrat! He succeeded here to an old soldier, Captain Arnaud, who had refused with disgust this mission of shame, unwilling to sully his life and his epaulet.

His first act was to call all the transported together and to make them a harangue with this flourish at the end: — "The people have pronounced themselves in favour of Bonaparte, we must respect their decision, but after all, if he does not answer our purposes, we will pitch him out as we did the others."

Monnier seeing the dictator strengthen himself and gain ground, soon changed his conduct and his language. Up to then the prisoners had had the right of looking in to the expenses of the ordinary and of the canteen; — this right was withdrawn by a ukase and Monnier began the system of speculation he so well continued since at "Douera."

With his pay of 1800 francs (£72) a year, he led the life of a prince; had a horse, servants and women: — 'twas a Saint-Arnaud in the bud!

From the "Maison-Carrée," Monnier was sent to command the

camp of Douera. Here, soon after his arrival, numerous complaints were made : the inhabitants of the small village protested against the privilege of the canteen, and the engineers of government, of the irregularities in the pay of the transported employed on the roads. Those complaints were forwarded to the governor at Algiers.

Monnier felt he was threatened in his situation, and to avert the storm and make himself necessary, he imagined to hatch a little plot that would fall on the captives. — Four artillery men, esteemed by all their comrades of transportation, were summoned before him ; they had refused to work like many others. He told them they were to prepare to start, that he would send them where their insubordination would be chastised as it deserved. These threats, publicly made to brave soldiers, who by their conduct, had not given even the shadow of a cause for them, excited general indignation, and at night a few friends, about fifteen, met to take leave of those that were so brutally taken from them ; while in one of the rooms, they were singing in a low voice some patriotic songs, Monnier, informed by some secret spy, shows himself all at once like the tyrant in a melodrama, and shouts to the soldiers : “ Come follow me to the dungeon. ” “ It is not only the Artillery soldiers that are in fault, we are all as culpable as they are and they cannot be punished alone. ” — “ They alone will go to the prison because it pleases me, answers Monnier, I am the *master* and am not obliged to any accounts towards you. ”

These words exasperate the prisoners who run in a mass to the yard, claiming the dungeon for all or the liberty of the artillerymen. The latter, calmer and understanding that any outbreak would only compromise them, advise their comrades to return to their rooms. But as this did not answer lieutenant Monnier's purposes he turned sneeringly to the groups who had stopped at the voice of their brothers and said laughing : — “ Well ! I thought you all wanted to go to the dungeon, nobody is willing now ! Are you then all cowards ?... Let those *who dare*, come on, my dungeon, I am quite sure, will be large enough ! ”

This provocation was decisive ; the greatest number of the prisoners rushed forward at this well calculated challenge, Monnier locked up a few and made the rest retire. At the same moment a company of “ Zouaves ” enter the yard, charge their arms before the prisoners and Monnier declares that he will command the fire if they do not immediately return to their rooms. A few minutes afterwards the poor artillery soldiers are carried off to the civil prison, of Douera at first, and the next day to the Emperor's Fort.

Monnier had succeeded ; he had his plot, he made the most of it in his report which, highly seasoned with calumny, he sent to governor Randon, the pacha of the colony.

The governor transmitted the report to the court-martial of Algiers, which, *on this simple authority*, condemned the artillerymen to DEATH.... and Monnier preserved his command !

This abominable sentence was not the only result of the plot invented by Monnier, for the necessities of his ambition; several other prisoners, were sent to the dungeons of Bone, among the rest, Jules de Caudin, who since fell in that great slaughter house of Africa, and of whom we transcribe the following letter as a testimony : —

Casbah of Bone, July 21st, 1852.

“ My dear ***

“ In two words, I am at the Casbah of Bone because the breast of M. Monnier is the only Arican breast that has remained up to the present unadorned with the slightest cross or decoration. He thought he might give himself the pleasure of an insult to men of courage (*hommes de cœur*). Though calm as you know me, my dignity could not swallow tamely such a provocation. I took it up. Several of my comrades followed my example, they hardly knew me. Thence a supposed revolt, the soldiers called out, a dozen of us carried away, and at last twenty-two of us sent to the prisons of Bone and four artillerymen despatched to the military prison of Algiers, where they await the court-martial.

.

Signed : Jules de CAUDIN.

Another trait to show the man :

The prisoners had vainly complained of the bad quality of the meat; each day tainted or rotten pieces were sent in, and the cook, not to poison his comrades, took upon himself to throw away the worst part of the allowances. But Monnier was on the watch! One day he perceives this refuse meat. He calls the men and asks by what right they had thrown away what was given to them? — “ Because it is too bad ” answer they. “ Indeed, ” says he, “ well I will make you eat it ! ” and so saying, the worthy officer flings with his own hands the rotten meat in the pot !...

These scandalous scenes were often repeated, but besides those fits of temper, a general rule of conduct was laid out and perseveringly followed. The sufferings of the captives formed part of Monnier's pleasures and were regulated as such.

When new recruits arrived from the “ Lazaret ” or the “ Maison-Carrée, ” the prisoners were mustered on two files in the yard and Monnier thus began his harangue :

“ In sending you here, *good folks*, the government intended that you should be useful to the colonization of Algeria, I must then inform you that, for those who will freely accept it, labour will be a source of benefits of all kinds : — food, bedding, lodging, pocket-money, they

will have every thing they may want ; whereas the lazy, the good for nothing, will only have the ordinary goal fare.

“ Further:—in my weekly reports with the central administration,—and I am always listened to — I will point out those who by their submission, their laborious activity, will awaken my interest, and their names will be put on the lists of pardon. Work then and do not listen to the bad counsels of those who would entice you to a useless and passive protestation against government.

“ Remember too, that for the unruly, we have Bab-Azoun, Bone and Cayenne ! ”

When he had began to work thus on their minds by threats and promises, Monnier entered the groups and spoke to each prisoner the words the best calculated to touch him ; he roused the most sacred sentiments, spoke of the absent families, the little children, the desolate hearth, the gloomy agony of the mothers, and the eternal burthen of his speeches was : — work, work, and your families will have bread and you will see your native country again.

And would you know what was at the bottom of all those seductive harangues ?...

The workmen who had let themselves be enrolled were all conducted the next day to the office of the terrace-works, and boot-makers, tailors, jewellers, carpenters, smiths, men of the needle, the loom or the compass, all were condemned to the same rough task of breaking stones. On their return they would protest and complain that they had been odiously deceived, that they had been promised the free exercise of their profession and that they would not countenance an administration that planned their death. But the lieutenant Monnier, so sweet and tender the day before, then changed his tone and answered brutally : — “ You have accepted to work, and work you shall, or be sent to Bone ! ”

Another deception still more cruel and more sad, for it was swindling, and robbing misery, awaited those who had consented to work : —

At the end of the week every one expected to receive the price of this labour, but they were put off with new speeches : “ The orders,” Monnier would say, “ are not arrived, the offices are ever delaying ! You will receive your pay to-morrow. ” And thus they were sent back to the quarries and the same comedy was began over and over again every eight days.

This cowardly and cruel dishonesty exasperated the workmen : — “ No money, no work ! ” said the martyrs, “ we will no longer be robbed. ”

The threats were then renewed and the lieutenant spoke of Bab-Azoun and Cayenne, and all those who persisted in refusing to work were sent to Bone. Monnier used to throw a few of them to the distant colonies, lost in the desert, where a certain death awaited them.

He was more than once heard to say :

“ Those men are going to death, I know it, but at any price they must be got rid of.

Those were not the only amusements of lieutenant Monnier in his pachalick. At the muster of eleven o'clock, when the burning sun scorched the roads, he used to assemble the captives in his court of honour, and there he harangued, threatened, encouraged, insulted, and played off the Demosthenes till he was hoarse : those were his assizes, his beds of justice, his tribune, and there every subject was examined, from his reprimands to the idle to the communications of government.

Sometimes when his bombastic eloquence fell short, he would take from his pocket, pretended lists of liberty, which he had drawn out himself in his closet and read them out with a loud voice, old men charged with a numerous family, docile workmen, whom (he said) he had pointed out to government as worthy of pardon. But he had so often lied already, that all his hypocrisy only created a feeling of incredulity and contempt.

When he found himself detected in all his perfidies, Monnier would return to threats, to insult, to open violence ; each word, each gesture, each look was a provocation ; and if any brave fellows answered, they were sent to Bone. After the lying lists of amnesty came the too true ones of vengeance!...

BIRKADEM.

The camp of Birkadem is situated near the village of the same name, between Algiers and Douera. At first, the lawyers, the merchants, the notaries, the judges, the journalists, &c., all that race of liberal and restless minds, that would not give their aid to the mortal combinations of the pretended colonization were sent here. In a neighbouring camp were almost always from six to seven hundred men. The fare and the discipline was the same as at “ Douera.” But here, at least, was no Monnier, so life was almost possible.

Later when the *clemency* of crime had amnestied a few of its victims, and when death more, active in its work, had thinned the ranks of the captives, the governor general transferred to the camp of Douera, the prisoners remaining in that of Birkadem. This hovel-prison was abandoned.

But the respectable folks who live on public misfortunes protested. The population of the little village was excited, and addressed ardent complaints to the governor general *count* Randon!

The worthy people lost *their* prisoners, their legitimate gain ;

they wanted their captives to feed and plunder. — What would the vulture do without the hawk?

General Randon admitted the justice of these petitions and graciously answered that they need not alarm themselves, that the *dead season* would be short and that government would soon send them new pensionners.

The tavern keepers, were reassured by the promise and since then are looking out for the new convoys of exile! — Do not despair ye plunderers and wreckers you will not have long to wait : the wolf is still in the fold!...

Algeria more : Algeria less : The mixed commissions instituted for the private vengeance, while celebrating their mysteries, had established those two penalties against the transported. First came the first degree, exile or *internement*, with the right of working freely *under watch of the police*, or *Algeria less*. — Then came *Algeria more*, that is to say, the bastille added to transportation, the central prison in the desert, Mount-Saint-Michel on the shores of Africa!

A few years ago under the last monarchy, that of money not of blood, a statesman who had remained a calvinist in spite of the ideas that showered round him, an owl in the noontide, the minister Guizot, had presented a similar project to the study of parliament; he demanded that transportation should be aggravated by imprisonment, that Cayenne should have its dungeons like a great kingdom, its cells like Mazas and Doullens.

In the idea of this imbecile mind who would willingly have given regulations to death itself, it was not enough to have lost the joys of home, the smile of the child, the consoling tenderness of the mother; it was not enough for those vanquished soldiers of civil war to have lost their family and their native land, — those two great mournings that are not worn long for they kill! — He wanted still more: the bolt, the dungeon, isolation, silence, Ugolin's tower in the farthest extremity of the earth!

Monstrous conception! savage penalty, that antiquity had never thought of or applied even in its most formidable proscriptions, and when truth had barely begun to dawn on the human conscience!

This sinister thought had likewise escaped the dark genius of the middle ages, the great Ergastulus; — and later when, between Thermidor and the Empire, the counter-revolution

sent its enemies to Cayenne, it forgot to establish galleys and build citadels there : Billault-Varennes died free at Cayenne!

France as yet had not been demoralized by cowardly fears, and the refined scheme of the philosopher Guizot, struck it with horror : it recoiled before it as before a crime, unheard of till then, and the project, condemned by public conscience, fell to the ground.

Well! what Denis and Sylla, those implacable tyrants of antiquity had not invented; what the Borgias, those kings of torture, had not imagined; what a bigotted sectarian alone dared to dream of; what had escaped all the geniuses of the torturing ages, Mr. Louis Bonaparte decrees it in the interval of two feasts, and applies it to thousands of men who have fallen into his snares!

Prison in exile, captivity in the desert, high walls, massive doors and gaolers between Mount-Atlas and the sea, all this comes quite naturally under his pen, and he coolly draws up his decree as if it was a simple barrack regulation! He creates Algeria *more*, as Louis the XIth invented his iron cages, and satisfied in his hatred, he then goes to sleep with the tranquility of a gluttoned beast of prey!

The Republic will have better than Saint-Helena!

This was the real thought of this man, an ignoble aristocrat, who by his vices, that are his nature, hates the revolution — and to whom his origin, that perforce traces his policy, renders necessary a violent and corrupt suffrage.

The revolution, will have better than Saint-Helena!

Aye, indeed! The man who had killed the first Republic, in its ideas, in its powers, even in its name, — the man who had murdered a child-prince in the ditches of Vincennes, — who in the interior had reduced the country to slavery and the mothers to despair, — who abroad left behind him ruined towns by hundreds and slaughtered men by millions, — this man overcome by superior forces in his ruined country, was thrown by the anger and the fear of his enemies, on a rock lost amongst the waves of the Ocean : — but even there he had his friends to console his crimes! He had his household, his plate, his horses and his servants, he, the foot captain of the siege of Toulon; he had the free sun for his cavalcades, his gazettes, his correspondance and the mighty remembrance of the world! — But here, nothing : the captives of the nephew

are sequestered, blocked in, buried in the camps; they live of the charnel-house, they sleep on straw, they are obliged like gallerians to answer the whistle of the police, and they are shut out from every thing: — family, country, the desert itself!...

This you see then, is better than Saint-Helena?

And this is not all; this hatred of the Bonaparte was inexhaustible, as will be justice when the day will come of holy reparations!

The mixed commissions, those hybridous tribunals had admitted two degrees of vengeance. But in Africa, the *less* was unknown, all the captives are handed over on landing to the gaolers, there are no more sentences, nor decrees, nor regulations: there is, instead of all this, the central administration, an absolute and sovereign dictatorship and its subalterns who say like captain Mongeot: "You are prisoners, neither *more* nor *less*, and you will be treated as such!"

Such was the law of government!

Thus this penalty which was not mentioned in our codes but had sprung from the savage fancy of the dictator, this penalty born of the caprices of one man, and applied in different degrees according to the wants of his policy, this penalty itself was but a lie!

They cheated even in their punishments!

Other torments were invented. For what in truth, was this charter of labour offered to all or rather imposed upon them by the *fatherly* administration of their gaolers?

The prisoners were hardly parked in the camps without any distinction of *more* or *less*, when the men were called, young or old, strong or weak, labourers or men of liberal professions, and the recruiting lists were opened..... for death on the roads!

Truly, Republicans, whether labourers or "bourgeois" are willing to work, labour is the religion of the party. Their habits, their interest, tend to permanent action, to incessant production, and it is not in their camp that the parasites of the human family, the users and paupers of high degree, are to be found!....

But here are citizens who have been robbed of their study, their counter, their manufactory, their free labour or their fortune, and he who stripped them by violence of their

all, to whom they are indebted for prison, ruin, and exile, he would have them labour at his tasks !....

Prisoners, it is true, are made to work in the central houses and in the galleys : but this is the result of a judgment, the natural consequence of a regular sentence, it is part of the law, well known by those who break it. — Here we have nothing similar.

'Tis violence that has stripped, ruined, transported, loaded you with insult and now that you are here, in Africa, you the martyrs, you would lend your failing forces to the speculations of your tormentors !....

You would freely become the slaves of Cæsar !....

Kill me if you please, but I will neither go to your work-yards nor on your roads, “ answered the greatest number of Republicans, we represent right and will have no “ complicity in your deeds.”

Those were the words of men who know their duty and whom their dignity guards. Successful crime might murder them, but could not bring them under : they knew they were to refuse all concurrence to the tormentor.

And what truly was at the bottom of this system of enlistment ? What was the real idea of the recruiters ?.... Those who attracted by the pay or by the distant voice of their families crying for bread, let themselves be gained over, understood it soon, but still too late ! Instead of working freely each man at his own profession, they were all put to the same daily, unintelligent and forced drudgery, in infected swamps, on virgin soil, that carried every poison in its bosom, or on barren roads, burnt by the sun !

This labour of Africa was nothing less than the slow death of the prisoners, which the dictator wanted to organise with the aid of the martyrs themselves ; the clearest part of the pay was fevers, rheumatisms, paralysis, exhaustion and death !

That is, in its true light, Mr. Bonaparte's colonisation.

And the proof can be found in the able choice of his creatures, in the character of the subalterns employed to carry out this vast enterprise of assassination !....

Only to give one example out of this legion of mean monsters, where can a more degraded wretch be found, a greater coward in his hypocrisy, a rougher brute in his violence, than Lieutenant Monnier ?

The fellow must brew a plot to avoid a destitution, and insure him his place of gaoler; perhaps he too, wants the cross of the legion, like so many others, that their massacres and their baseness have illustrated. What does he do? He invents a *Marseillaise-plot*, he expatiates on this huge scandal, he blows it out to the proportions of a crime of high treason by exciting the legitimate anger of his victims; and then choosing amongst the *rebels*, he throws four of them to the court-martial.

The tribunal that works like the cleaver in the grooves of the guillotine, condemns them to death, and more firmly established than ever in his command, M. Monnier can sport the ribbon of the legion of *honour*!.... It only cost four lives; 'Tis cheap, the empire cost a hundred thousand!

While going his rounds like a real turnkey, M. Monnier discovers on a dunghill, some rotten meat that starving dogs would turn from; he throws it back in the in pot and the poisoning caterer, forces his prisoners to eat it!

Must not every thing be used and the commander gain his per-centage?

Brutal and full of low pride like all the parvenus of vice and of treason, Monnier insults and provokes his captives; he calls them cowards, he, cowardice itself, who is ever cringing behind his battalions!

He has his sports, his plays, and varies his pleasures and the torments of those who are submitted to his rule.—To-day it is a *razzia* for Bone, to-morrow a column for the distant camps, where, ever watching, are to be found the hyena and death! Another day he mounts his horse and comes with his prostitutes to parade before misfortune.

'Tis a petty Verrès in the skin of a corporal.

When a political system has chosen such men, it has revealed itself and the colonisation needs no further explanation. The Monniers and the corpses speak plain enough!

As to the rules laid out by the central government it is useless to transcribe them here. The letter of this law had nothing remarkable, the same hypocrisy was to be found in it as in all the other acts of the government and it was only in the application that it became ferocious.

France knew nothing of it and many families have wept not knowing what had become of their martyrs!

This is a habit with despotism and one of its forces : it loves silence and darkness ! Those fear the most who do not know what they have to fear. Imagination loses itself in unknown dramas and the heads are weighed down by the vague anxiety of distant misfortunes !

How many families implored for pardon because they did not know the fate of the absent loved ones ?

The martyrs themselves were ignorant of the great character of their torture and the labourers alone possessed it.

Its true spirit will be seen farther.

CHAPTER VI.

From the two great reservoirs, Bir-Kadem and Douera, the transported, when once their names, ages, birth-places, etc., were noted down, either at the "Lazaret" or the "Maison-Carrée", the transported were sent by the Algerine government to the various points of Africa.

The central correspondances recommended to keep away from the principal depots, those rebellious operatives, who refused the work offered by the administration; to remove, beyond all things, the workmen, who by the energy of their example or their words, were capable of influencing such of their comrades as might have been won over by the promises of the commanders or the wants of their families.

One of the principal objects of the government, was to get those human instruments to clear the barren land, and to drain the swamps, too unhealthy for the troops.

Another end to be attained, was to cover and hide the robberies committed by folks whose names shine to-day in the official sphere; the martyrs were to leave the benefits of their labour, the price of their very life to the great African chiefs to make up for their pilferings.

It will be seen farther on, how seriously anxious the latter were to hide the deficits and to receive their premiums; and it will be seen also, that those poor fellows who let themselves be blindly led to give their aid to these nefarious schemes, never received their pay, for theft and usury swallowed up the result of their labour.

The Algerine administration has long been known; it knows full well how to set off its victories with loud flourishes of trumpets, and from its antichambers can create heroes in its bulletins; but as for colonising and government, its incapacity is notorious.

Thus when it had to choose places, to establish colonies of labourers, it set its eyes on useless and unprofitable soil that offered no resource, but that carried death in its bosom. Ardent sun, sudden squalls, burning or damp winds, the very best means of giving fever and increasing it *were* found, and what more did Bonaparte want? He cared very little about colonising Africa, what he wanted was to see his conquered enemies under ground!

For all those camps of pestilence, "la Bourkika", "Ain-Benian", "Ain-Sultan", "Alzib-Ben-Nchoud", "Guilma", "Beni-Mansour" etc., etc., the Monniers and the de Mongeots pointed ont the victims, and Randon by a decree, sent them off to each cemetery.

To give the detailed history of all those galleys, to picture all those tragical struggles of isolated courage against the torturers to tell all those thrilling legends of silence and the desert, would be impossible.

Our brothers fallen in those distant ossuaries still belong to the cowardly vengeance of the enemy. We have not been able to trace the blood-stained steps of all the little Verrès and we are unable to relate all the dark tragedies of transportation. But everywhere the regulations were the same; everywhere was hunger under a torrid sun, fevers, vermin and insult!

What we know of those lion's dens, we will submit to the conscience, the humanity, and the justice of our readers.

It is the labourers who speak and therefore we will not name them: — They are still in the power of their tormentors!

THE CAMP-COLONIES.

We give here the divisions of the various bodies of transported, scattered here and there, and even thrown to the most remote parts of the desert. We find these details amidst execrations, sobs and groans of agony in the correspondence of the martyrs themselves. It is as the map of the tomb-camps that cover the great African arena.

AIN-SULTAN.

Aïn-Sultan is situated about thirty five leagues from Douera on the declivity of one of the highest mountains that form the chain of the Atlas. At one side of the village, are high and completely barren peaks; on the other the plains of Mitidjah, very fertile at the foot of the mountain, swampy in their lower parts, with the Harach and the Mazafran flowing through them.

There the weather is submitted to those sudden changes that kill the most robust, to the chillness of morning succeeds the burning heat of the midday sun and this is followed by the damp night air loaded with rheumatisms.

The whole village of Aïn-Sultan is formed of thirty-four wooden barracks, built by the transported who inhabit these alone. Each one of those houses is divided in two rooms; the front one serves as dormitory and the back one as kitchen and dining-room. — The prisoners are divided by detachments of ten, and each detachment occupies one of these barracks; the rules are the same as at "Douera" but without Monnier and his sergeant-spies; as to the food it is the same as that of the rest always diminished by usury and the speculations of the chiefs. This miserable allowance is prepared by cooks, chosen amongst the transported, one for each hundred men and paid the same sum as the labourers of the roads. — Three planks raised on two supports, a straw mattress, without either bolster or pillow, a camp-sac and a blanket, such is the downy couch that is given to those poor slaves whose limbs are fairly broken by their hard labour.

It is here that Gessler-Monnier sends those who refuse to work — as they will refuse wherever they are sent — or those who merely annoy this tyrant of every hour that uses their force but cannot conquer their courage.

When the list is filled up, the "réveil" is sounded, the names are called out, the ranks are formed, and after exchanging adieus, perhaps

the last! with the friends who remain behind, the column takes the road.

After a march of five hours the column arrives at Bouffarik, the first halting place. — The soldiers of the escort are billeted in the houses of the village but, the transported are obliged to put up with the gendarmes' barracks. — During the day they are left in the yards under the scorching sun; at night they are permitted to seek a shelter in the stables.

In this town of Bouffarik, blankets, wooden pitchers, pots and other utensils, indispensable for cooking on the way, are distributed to the prisoners.

At three in the morning, we again take the road, and climb our calvary, often turning our heads to see once more places inhabited by men.

The first village we came to, says the journal of a transported, is called "Beni-Mered;" there, is to be seen an immense column with these words engraved:

TO THE TWENTY-TWO GALLANT FELLOWS OF THE 26th OF THE LINE!

BATTLE OF THE 21st OF APRIL 1833,

AGAINST TWELVE THOUSAND ARABS.

This souvenir made our hearts beat high! And we too, we have our blood and our life to give for France! for France that lets us break stones in the desert!

Blidah was on our way, but we were made to take a by-road to avoid showing the inhabitants the iniquity of our treatment, and to hide the shame of the tormentors, but after two hours of a useless march we were obliged to return to the gates of the town to find the high road and we could salute some friends whose looks and words, brought us consolation and hope.

The other villages do not present anything remarkable except the little hamlet that the Ouedjer river gives its name to. — On leaving this village and to the right, is a small mountain that carries on its brow a sepulchral monument of a most beautifully simple style; it is here that rest the remains of Abd-el-Kader's father. — One of the Emir's sons seeing us pass asked us what France had done of his father! — Alas! what has she done of our children?...

At each halting place, exhausted with hunger, we were obliged to set to preparing our soup, to climb the mountains or scramble down the ravines, to seek some rare pieces of wood to make our fires. We were obliged to pilfer right and left either for our food or to add something to our too scanty bedding.

Generally, canteens would set up close to our bivouac, but it was

only at an enormous price that we could procure a little wine to restore our forces, or some poor meat or white bread to add to the meagre allowance of the administration.

When night came on, we would pitch our tents, but they could not shelter us either from the cold or damp of the wind, and there on a little straw and with one blanket to cover us, we stretched our weary limbs.

Our journey presented, however, most various aspects; now we would toil up gigantic mountains, at other times we would plunge into the depths of abyss-like ravines; we crossed the Chiffa fifteen times, and eighteen times the Ouedger, almost always with water up to our knees. — The carts could not keep up with us on these roads, but thanks to the astonishing strength of the mules and the cleverness of the drivers, they would arrive a day after us.

More than once, the curiosity, the strangeness and the grandeur of the landscape, made us forget our fatigue. We walked slowly along singing our patriotic hymns; but of a sudden a view more cheering to us than the most splendid scenery, greets our eyes: we see our countrymen coming down the mountain to meet us. They are our friends, the companions of our misfortune, of the Aïn-Benian colony, who come to shake hands with us. We halt here for two hours. Heat, hunger, thirst, everything is forgotten in the happiness of this brotherly meeting. It is but short, alas! M. Bonaparte's police does not like those outpourings of republican feelings, even in the desert. We must take leave of our friends, the signal is given, and a few hours later, harassed and worn out, we arrive at our camp, or rather our den.

When, after having refused to work, we had been sent from "Douéra" to the distant camps, it was with the positive promise that we would be put in a place of "internement" and Monnier had given us twenty times his word of this, but we were hardly arrived when pickaxes and shovels were distributed; each detachment receives its tools and the order is given to conduct us to the quarries. We are told that whoever refuses will be seized by the gendarmes and sent to Bab-Azoun, the principal halt on the road to Bone.

This is the result and the secret of all the harangues of the commander Monnier. He sends us away from Douéra as insubordinate, because, says he, he will keep none but labourers; he had promised us a kind of freedom in this exile in the desert, and when we arrive we are condemned to forced work. This man had written to his lieutenants that we were a gang of mutineers whom they were to subdue by hard and constant labour.

We protest against this want of good faith and against those who have parked us for death, and the lieutenant-governor of our little desert starts for Milianah to seek orders against his *anarchists*. —

Will he bring back a firman that will order us to Bone or a cat-o'nine-tails to drive us to work? — Such is the alternative.

In the interval we hunt the fleas all night, and in the evening the hyena, that comes into the very heart of the village to seek food for its little ones.

Such are our pastimes.

At last we determine on taking the tools. It is a means of getting a little liberty; for here, as the surrounding desert guards us sufficiently, we have no sergeants-spies at our heels, and some of ours can leave their work and go fishing.

Our allowance is so poor and so scanty!

Others go to Aïn-Benian to see our poor comrades who, less fortunate than we are, are placed under the orders of another Monnier who makes them work hard on the roads. — This man knows how to tyrannize like his colleague, and like him also, he knows how to rob. — The pay is always delayed, and our friend, who according to the regulations ought to receive 20 sous a day (10d.), only get 10 centimes (1d.), and even to be paid this sum, they are often obliged to make a strike!

Ten centimes a day for ten hours work! and even those ten centimes disputed you, what wages! — Labourers! send your savings to your families, to the children who are without bread, to your wives who have lost their senses, to your old powerless fathers who remain at the deserted hearth!

Such was the rule at Aïn-Benian, we might be placed under it tomorrow, unless we preferred death or the gloomy cells of the Casbah of Bone.

BENI-MANSOUR.

At the foot of mount Jurjura you find Beni-Mansour; it is a military establishment that serves as advanced post against the Kabyles. The country is wild and savage, inhabited by tribes who have not been subdued like those of the plain and that block up, as it were, the line of the coast. Monnier had divided his victims amongst the swamps, and the wastes, in fact amongst all the most unhealthy places, he still had a last hell to people, Kabylia. He forms his first detachment composed of sixteen persons all of different professions and trades; masons, carpenters, mechanics, bakers, cooks, physicians, &c., who had all refused work and on whose account therefore, there was nothing to make. He calls them together on the 15th of May, at the usual hour of his harangues, and announces to them that they are to be sent to the finest part of Africa. "*For the present,*" he adds, "*the Beni-Mansour,*

is sometimes the scene of skirmishes with the Kabyles, but those tribes will be soon subdued, and you will *then* enjoy a real Eden, where you will work in perfect liberty, submitted only to the simple police of "internement." When you pass through Algiers captain Mongeot will give you further instructions."

Citizen G... whom by error Monnier had placed on the list, protested against his departure : he was not a workman, what was he to do at Beni-Mansour?

"Well start for Algiers, always" says Monnier, "there the place of your "internement" will no doubt be changed and you will be able to choose whichever one you like the best."

G... started with the convoy ; once arrived in governor Randon's capital, he protested, but was invited to hold his tongue : Mr. de Mongeot's subalterns tell him that he will be quite well-off where he is going.

After passing two days at the Lazaret, the detachment was directed towards Aumale. Six mules carried the baggage and the men were on foot. After a march of seven hours in the plain of Mitidjah, the detachment halted ; this was their first rest on their weary rout and they find no shelter and nothing but a little straw to lie on.

Five terrible days follow, employed in climbing steep mountains, clearing deep ravines and wading through rivers ; now sleeping under the open heavens, now in a grotto and without anything to protect you from the cold and damp, but a single thin blanket. Three days were lost crossing the peaks of Mount-Atlas, but the two last days were not so fatiguing ; instead of mountains to be climbed it was rivers that were to be cleared, thus in the last day's march, one detachment had to pass the same river thirty-three times.

On our passage, says a transported, we saw neither houses nor villages, nothing but hideous huts, called Gourbis, that the native carry at will from one place to another. We halted in the most miserable, ruined cabins, of which even our poorest cottages would give but an inadequate idea. — The oftenest we would camp in the open plain. — And yet, what rich harvests, what grand cities could be made to spring from this soil !

We arrived at Aumale.

Under the Government of the sword, the military regulations are the only law, and our commanding sergeant's orders were, not to rest his prisoners and procure for them the provisions of which they were in want, but to hand them over to the commandant of the place : this he executed most religiously.

He first reads to us the articles of the regulations that concern us.

"All attempt to escape will be punished with Cayenne."

"The "internés" have no right to any allowance." What a

farce! — They speak of “internement” to prisoners who are to be shut up in a fort not placed now under the guard of a Monnier, but under that of the Kabyls! — They speak of escape to men who are shut in at two hundred miles from the sea, without money, without clothes, without even enough to keep them alive and who must needs remain where they are, unless they prefer to throw themselves on the tender mercies of the Kabyl Red-Skins.

Up to this, the detachment had been allowed 1 franc 25 centimes a head and per day, for its expenses; but this ceased here. A few of the prisoners had a little money left, but the greatest number was utterly destitute and several were without clothes and even shoes!

This situation was soon known through Aumale and excited a general feeling of sympathy for the victims and abhorance for the tormentors. In less than two hours, the democrats of the town sent provisions enough, not only for a plentiful meal, but to last us the next 60 miles we had still to walk before we came to Monnier's *Eden*. — We were sent forty pounds of meat, beef and mutton, forty pounds of bread and forty quarts of wine. — A few hours later, we received a loaf of sugar, coffee, and two quarts of brandy. — Some unknown persons, also sent a small sum of money.

Still the administration was always intent on its purpose of *slow murder*, and after their long fatigues, the prisoners had all sorts of difficulties to obtain a place to rest on in the camp.

After remaining seven days at Aumale, the detachment start's escorted by five “spahis” (1) in case of an attack, and walks through the town. On its passage every head is uncovered, the women salute the prisoners from their windows.... but timidly, for the gendarme is on the watch! and the proscrip'ts leave the town shouting: “Live the Republic!” Their faith and their courage are unshaken and they would go to Cayenne as they go to “Beni-Mansour.”

After a march of thirty miles, the detachment comes to an Arab village at the foot of the Jurjura. Here no shelter can possibly be found; the religion of the inhabitants, their customs and more than all, their hatred for the french soldiers, keep every door closed before our friends. One habitation alone opens before them, that of the Caïd, who offers them the most generous and cordial hospitality.

The next day was the last of their long and rough pilgrimage. Here are a few details on their arrival at the camp of Beni-Mansour. They are taken from a letter, written to his brother by one of the bravest soldiers of democracy, who since December has had to go through the most severe trials.

“Our commander does not know what to do with us, he has no order on this score. This is the most advanced post. We are not at a mile's distance from the *Barbarians* (so our *civilized* officers call the

(1) The name of a french corps of troops, in Algeria.

Arabs) who almost every day make some attempt or other against the subdued natives. Sometimes they carry off a herd, at others, they fall by surprise on a party of men and take them away. It is a strange time to think of founding an establishment. We are not *almost* but *entirely* soldiers; we cannot go to the river that flows at the very foot of the fort, to fetch our water, without taking arms. We are obliged to do the same even to go round the fort. If the Kabyls had guns of the same caliber as ours, they could bring down some of our men every day and that without the slightest danger to themselves. How will all this finish? I know not! but the future is dark and France, alas! is far!...

“Our commander-gaoler left the camp last night with some spahis and the horse of three or four goums. A *goum* is a camp of natives formed of three or four hundred horsemen. The affair was hot and the disadvantage on the side of our troops.

“I was just now speaking of this skirmish with the officers, not of the glory, but of the destruction attending on it. ‘When you will have to defend your own skin,’ said they, ‘you will change your language and do like others.’ What an engaging prospect! Some are sent to Bone because they refuse to work; others obliged to break stones, without any distinction of age or condition, others again forced to spill blood of which they have a horror! Such is our lot, such the future we have to look forward to!

“I told you lately that I had some hope of soon leaving this, nothing new up to the present on this subject. A new cruelty has been added to those committed already. I have already told you of the Kabyls who surround us and of the overpowering heat of the climate. The heat is so great that from the very first the soldiers were obliged to abandon their tents and to seek a refuge in the buildings. Well! with the brutality that characterize these odious men, they have driven us from the fort and given us two tents for our only shelter! Who would dare accept the responsibility of such mad acts? By a dark night if the enemy was to fall on us, he might kill us all as we could offer no resistance being left without arms! We would call in vain, for our voice would not reach the fort. On the other hand, the stoutest amongst us, could not live a month in mere tents with such a burning climate. I would fain believe there is more stupidity in this than anything else, for I cannot reconcile to myself the thought that we have been chosen as sixteen *privileged* victims. Whatever the cause may be, the danger is the same and our cross is heavy to bear!....”

“Victor G....”

ALZIB-BEN-NCHOUD.

Alzib-Ben-Nchoud owes its name to the chief of a tribe who formerly occupied it and whose memory has been preserved. The Romans occupied this military post and fortified it, as can be seen by the still remaining ruins. It is situated at about fifty miles from Algiers and twelve miles from Dellys, a small port of the coast. The Sebahou flows through its plains ; the soil would be rich if it were not for the neglect of the military government. It is here that the superior officer, commanding Dellys, has raised a few barracks, decorated as in the plays, with the pompous name of village.

Between this point and Dellys, a road had been begun by the soldiers and has been finished by the transported. About those various works and the life that the labourers led, we give here a few details from the journal of a labourer.

Let this be read attentively and it will be seen if in Africa, promises, constitutions, and regulations, are worth more than in France.

We give the narrative in all the force of its simplicity :

“ When we left the ‘ Maison Carrée ’ the commanding officer had told us that we would be free at Dellys ; that we might work for private industry or for the government engineers, and that we would be paid as all other workmen, but when once we were arrived, there was no more question of liberty, of work, of regular pay, nor of all the other promises that had been thrown to our misery to hurry us on to the desert !

“ The very day after our arrival, fifty centimes (5*d.*) were thrown to us for our day, and we were then told to knock down a wooden barrack the materials of which were to be transported farther.

“ Fifty centimes for twelve hours hard labour in a scorching sun, and when we were obliged moreover to go to an inn, we could hardly hope to get fat on this ! The greatest number of us were obliged to go to bed without supper and the next day we divided ourselves into family messes, for otherwise it would have been impossible to prevent.... death !....

“ The first complaint attempted by one of us was brutally repelled :

“ ‘ It is no business of mine,’ said a sargeant, ‘ I know it is not enough to live on, but I am here to see after you and not to feed you. I don’t want to give you my pay to devour ! ’

“ The day after we asked what sum was given us for our day’s work, we were told that the government engineers paid a franc a day, out of which sum the administration deducted *what we knew*, for the expenses incurred and the advances made since our arrest, etc., in fact about *twenty sous out of our franc* : ... *the rest was ours* !....

The barrack once pulled down, it was charged on a cart with the most necessary utensils, and we started for Alzib-ben-Nchoud, where we had been told we would find a village, but the village followed us in the waggons : — it was our demolished barrack. In fact, only for the military engineers, who helped us to pitch our tents we would have been without a shelter for the night.

Our furniture consisted, according to the regulations, in a few boards, a straw mattress, a camp-sac, and a blanket ; but for the first few days we could only get the blanket, and when in the morning we left our tents, our limbs were benumbed by the dampness of the ground, we were nevertheless obliged at night to lie down again on the naked earth, and to pass thus from the scorching heat of the day to the damp cold of night ; to be paralysed or burnt to death, such is our fate !

When once our barrack was built up we were better off, as far as the shelter went, but as to the labour and the fare the same system was followed as at Dellys, and the sergeant who served us out our food, used to rob us most unmercifully. One day he would not give us the regular weight ; the next, the meat was swarming with worms. — We were speculated upon in every way, but also when the hour of rest would come how many of us would writhe in the agony of convulsions or the gnawings of hunger.

At Dellys I obtained a few days ease that perhaps saved my life. With the permission of the captain of engineers, I was able to find work in town and earned three francs a day ; relying on the captain's word I worked all the week laboriously, but when the pay day arrived I was told that I was to take my meals with the rest and to pay one franc fifty centimes a day. This was just one half of what I earned, and the administration forced me thus either to pay for the other's food or to leave the best part of my money in its purse : this was another species of speculation.

The time I had passed at first in the camp had weakened me to such a point that I was obliged to give up my work and take to my bed. I was then sent back to the camp : I had no right to be sick !

When I returned to Alzib-ben-Nchoud I found the situation greatly changed ; three new detachments had arrived and the labourers formed a legion, but what a legion ? 'twas misery organised ! — We were mustered three times a day, and during the time that our names were called out, it was forbidden to speak, to smoke, to sneeze, to eat ; each infraction was punished by imprisonment or the loss of our rations.

Ten men were harnessed to a dray with a barrel charged on it, and were obliged to go and fetch water at a distance of more than a mile by a newly made road. Ten others were obliged to drag a second dray

loaded with stones, to build the walls, and ten more transported clay to make mortar in a like manner.

Each had his allotted place in the team, and three sergeants flew here and there around, watching and exciting us. When we were too long, according to the ideas of those gentlemen, they would suppress our wine or half the day's pay. The lieutenant, commanding the camp, to excel his subalterns no doubt, determined that a number of voyages, utterly impossible to accomplish, would be required of us; but we were exhausted and the worthy officer was obliged to be satisfied with the last efforts of our failing courage. This drew down new insults on us from our sergeant-jailors. One of them who returned drunk from Dellys, where he had been to take his oath to M. Bonaparte, addressed us thus:

"You will be obliged to work, you blackguards, I will see that you do, I, Rochette!"

This fellow was an apprentice-jailer from Nîmes; and such were the wretches that were given us as overseers!

The administration found no doubt that there were too few of us on the sick, list for they changed our fare. We received the *ball of bran*, that is to say, bread in which there was more bran than flour. The troops had refused the best of it and the rest was thrown to us.

We complained to the lieutenant who was obliged to admit that this food was too bad and not sufficient for men who worked as we did, and he sent me to the superior commander, M. d'Auribaud, at Dellys. As a proof, I had brought two loaves to this officer, who, without condescending to look at them, answered me:—

— "Very well, very well, you may retire."

— "Look at these loaves, sir, I have brought them on purpose, they speak of themselves."

— "I know, I know," he answered, "they are sourish, they want nutritive qualities, but I cannot help that. Go to the commander of the place, he alone can do anything in the matter."

I was thus sent from Caïphus to Pilate, and this same Pilate refused to hear me. But as I insisted, he tried the bread and told me that we had chosen the two worst on purpose, that these loaves had been trampled under foot and that they had not been furnished by the administration. However, when he had offered some of this bread to his dog who turned from it, he was obliged to admit that it was of a bad quality, and he sent me to the head baker, who told me he washed his hands of the matter. It was a trinity of Jews.

As to the meat, we had a quarter of a pound a day for each man, and this was refuse meat.

With such food and the heat augmenting every day, it may be easily understood that life was almost impossible. At night, to rest

ourselves of our rough labours, we had nothing to lay on but a mattress of damp and rotten hay ; several of us were covered with a kind of leprosy, and still we had to toil on !

Such was our life at the camp village of Alzib-ben-Nchoud.

A captain of the penitentiary came to inspect us, we made him the most pressing demands to obtain the camp-sacks that had been promised us. He answered us that he had already made the demand, but that it had been rejected. "Do not despair, however," he added, "you will most likely get them by next winter." When we will be dead.

In spite of all those miseries, the works still continued, and week after week passed without our hearing anything of our wages ; at last, however, the pay-day came : the three-quarter's of us received two francs fifty centimes, the luckiest from ten to twelve francs ! This for two months and a half of work !... But we had not a word to say, the administration had swallowed up the rest.

One of us, who had worked at Dellys, received a post-office order for ten francs ; it was a souvenir from his poor family. As we could not receive our money ourselves, he gave his cheque to a sergeant ; the sum was kept under pretence that he owed something for the clothes that had been given him by the administration ! So a poor mother had refused herself and her children a few mouthfuls of bread so as to send a little money to the exiled father and the gaolers stole it from him !

One of the articles of the regulations, says :

The transported who have money to send to their families will apply to the commanding officer of their detachment.

Confide your money to these honest gentlemen, who rob you of what you receive from France !

OUED-BOUTAN AND BOURKIKI.

We have but few details about the other camps, some have even remained quite unknown to us.

But the system of african transportation is known now, and the facts published about Aïn-Sultan, Aïn-Benian, Beni-Mansour and Alzib-ben-Nchoud, are sufficient to enlighten public opinion, for the system is the same everywhere.

We give here some fragments of correspondences from Oued-Boutan and Bourkika :

..... When we arrived at Oued-Boutan after a most difficult journey over mountains and through rivers, nothing was ready to receive us. We were obliged for several days to lie on the ground without even a little straw.

When we were established under our shed, it was proposed to us to cut down the thistles in the yard of our camp, for it is a real camp and a most unhealthy one, if we believe those who were here before us. It is probably on this account that we are forbidden communicating with them as they would let us know the fate we have to expect ; what matter ? death will inform us soon enough !

Later we were made to dig ditches and we soon found out the truth of our information.

Several of us, and I am one of the number, work with masons for the military engineers. We are employed in making dwellings of old stables, we will not be so badly off in them as under our sheds, for there, at least, we will have a floor to sleep on, and walls instead of planks badly joined together.

The greatest number of our friends suffer cruelly from colics and dysentery ; some are at the hospital, others are already returned though suffering greatly still. But it appears that we are not yet come to the worst time, it is during the months of July, August and September, that the epidemy is the most violent.

The lieutenant tells us that we are free to work or not, but those who refuse are threatened with Bone, and several have already been sent there. If the heat and the diseases continue, many others will be sent there, and indeed it is better to suffer at Bone than to die in this desert !

When we arrived here what did we find along the road ? graves where those who attempted to colonise were buried ; this road is paved with tombs but there will soon be many more !...

Bourkika, November the 19th, 1852.

..... I write to you from the bedside of one of our best friends who has just died ; this is the ninth we have to bury in one month ! The spirit still holds out but our frames are exhausted, and if this life was to last, few, very few would resist it long. I had no idea that men could die with so much courage. Not a complaint, not a regret is uttered ; a convulsive shake of the hand to the few friends who see them depart ; a few scalding and silent tears to the absent loved ones they will see no more, and this is all : the victims have ceased to suffer !....

Oued-el-Hamann, near Mascara, January the 3rd, 1853.

..... So young ! how unfortunate ! If we remain long here I will finish in the same way, for it is only lately that the fever that I suffered from during four months has left me.

It is said that we are amnestied. The director of the camp even read

us a letter in which the minister stated, that Napoleon was willing to send home those who promised to remain quiet in future.....

Those who have been transported by the court martials or for *crimes* against life or property are excepted from this amnesty, but it is accorded to all others on the condition I mention. This letter was read to us the 30th of november last, and since then we have been expecting the accomplishment of the measure officially announced. At the camp where I am, we have already lost thirty-one persons out of two hundred that we were at first, and if they delay much longer delivering us, disappointment added to all our other miseries will soon have killed twice that number.

..... We are here under tents, we are sent to break stones before sunrise, we receive about half the food that would be necessary for us, though government allows us more. The quality of the meat is so bad that there is no nourishment in it; the oxen are as thin as the lean cows of Pharaoh's dream.

We receive a few sous every five days when we work, but the fever takes us, we are obliged to stop our labour and we loose this small resource just when it would be the most indispensable to us. In fact I can only add: we are dying! The only clothes that have been given to us up to the present, are cotton blouses and trowsers. You may imagine how comfortable we are with such clothes as these in a climate where the evening, the night and the morning are bitterly cold, and where the air is so damp that our clothes smoke when we approach the fire.

..... We are in the most unhealthy part of the country. I have seen a man go mad and die in twenty-four hours because he had lost the hope of seeing his children.....

Philippe RÉBUFFOT.

Hussein-Dey, January the 7th, 1853.

For the last month, I have felt the consequences of my year's captivity, of my anxieties and of the African climate and camps. The almost absolute want of exercise, threatens me with paralysis and apoplexy; I feel prickings and numbness in the extremities and those are the sure forerunners of those attacks. I hardly feel the pen between my fingers....

DE FEUILLIDE.

We have seen the regulations, or to give things their true names, the police decree that rules African transportation.

By the correspondence of the prisoners, we have also seen

the system in its true light and in its various details, — the food, the journeys, the discipline and the manner in which labour is paid.

We have now to compare the terms of the regulations and the acts of those who apply them, the lying text and the true practices, and when we will have done this, public opinion will be able to form its judgment.

And, in its very first lines, what is said in this ukase unknown to France, unknown to the transported themselves, that sprung, no one knows from where, whose rules are a living letter for the reports of the officials and are useless when the prisoners claim their accomplishment? What is at the bottom of this rule that every whim can interpret and every fancy apply?

It establishes three classes of transported: — 1st, those shut up in the forts, and in the camps; 2dly, those admitted in the villages; 3dly, those who are authorized to exercise their private industry or allowed to live in such or such a determined spot.

So says the regulation, but in fact those differences were never but apparent. It was necessary for the sake of appearances to seem to follow out the judgments of the “mixt commissions” and to maintain for the public *Africa-less*. But in truth, as Mr. de Mongeot so plainly expressed it, the only penalty known the only one applied, was that of *Africa-more*. Does not the governor general declare it himself in the two following articles:

“Art. 2. On their arrival in Africa all the transported will be considered as belonging to the first category. — (The *internés* in the forts.)

“Art. 3. The change from one category to another takes place in virtue of a decision of the governor-general.”

If the governor can at will, send you from a place of *internement* to the gaols of Bone or of Bab-Azoun, his whim and fancy, his good or bad humour, are all powerful and the sentences rendered in France are as nought!

If the judgements given in France disappear for the transported on their arrival in Africa, before the absolute will of the governor-general, why then so much wasted paper by the mixt commissions?

On what are they to base their complaints?

They cannot even claim the *accomplishment* of the infamous decisions taken against them!

In truth the classification established in the official text is a lie, and never was anything else! — the absolute power of M. Randon and the dictature of his gaolers, such was the code, the charter, the law of the African transported!

A brutal ambition above, low wants below, even robbery and murder, — such was their rule!

The “internés” of the forts and the camps, they say, — the expression is charming! why not say also the “internés” of the casemates, of the hulks, of the “Force,” the “Conciergerie,” the tower of “Moulins” and “Mazas.” — Did you ever hear tell of the “internés” of the old “Bastille?”

And the transported *admitted* into the villages? — This would indeed be laughable, if there were not so many corpses behind M. Randon’s buffoonery!

A village! — ’Tis Aïn-Sultan, Aïn-Benian; sometimes what they call a village is a miserable barrack, that is wheeled into the desert and under which you shiver at night on the naked ground; — ’tis often a miserable encampment, without provisions, without resources against the vermin or the hyenas, and exposed to the Kabyl balls.

’Tis here that M. Randon graciously consents to *admit* the privileged ones of the second category..... on condition, however, that they will let themselves be harnessed to carts like cattle and driven by the whip of his sergeants!

Those are the villages of the good governor. — What would the poorest peasant of our most miserable hamlets, what would the Russian serf himself think of them?

As to the *favorites* who might, thanks to the bounty of the sultan of Algiers, establish private industries, or reside in other places than in those forts or “villages,” — the cases are so very few, that the clause may be considered as a mere literary embellishment, — a show off, intended to deceive public conscience.

The truth is this: in the forts and in the extensive camps, whether the transported worked or not, they should be fed, or at least prevented from dying of hunger. This, the administration found too expensive and consequently had recourse to the following means: —

Under the pretence of *clemency*, those who were without money and refused to work, were sent to the camp-colonies; this was called “internement” and we have seen how the

administration managed to cheat them out of the profits of their work. Those who had the means of living, and whom the administration called its *rich*, obtained a real "internement," but on condition that they would lodge with the jews of government or join in partnership with its speculators, with whom the administrators shared the spoils!

To rob the fruit of the labour of some and devour the revenues of the others, such was the system.

It has so many wants, and such a hearty appetite this honest administration of Algeria, that has been illustrated by Saint-Arnaud and the like!...

If his extortions had excited too great passions against him, had not M. Randon his 14th article like Charles the Xth?

"The transported belonging to the first category are submitted to the regulations of the 28th of January 1839 on the military penitentiaries."

And what are these regulations? — The code that weighs on the convicts of the army, dripping with blood, and pronouncing capital punishment at every line! — As M. Randon, the military chief, might change at will the transported from one category to another, it will be perceived that all the transported, those of the villages and of *internement*, as well as those of the forts, had the good luck to live always under the menace of the broad and ready blade of the penitentiary's regulations.

Is it not in virtue of this military law, extended to the transported that the four artillery-men, the victims of the Monnier-conspiracy at Douera, were thrown to the court-martials and condemned like assassins for a couplet of the *Marseillaise*?....

According to those regulations then, the dictatorship remains entire, absolute, undivided and uncontroled in M. Randon's hands. — His will commands every thing: — The choice of tortures and of labour, the gaols, "*internement*", life and death! And when he says: — "Art. 5. The transported belonging to any other category but the first, will be submitted to the present regulations," — the governor is wrong indeed to limit his power: has he not every law of justice under his will as every suffering under his sword?

M. Randon says again: — "Art 21. (on labour) Whatever money the transported desire to send to their family will pass through the hands of the directing officers."

Here the dictator is joking! — Is it out of the penny a-day (10 *centimes*) allowed to each transported by the regulation, and that *not one* ever received, that they will send money to the infirm mother, to the orphan-child, to the overwhelmed and dying wife?... Is it on the sum paid to those who worked on the roads, a sum reduced to nothing by the draw-back of the nine-20ths for the state, the four-20ths for the individual mass and all the other mean and swindling nibblings of a shameless administration that did not even pay the remaining centimes!...

What a bitter irony, said a workman, on one *franc*, *twenty-sous* (1) are kept from us and we are told to send the *rest* to our families!

M. Randon can be a hypocrite when he pleases; he lies with as much ease as he murders; — in those various accomplishments no government has surpassed his!

Thus when he perceives that his scattered victims, have lost all hope, see the snare, and refuse to break stones any longer, M. Randon who has no idea of losing his villages and his premiums, modifies and mollifies his famous regulation of the 20th of March, and causes the following decision to be made known in the camps:

To the generals of divisions.

GOVERNMENT GENERAL
OF ALGERIA.

Algiers, May the 16th, 1852.

—
From the office of the
secretary-general

—
N° 1852.

General,

The 20th art. of the regulations, dated March the 20th last, concerning the pay of the transported, whether sent into the villages or belonging to any other detachment of colonisation says that: —

Nine-20ths are kept back by the state for advances made;

Four-20ths are kept to form a *mass* for each labourer;

One-20th is paid to the *mass* of each detachment;

Six-20ths form the part to be received by each labourer, after

(1) Most all our readers know that 20 sous or 1 franc, form the same amount.

deducting the sums necessary to complete the individual and detachment masses.

The reports I receive from the villages and the isolated detachments, are favourable up to the present as to the conduct of the transported.

In consideration of this good conduct I have determined that the 20th article of the regulation will be modified in the following way :

Ten-20ths will form an individual mass for each labourer, 'Tis out of this mass that the clothes and other articles furnished to the transported for his personal use will be paid..

This mass must be maintained at the sum of one hundred francs.

Two-20ths will go to the detachment mass.

This one is equally to be kept at the sum of one hundred francs.

The other eighth-20ths will be paid to each labourer, after deducting what may be necessary.

I beg, General, you will acquaint the military *intendant* of Constantine, and the superior commanders of the camps or detachments, with this modification. The transported, both of the villages and other detachments are also to be made acquainted with it.

It will be executed from the 1st of June.

According to this decision, the allowances of food or the money allowed in some places instead of food, will be carried to the account of government, from the 1st of next June out, and the pay earned by each labourer will be integrally paid to him either in supplying to his wants or in money of which he will have the free disposal.

The pay will remain fixed at one franc a day, instead of 1 fr. 50 c. that would have been due if the food had had to be paid for out of the day's pay.

I remain, etc., etc.

The governor-general,
RANDON.

What is there at the bottom of this modification so solemnly worded? — The labourers receive one franc a day as before, and the government will feed them; the state condescends not to keep back any part of their pay for its own account; but at first they received 1 fr. 50 c. either in food or in money; this M. Randon himself allows; 'tis then nothing more than a change in the book-keeping of government, the result is always the same: — Such is their philanthropy.

You must moreover remember, that this great favour was never anything more than a hope that was blasted in the bud;

— that all the first draw-backs, either for the personal or the detachment mass were still kept, and that finding themselves so barefacedly cheated, the labourers almost everywhere refused to work or attempted a strike.

Seeing this, M. Randon, began to tune his harp for another Algerine melody : — After the rise of pay, came the question of pardons.

The following was written by him on the 2d of June, to his lieutenant off the division of Algiers :

The general commanding the division of Algiers.

ALGERIA.

Algiers, June the 2d 1853.

—
DIVISION OF ALGIERS.

—
Civil matters.

My dear General,

Up to the present the conduct of the transported of 1852 has not given rise to any serious complaint ; I have had occasion to point out to the minister of war, this satisfactory state of things.

It appears to me that we can already prepare the means and ways of clemency.

In consequence, I beg you will immediately cause lists to be drawn out of those transported, who since their arrival in Africa prove their repentance by their good conduct, who seem to have habits of *order* and *diligence*, and in favour of whom measures of clemency might be proposed.

Those proposals, however, should be made with the *greatest caution*, and only in favour of the best and those who would offer all *possible security* for the future.

Please then to give the necessary orders to the commanders of the villages or camps occupied by the transported, and forward their lists to me as quickly as possible, adding to them your own personal observations.

I remain, &c.

The governor-general,

RANDON.

The subalterns of the camps understood the master's thought, and those new promises handed round by them, brought numerous transported back to the works. "None will remain captive but the lazy !" repeated the task-masters

and overseers of the poor white slaves, and lists were drawn out, and they let their names be inscribed at the pillory of *pardon*, and all or almost all, workmen, operatives, fathers of families, returned to their drudgery !

But the days went bye, and with each sun some illusions disappeared. — The fraud and lies that had been used on the score of wages was continued about the pardons, and, as the transported, in their correspondence with their families, complained bitterly of this persevering system of knavery, the governor-general, so fatherly on the 2nd of June, sent forth on the 15th, this edict of wrath :

Algiers, June the 15th, 1852.

My dear General,

I am informed that some of the transported, far from appreciating the kind motives that induced government to let them correspond *freely and without controul* with their families, have used this liberty to discuss political matters.

To obviate this state of things, I have determined that no letter, written by the transported, shall leave the penitentiary establishments, without having passed under the eyes of the commanding officer, who will mark that this formality has been fulfilled by putting his signature on the superscription of the letters.

I beg you will immediately give the necessary orders to give this measure its complete execution.

I remain, &c.

For the governor and by his order :

The secretary-general,

G. MERCIER.

Since the administration had authorized the transported to correspond *freely and without controul* with their families, how could they know that the letters contained political discussions ? — By breaking them open : — it is impossible more cynically to own such a cowardly fraud.

Since *in general* the conduct of the transported of 1852, had not given rise to any serious complaint up to the 2nd of June, and that at that date lists of clemency were ordered to be opened in all the camps, how is it that the 15th, the same authority denounces them as carrying on a permanent conspiracy with their families, and condemns them *all* to an unheard of

outrage, — *the cipher of the master, the gaoler's signature on their letters?*

Those contradictions in the official language are easily accounted for by the necessities of the Bonapartist policy and the hypocrisy of the system.

It is necessary to decoy the transported back to the work-yards : — The loved horizons of the father-land are called up before their minds ; — the lost field, the abandoned flock, the family roof, the children, rise before their swimming eyes, and the peasants return to the task !

Cæsar mounting the throne over the corpse of the Republic, must needs have his train of imploring captives, like his predecessors of Rome !

Moreover the *letter of clemency*, the Randon-epistle, is sent to all the desolate homes, and the father, the child, the wife, write to the exile, solicit him with all the heart-rending eloquence of tenderness and despair, until, — his energy giving way at last, — he demands *pardon of crime* !

Such is the policy of this government that sprung from murder and that trembles before high and true souls : — it is not enough for it to take your head, it must have your honour !

We will meet again with M. Randon.

CASBAH OF BONE.

Bone is situated on the northern coast of the gulf that bears its name : it is a small town built with the ruins of old Hipponia, long since levelled to the ground like the other cities of the Roman time.

Bone is surrounded by four forts that guard it ; moreover, about half a mile from the town, is a large and high citadel that commands the river and the roads. This is the Casbah of Bone, the dungeon, and it is here that for the last two years the administration of Algiers sends *the rebels* and mutineers of the various camps.

This fortress, with its towering walls, bristling with cannon, is guarded night and day by a strong military body ; sentinels are scattered here and there as in a besieged town, and the post of honour is given to the “ gendarmes.”

When arrived in the fort, the prisoners' names are registered, as at the galleys; they are divided in sections under the command of sergeant-spies, whose duty is to distribute the provisions, to muster the prisoners at the appointed hours, to govern, in fact, each his group, and to be answerable for those that compose it.

As the detachments were more numerous at Bone than in the camps, their administration was more important and its composition more extensive.

First, were the sergeants, at once spies and task masters; The sub-officer doing the duty of adjutant;

The sergeant charged to buy the provisions and to distribute the clothes;

A lieutenant over all those subalterns and at the summit of the hierarchy, a captain commanding the fort.

The transported of June 1848 had long remained in the Casbah of Bone and only left it to make room for the great transportation of Bonaparte.

Here are some details that we borrow from one of the martyrs of this last category, citizen Lasserre. They will explain the place, the men and the crimes of this little hell, the great Bastille of the administration against the transported:—

We were conducted to the Casbah between two ranks of soldiers of the 10th of the line, and found there fifty of our comrades, that the wrath of lieutenant Monnier had sent before us. — The greatest number were our friends of the hulks and old Republican brothers; amongst the rest: — Decès, Lavaur and Beral of the "Lot," Durrieu, the writer's brother, &c., they were shut up in one of the wings of the building; in the other wing were four hundred exiles of the "Pyrénées-Orientales" and of the neighbouring departments.

Those last captives left the Casbah a few days after. Two hundred of the stoutest were sent to clear land at a few miles from Bone and the rest were parked in a camp called the Carroubiers, at a short distance from our prison, on the border of the sea and exposed to every wind that blows.

The Pyrénée men were succeeded by others of the "Gers," the "Lot" and "Garonne," the "Arriège," the "Hérault," the "Côte-d'Or," the "Yonne" and the "Seine-Inférieure," etc.

Through the changes that took place in the space of one month, the departments of the centre and the west, who at first were not re-

presented amongst us, sent their share. In fact, in the space of six months Bone received from fifteen hundred to two thousand prisoners :

Each received a day :

Two hundred grammes of bread; two hundred and seventy of meat, and sixty of vegetables.

We received also a bottle of wine or coffee alternately.

The bread was bad, the meat of the worst quality and everything insufficient. How many times have I seen young and stout country lads crying hunger! How many times have I seen them running over our sleeping-rooms asking for bread.

We had a canteen, 'tis true, but the most miserable articles were sold so dear there, that even the richest amongst us could not afford to buy them.

Our situation was hard enough, as you may see, on the one hand the want of food, on the other, the sufferings of the prison in which we were heaped together; tormented during the day by mosquitoes and at night by thousands of insects, we slept on pallets and so crushed together that we could not turn. Every misery assailed us both in mind and in body!... What a life! — it was ours at Bone.

Add to all this that we were continually exposed to the petty vexations of our guardians, the regulations were changed weekly, and whoever did not follow them was condemned to the unutterable torture of the dark cells (*cellule ténébreuse*).

As to those who let themselves be dragged to the works, this was their lot :

Towards the end of May a detachment of nearly two hundred men were sent into camp at two leagues from Guelma; by day they were exposed to the ardours of a burning sun, breaking or carrying stones, and at night sleeping under tents with one blanket and a camp sac to protect them against the damp. "The nights are so cold and damp here," one of them wrote, "that our clothes fume when we go near the fire!"

Their food was bad and insufficient and they never got any wine though it had been most formally promised. Sickness soon took hold of them and three died in a very short space of time.

But dampness, hunger and sickness were not the only enemies they had to encounter: the revolted Arabs marched one day against Guelma. The greatest danger threatened our friends, they were sent into the town. Eight days after they were brought back to the camp and set under the fire of the enemy, to work at building redoubts and digging ditches in the fear of an invasion; left to themselves and without arms, the labourers could not have defended themselves, they therefore left the camp and entered Bône of their own free will, and what do you think the administration did?... Those men who had been left without

any means of defense, were proclaimed deserters, 'twas the rule of the place! Several were shut up in the dark cells and remained there till they demanded to return to work.

It was a sad thing to see those strong and hearty peasants, return soon after drooping, emaciated, unable to stand on their legs! A few days more and all was over for them. Some were employed on the roads, others at clearing the land, and as to the latter work, the strongest constitution cannot be employed at it more than ten days without being knocked up.... the poisonous gas that rises from the soil; suffocates when it does not smother, withers when it does not kill! I saw several of those unfortunate victims at the Carroubiers; of the man, they had nothing left but the skeleton!

But did the administration take no precautions? None. You fell ill, were brought to the infirmary, put into the hands of the doctor, and there was the end of the matter! The Carroubiers had not even a special room for the sick; every morning the doctor came to the entrance of the camp and instead of going from bed to bed, he had the invalids brought to him. If he pronounced them cured, they followed him to the Casbah where they arrived panting and steeped in perspiration; their comrades were often obliged to carry them, so impossible was it for them to climb the ascent that leads to the fort, those acts sometimes gave rise to terrible scenes!

One man, belonging to Perpignan, who was suffering from an asthma, was returning one day from taking his usual medicine, when all at once he falls back into the arms of his friends, and dies uttering this last cry: — "My wife! my children!"

When the patient grew worse, when his state left little or no hope, he was carried to the hospital where he was not much better taken care of than at the infirmary. Everywhere you found neglect and bad will!

But in the midst of all our sufferings, none were so bitter, none so poignant, as was the insolence of our gaolers,—we must make, however, on this score, an exception in favour of the commander. This shameful persecution of easy insult, — easy indeed for we could not resent, not even complain of it, — was harder to bear with, than all our miseries! — One of us asked one day pair of trowsers: — "You do nothing for government," was the brutal answer of a lieutenant.

To another who complained of the insufficiency of food: — You are but too happy to be here! Go work on the roads, you idle set and you will be clothed, and fed."

As I claimed one day a pair of scales that the commander had allowed us and that had been suppressed by the lieutenant:

— "What business have you to weigh and controul what I give you answered he? — You are very lucky to have meat given you

at all... with any other than Desmoutis (the commander), things would be managed otherwise."

For provocation, insult and threats, the adjudant, a Corsican bully, was the very counter part of this turnkey-officer, and under these two, manœuvred most harmoniously the batch of sergeants.

Nevertheless, we succeeded in organizing ourselves in this Gehenna : by means of a voluntary subscription, we opened a kind of "eating room" at reduced prices, and hunger at least was conquered ; we got up lectures for our comrades of the country, and ignorance was broached : when I left Bone in the month of August, both enterprises were doing well.

For the last thirty years, the Republican party has peopled every gaol in France ; twenty times it has been thrown to the prisons of Paris after those heroic and rash days, in which it left so many dead, and the best of its soldiers have past the strongest years of their manhood, in the dungeons.

We know Belle-Isle, with its belt of rocks and its vast tomb-like barracks, where so many of our suffer even now ! We know Doullens, the dark and humid fortress, shut in and without air, and, in his book, that exile interrupted, *Dix ans de captivité* (Ten years of Captivity), our friend Martin-Bernard, has revealed to us the mysteries of Mount-Saint-Michel, this Bastille of the olden times, whose shade darkens the sombre and barren strands.

There, dungeons were to be found, *in pace*, oubliettes, and tortures that our shop-keeping civilization does not dream of ! But those low, vaulted, and subterranean cells, with their massive doors, their stingy loop-holes, their narrow bars, through which the sun and air passed sparingly, as through a sieve, — all this was France still, 'twas still the father-land !

Buried under the heavy flags, the captive heard, like a distant echo, the struggles of the assemblies, the public word spoken in his name ; he saw the swallow that whirls in the air, and builds its nest on our cottages ; the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, might sometimes come and squeeze the captive's feverish hand.... and when he mounted to the yard, for his hour of liberty, his melancholy fell, his sorrows were forgotten : he could see the sky of France !.....

But far, far away ! at Bone, on the land of the Barbarian, under a fiery sky, 'tis the isolated citadel far from your family your home all your most holy affections, nothing is seen, nothing is heard of France,—for France has become the land of silence

and death ! You are separated and sequestered, torn from all those relations that bless life ! You are walled up in a desert grave, exposed to the insults of a set of scoundrels, the musquitoes of the dictator, that actually suck your patience, as vampires, blood !

At the slightest infraction, always magnified by the whim, or the malice of a subaltern, your allowances already so scanty, are diminished ; you are threatened with Cayenne, the great cemetery of the other sea, or buried in the dark cells, those African " oubliettes ", those walled and vaulted pits, heated during the day by a tropical sun, and at night as damp as tombs !

When you leave those, crippled and emaciated your eyes shun the day-light, the rays of the sun burn them, and then, come ophtalmia, rheumatisms and deadly fevers !

Go to the hospital and there you will find neglect, mockery, and insult, watching at every pillow !

Go to Guelma, the labourers, camp, and there your last forces will soon waste away in endless tasks, and your pay will never be forthcoming, and your corpse-like frames will be harnassed to the carts, as at Beni-Mansour, to drag them ever exposed to the armed hatred of the Arab, who spies you as his prey of vengeance !

Such was life at Bone, such the delights of the Casbah ! For several months, from fifteen hundred to two thousand captives dwelt in this sepulchre-like citadel, while three thousand, at least, languished in the camp-depots, or wore themselves out in colonies of the desert,

It is a sore pity, forsooth, for the carrying out of M. Bonaparte's plans of destruction and murder, that the vulture had but one aerie and that there are not several Casbahs of Bone in Africa.

The fort of Seb dou was *furnished*, — according to the imperial style — but mystery hovers like a dark cloud over this castle of the distant shores we only know the name of one of its victims citizen Miot, the ex-representative of the people. This citizen true and brave above all others, the triumphant crime of December has dragged him for the last two years from dungeon to dungeon, as its expiatory victim.

Where is he now ? — No one can tell !

CHAPTER VII.

The army of the proscripts has now passed before our eyes in its principal divisions. The Bab-Azoun of Algiers is known to us; we have followed our brothers, stage by stage, from the camps of Birkadem and Douera, to the scattered and distant colonies that vengeance has strewn through this savage land; we have just now left Bone, the Belle-Isle of the African coast.

What sufferings in this Odyssey, so full of noble agonies, and of obscure devotedness; so full also of vile cruelties and refined tortures! — in this Odyssey of the Republic stangled by treason and crucified in the persons of her sons! — And yet this it not all, there still remains a tale of dark misery to tell, a sad pilgrimage to follow; there still remains the legion that suffers and dies unknown, that of *internement*.

This last tragedy will not outshine the others; but it has its peculiar acts of hypocrisy and treason, and will be found, in all respects, worthy of the petty Sylla of December!

INTERNEMENT.

In the scale of punishments, established by the administrative, police or barrack committees, *internement* in France was intended for those who were only denounced as notorious Republicans, but against whom no fact was proved, that might be punished by Africa or Cayenne.

This was natural on the part of crime, it kept constantly under the eye of its police men whom he could not pursue for open resistance but whose sympathies for the Republic might prove an inconvenience to him.

It was then only just, according to the established divisions, that *internement* should come after *Africa-more*, and *Africa-less*, and should only be applied to men that suspicion alone or anonymous evidence had pointed out to the fears of the pirates.

Even according to the terms of the Randon-charter, was not *internement* to be a favour?...

Well let us examine what in reality this favour is?...

As soon as the prisoners are arrived in the "Lazaret" and even before the police has examined their *dossiers* (1) or taken down their names and description, the doors are carefully bolted against the friends and the relations, and only open before the jews who are authorized to visit the prisoners.

— "Have you got money? Will you hire a fine house?"

— "We have money," answer a few "but how would you have us hire houses, we are condemned to *African-more*.

— "Never mind, only hire my house I will arrange all other matters."

— "And how?"

— "Here, this will put an end to your doubts..."

And the jew shows a permission signed by the secretary general; on the other hand some de Mongeot or other receives the order to let the prisoners visit the houses or the property they intend buy or hire with the jobbing speculators.... They will share later.

Our friends understand nothing of what is going on; they remember when they last appeared before de Goyon, how this terrible justicer insisted on the commutations from *more* to *less*; they now see the derision and suspect those go-between Jews to be sent to insult their misery and despair by showing them the lying prospect of liberty:

— "Go, dress, Gentlemen, I will return immediately to fetch you," says the Jew.

Each begins, but slowly, for they doubt still — who would not doubt after so many disasters! — But if they are solvent, the brokers soon return with an *exeat* in good and due form.

(1) All the papers concerning the prisoners; the causes of their arrest, the act of accusation, the judgment etc. This is another word for which English furnishes no equivalent.

How many mothers panting for a look, a word, a caress, were obliged to bide the time when the Jew would have done his job.

Our friends go forth still doubting; but they soon come back elated by the free air they have just breathed! They are surrounded and questioned as to the meaning of those overtures. — Some, the peasants particularly, are full of hope: they belong to the category *Africa-less*.

How could it be imagined indeed, when the Jew had so easily obtained what weeping families had vainly implored for, that nothing but a harsh and persistent refusal would be made to those who were *poor and in want*, the *rabble* in fact of the bonapartist proscription?

Those peasants so devoted to the martyr of Saint-Helena, those peasants who left their blood on every battle-field of the empire and their votes in every urn, who could suppose they would be forgotten? Who could believe that clemency would be shown to the “bourgeois” and heavy chains given to all those “Gracchi” who sprung from the Holy-Mount of 89?

Those lawyers, those manufacturers, those proprietors and those physicians, the chief propagators of the social principles, and in action also the chiefs, those were admitted to “internement:” — was there not in this fact a promise of liberty for the soldiers?

Poor fellows! They were soon to learn the financial scheme for which those distinctions were established and the lot that was reserved for *them*!

“The chaff must be separated from the good grain,” said Monnier; that is to say: those that had means could obtain the *internement*, that their resources might be exhausted, and the poor were sent on the roads! A double speculation in favour of the thieves purse.

Yet they did not catch them all, those favorites of fortune; the most energetic, far-sighted and devoted of the bourgeois preferred remaining on the straw of the camps or of the forts, preaching right and dignity, by their example as much as their words, they preferred this to the *internement* where they would have crumbled away their last revenues in the company of the jews.

They were marked out those men who not only refused to work, but still farther rebelled against being swindled by the administration; but the poor workman, the artisan who

had no means and therefore could not be robbed and speculated on, were more hated and treated worse than their comrades. They were more culpable too, it must be allowed: they were without capital!

Yet as those poor peasants inured to hardship were the hope of the dark gang of African speculators, they were handled with some discretion, and to try and bring them to work, they were talked to of their families, of their village homes, of the golden fields and the green hedges, of all the affections — unknown to their tormentors or long dead in their breasts — that might speak to the heart of the poor exiles.

Do not demand *internement*, they were told; once shut in your place of exile, limited as you know by the regulations, you would be forgotten by the central administration, whereas in the camps, in the villages, on the roads, the government has you under its eyes and hands, and the weekly reports made to M. Randon, will bring about your liberty. Before long you will all be sent back: — work then, work! that alone will open France to you!

And to give more weight to those exhortations, the principal towns where the workmen might have found work were forbidden to them. It was vainly that they solicited to be left at Algiers, Oran or Blidah; the government, with very few exceptions, would not accord any permissions for those towns, for they dreaded the contact of the transported with those republican populations.

The “interned”, whether rebellious or chosen and weighed in the scales of the speculators, set out for the place that was assigned to them, with their rout of the road, and the following regulations: — no indemnity was mentioned in this document; the food, lodging and clothing remained at the captive’s charge.

1. The transported to whom the governor general has assigned a special residence, conformably with the article 33 of the regulations of the 20th of March last, will be expected to prove themselves worthy of this favourable measure, by their reserved and quiet conduct and by abstaining from all political demonstrations.

2. The military authority under which they will be placed, will determine the circumscription in which they are to reside, and will keep a constant watch over their actions.

It will require a daily muster, or the obligation for each transported to sign a register *ad hoc*, deposited at the commander’s office.

3. The *interné* who would show himself rebellious or would express

demagogical opinions, who would endeavour to establish political connexions with the population, the garrison, or his companions, would immediately be sent back to the forts or the camps.

4. He who would leave his residence without leave would, as soon as taken, be put into the hands of government to be sent to Cayenne, conformably with the 5th article of the decree of the 5th of March last.

5. The authorities will be happy to see the transported occupy themselves according to their particular aptness; it will particularly favour rural undertakings.

Algier, April the 16th, 1852.

The Governor general,

RANDON.

The secretary general,

G. MERCIER.

Even in the very first line of his rescript for the *internés*, M. Randon declares that is it a *measure of favour*, for which they must show their gratitude by abstaining from all political speech or demonstration.

The *internement*, was never seriously thought of; it is African speculation, needy and rapacious, that caused it to be applied, for the purpose of discounting the transported's sufferings and their purse. But if we wanted a proof of this, would we not find it in this mode of recalling them to their duty of dumbness? in this order of abstention to the captives?

Condemned men are obliged to submit to the penalty, but only to the penalty they have been condemned to. Here M. Randon declares that *his condemned* must remember the generosity of the administration, appointed by the philanthropists of the coup d'Etat, and if they forget it, here is what the 3rd article says:

“The culprit, rebelling against the regulations either by his connexions with the inhabitants or by *demagogical opinions openly expressed*, will be immediately sent back to the forts or the camps,—*Algeria-more.*”

And if any one of the *internés*, rebelling against this fatherly government, left his place of residence, he would be given up, when arrested (Art. 4.) to the competent,—the military — authority, and according to a government decree (March, art. 5), sent to Cayenne.

Thus, M. Randon, on the mere report of an informer, can

change mere *internement* into sequestration in the forts, and thanks to one of the edicts of the dictator, he can even with or without informers' reports, send his prisoners to the swamps of Guiana and condemn them actually to dry up and die in a slow agony.

What has become of the courts of justice, of their debates and their sentences? We mean the courts of treason.—What has become of that perjured and *exceptional* justice that pronounced on the fate of the victims?

There are then, as we have proved it twenty times in these pages, there are then in Algeria neither court-martials, nor mixed-commissions, neither judges nor condemned: there are only Christians in the arena and the African hyenas!

Those were the privileges that the governor-general Randon reserved for himself; let us now see those enjoyed by his captives.

Here is the journal of an *interné*. (Cit. Ay.....)

Constantine, May the 30th, 1852.

The day after our arrival at the "Lazaret," at eleven o'clock, we mounted on board of the *Colbert* where we were badly fed enough during the voyage. The sea was calm, as calm as the Seine in our old and dear Paris. We slept on deck wrapt up in blankets; during the night the rain fell in torrents, we were under a real deluge. After a thirty-two hours passage we arrive at Stora; it is impossible to disembark at Philippeville: bad footing, the sailors say.—There the sergeants that accompagny us receive the order to make us march without delay... *we are so dangerous!* We start at three o'clock. Arrived at El-Arrouche, the half way stage, at about twenty miles from Philippeville, we halt. From there we are sent to Smendon, and at last, on the Saturday, we arrive at our place of destination. Our last day's march had been of about 30 miles. We could see Constantine situated at about 9 miles from us and perched at the top of a rock like an eagle's aerie.

Volleys of rooks, of storks and of swallows hover above the old Arab town; those last are so familiar, that they build their nest in the interior of the houses; we saw a whole family in an inn of El-Arrouche. Our comrades who are going to Setif, have received since Philippeville 1 fr. 25 (1 sh.) a day, but we, nothing. But our poor friends paid this dearly for on our arrival at Constantine they were imprisoned while we remained at liberty. Why this? The sergeants told us that they had not been "*internés*" under the same conditions we had, and that they had accepted the government labour. I pre-

tested but the wind carried away my vain and lost words. Our friends were thrown in prison like those of Lambessa who refused to work, and are to pass before the court-martial.

They remained thus confined a week and only left for Setif last Saturday. From Constantine to Setif the journey takes four days, and there are four houses on the road; what hospitality could our poor friends receive?

Here work comes but slowly, we are almost all of us obliged to remain idle and we do not see the prospect of a serious occupation.

The French are in a minority here; all the business is carried on by the Jews, the Arabs and the Maltese. Luckily provisions are not dear; but on the other hand the furniture, clothes and lodging are ruinous. The smallest and most simply furnished room, costs 30 frs (24 sh.) a month: the price of Paris and London. Only for the liberty of freely going to and fro in the town, our situation would not be supportable; but to escape some wretches, what would one not support? And yet we are as princes compared to those who were confined in the interior, such as: Batna, near the desert, Mascara or Guelma occupied by the troops! We have seen what life was at Beni-Mansour: — would it not be said that this pretended favour had only been inflicted on a few as a new penalty, a refined torture?

The general regulations given by Randon were not enough; a whole series of circulars even from the last and most obscure chief of the administration followed. Each would have his share of authority, each looked out for a vexation, a torture, to inflict a proof of zeal to give: every one, in every rank, tried by his crimes to reach the master!

Here is another correspondence on the sad conditions of "internement." The following letter is from the same de Caudin, whose name figures already in these pages, and who was killed by this galling thought that his ideas,—his faith,—were crushed and this country lost.

Bone, August the 9th, 1852.

My dear friend,

I received your kind letter and am sorry to find what I expected in it: A deplorable monotony in your joys and the almost impossibility of substituting to them a free and honest labour. — The same fate awaits all those of our comrades whose impatience was greater than mine, and who expected to find in a change of position, that which a change of things can only give them: — independence!

I still await better times with the same calm and the same faith, but no "internement" for me!

.....
 You, my friend easily understand that the portraits of the town in which I might be, once exhausted, I would run a fair chance of dying of hunger and I will not have that; though, I dare, say the governor does not see the necessity of letting me live. You know d'Aiguillon's answer to a solicitor:—"But, My Lord, I must live!"—"I do not see the necessity of it!" The "bon mot" of the great man is the true, the inmost thought of our masters!

I embrace you all, my good friends. My heart is with you still, but I am far, very far away... I wait!...

Yours,

Jules de CAUDIN.

This letter of the martyr was addressed to citizen Frond, who was at the *internement* of Dellys and in whose notes we find the following details:—

Of the forty-five transported *internés* at Dellys, three or four found a little work, but the rest suffered the greatest want and those who could live, only could do so with the slight resources their families sent them. But those last were lucky when the money was not kept at the post by the fears or the calculations of our fatherly administration.

No rooms to let, no beds, no furniture, we slept three months on straw, in a roofless house and if we had not clubbed all our resources together and messed *en famille*, the poorest of the colony would have died of hunger.

Extract of a journal:

The first news we received of our friends, says citizen Lasserre, came from the coast. Amongst them was a merchant's traveller, from Paris, and a student of the "Ecole des Mines," the others were almost all carpenters and cabinet-makers.—"We cannot find work here, they wrote, they make no furniture here; we board and lodge for 30 c. a day, at the barracks, where we make buckets." "For my part says the traveller, I have entered as servant in the house of an old widow lady."

.....
 At Guelma they formed a community and lived together in a small room, void of all furniture, badly closed in, and lying on straw; the rent was 12 fr. per month. Here, my friend Durand wrote to me, here we are in a land of deceptions, I am uneasy of the present but the future terrifies me! Only for Fourcade who has found employment, I know not what would become of us... If within this and the end of the month we do not receive some money from France, we

will be condemned to the greatest want. The inhabitants are friendly but they themselves are struggling against want.

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I am at last at Philippeville, writes another "interné," badly fed, lodged still worse; I pay forty-two francs a month; the town is not displeasing, but work is very scarce, and there is therefore nothing to hope for me, as I have no trade. Tell our friends of all professions not to come here, there is nothing to do except mendings.

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Do not come to Setif, was written from this town, there is nothing to be done. One of our friends had found two lessons.... the administration has ordered him to discontinue them, under the pretence that he injured the "Ecoles chrétiennes." (1)

— Beware of coming to Mascara, said a tinker, there is no one here but soldiers, and therefore nothing good can be hoped for; I clean and mend the lanterns.....

— This is a magnificent country, wrote citizen Crubailhes, speaking of Milianah; 'tis an earthly paradise, but to enjoy, nay to live in it, you must have revenues. It is impossible to find employment; everything is very dear and the proprietors detest us: — do not come here....

— I write to you on my knees — from Constantine — because I have neither a table, nor a chair, nor a bed. We are twenty together sleeping on straw and living together. Our number here is considerable and very few will be able to find work; the heat is stifling and the Sirocco blows at all steam. Marle works at a printing office, but he will not be able to continue, he has lost his sight. — Some of our friends work as porters, others as waiters in coffee-houses and hotels, others carry water. The greatest number have no resource; what will become of us?

Another wrote also from Constantine: I have heard say that in winter the working man is very miserable, and that if he has not the good luck to find work to do during summer and to put something by, is condemned to the most cruel privations. It will be the lot of us all!

From every part of Africa, in a word, we received the same informations. As to the promises of ground, to colonise, it was a lure. The many poor families who went out to Africa under the Cavaignac administration and through the care and exertions of M. Trelat, died of misery, thanks to the difficulties created in their way by the military administration, or of the fevers and the fatigues of the clearings. The few who escaped death drag out a miserable existence or have returned to France utterly ruined. A commander,

(1) Charity schools held by gentlemen of the black gown, half priest, half monk, who aptly style themselves "Ignorantins."

or even a captain, can dispossess you at his will. Who would choose a place of "internement" in those circles of arbitrary power?

But it was not only the want of work, misery and its cruel privations, that tormented the *privileged of internement*; the police added its torments to the climate, the vermin and hunger!

Read the following circular: —

The "gendarmerie" must maintain an active, an incessant watch over the *enemies of order and society*.

The commanders of brigades are requested to begin immediately a register, in which they will inscribe with the greatest care, the names, surnames, profession, place of birth, the complete description in fact, of each "interné," the motive of his transportation, the information gathered on his score, and observations on his general conduct.

The 16th and last of each month, each commander will furnish me with a special report.

The commanders of brigades will require of each "interné" that he gives his signature at the barracks every day. It is particularly in his rounds, and with the overseers of the penitentiaries, that the gendarme will find such information as is necessary to form my opinion and that of the superior authority.

The "internés" who might obtain from the authorities the favour of a leave of absence, will be obliged to have a written permission and during the time of absence will be under a special watch of which the report will be addressed to me.

The gendarmes' duty is to point out to the favour of government those of the "internés" who show themselves truly repentant, and to its just severity, those who only aspire to liberty, to *infringe on that of others*.

Colonel de VERNON.

Another circular, of the month of August, established that the "internés" were entirely at the discretion of the "gendarmerie," that they had no right to invoke any law; that all intercourse was forbidden with them and that any "gendarme" who would not inform on the acts and the conduct of the "internés" would be severely punished.

Of those various decrees, published by superior authority, what conclusion can we draw?... That the *internés*, who can neither receive money, nor send their letters directly to their families, are, at the same time, exposed to the incessant,

absolute, and vexatious wacth of the gendarmes : — that those last are ordered to furnish two reports a month to the central administration ; two secret and detailed reports ; that this trust put in subalterns turned naturally to delation, interested calumnies and all the habitual exaggeration of that class ; and that the circles of internement, where all labour was rendered impossible, were in reality nothing better than a kind of prison-yard, a kind of police-limbo, opening on Cayenne or on the forts.

The circulars and official correspondances, spoke differently colonisation figured there in every phrase, but in reality no interest ever found protection, no lands were granted, no families furnished with soil or with the necessaries to cultivate it : the gendarme alone found an ample harvest for his ambition and his pocket.

Internement, however, offered some advantages, but to those only to whom certain revenues insured a quiet life and calm leisure ; — as to the working men who were not admitted in the towns, they languished in misery and want or died, like the worn-out slaves of Rome who were thrown with the old horses to the desert island.

The life of those men, consigned to villages, real cellular-prisons, was a permanent torture ; their pride and dignity bled under their rags, their entrails were convulsed by hunger, and with the imperious wants of their honest and active nature, their forced idleness was all at once to them an agony and a remorse !

Yet what could they do ? Could the parisian cabinet-maker find employment amongst those houses, or rather those sheds, in which you could not find a chest ? Could the engraver, the goldsmith, the weaver from Lyons, could they weave silk, shape gold and silver, or cover with richly designed ornaments, the rough ware of the desert ? The cartwright, the smith, the carpenter, the tailor, the boot-maker, what chance had they amidst a population of exhausted emigrants and half naked fishermen ?

Throw Benvenuto Cellini far from Florence or Rome, beyond the seas, to a savage and poor land, and the great artist, the pride of his age, will soon waste away, like peasants in prison, asking sadly for the castle Saint-Angelo !

But this, precisely, was the plan of the *Prince*, as Machiavel would have said : those of his *proletary* that his turnkey

missionaries could decoy by their hypocritical seductions he sent to work on his pestilent roads, where death mowed them down by hundreds; — but those of the most important centres, as Lyons and Paris, those who were noted for their intelligence, their high mind and their indomitable character, those who, equally masters of their tool and their mind, had been tried and tempered already in the revolutionary furnace, those he threw to the forts or to the cells of *internement*, with two companions — hunger and despair!

He knew full well that those who would resist misery and the fevers, would not hold out long against nostalgia; he calculated upon solitude and exhaustion; he was already rallying his *vanquished* to grace his imperial car!

And it is for this that M. Randon wrote his circulars of *clemency*, — for this, that in the camp, in the colonies, in the forts, as well as in the circles of *internement*, *submissions* were provoked by lies, by promises and by threats, by the dearest hopes and by the most sacred memories of family and home.

It was supposed that persecution's blow had told and that the tortured, the corpses rather, would not resist long.—They had suffered so much already!

At last, when everything was thus prepared, to give greater force to this infamous policy, that seeks to strengthen itself by the complicity of every shame, a *commissary of pardon*, whom we already know, General Espinasse, the hero of the legislative Assembly, was sent to the African galleys.

This philanthropic proconsul entered Algiers, smiling and brisk; he exhibited all the insolence of his high-weaving plume, and all the condescending courtesy of a "*bon prince*." He visited the Lazaret, Douera, Birkadem, a few of the camp colonies, insulting some, threatening others, speechifying everywhere, and taking the petitions at all hands.

But what was really the mission of this noisy, insolent, plumed and spurred, commissary of mercy? — The following dialogue, will let us into the secret. — It took place between a functionary and our illustrious general on the boat that carried them both from Algiers to Bone.

The high commissary was on deck; yellow slippers, morning gown striped with gold, and green cap, such was his costume in which he looked much like an ancient seneschal on his rounds; his grace, seemed to caress the officer with a word or

a nod, threw a cigar to the sailor, a smile to the ladies, and coquetted with all the passengers.

— "What do you think of the events? said he addressing one of the latter who wore the cross of the legion, a doubtful recommendation in those times of honours unworthily come by.

— "His highness, general, saved France from a great catastrophe!"

— "You are right, a thousand times right, sir, but it was not without difficulty: the forces of anarchy were formidable... I was there!"

— "A great honour for you, general; as to the prince, I repeat that he saved us all!"

— "Oh! if the "insurrection" had lasted, we would have bombarded Paris; it was the *general's* plan, and the intention of the Prince.

— "And you would have done right well! This same Paris is a volcano that ever smokes when it does not burst... And you now come, general, to carry pardon and clemency to those "brigands?"

— "Oh! make yourself easy, sir, the intention of the Prince is known to me. We talked the matter over at length, and this shower of clemency will not call forth any storm. I intend to amnesty the small culprits, the weak-minded who were led away, if they *make honorable amends and sign an absolute submission*: you perceive that the *Jacques* will not return a very numerous phalanx. As to all those pen-drivers, and ink-drinkers, chattering lawyers, ignorant doctors, that liberal and revolutionary "bourgeoisie," the terror of *honest people*, the Prince will have no more of them. They will rot in Africa, with their brother the jackall, without pardon or hope.

— "You think right and speak truth, answered the red-ribboned gentleman, an amnesty would be fearful!... What a great Prince is Louis Bonaparte!... He is truly of the eagle family.

— "Ay, certainly, but between you and I, I believe him superior to the other.

The two statesmen here saluted each other, and M. Espinasse inscribed on his tablets, so as to remember it later, the high sounding phrase he owed to his compeer of the police: *He belongs to the eagle family!*

At Bône, in spite of his speeches, M. Espinasse obtained but few petitions, but as he had made a plentiful harvest in the camps he was able to embark: his sacks were full!

A sad comedy, truly, and one that left deep and bitter despair behind it!

For how many are come back of those peasants *led astray*, of those *powerless* and *little* culprits? A few hundred out

of ten or twelve thousand : the great army is still there, away, shut in its desolate circles, sad, gloomy, weakened, falling on the roads and having ceased to hope. For even hope, has been killed in their breast !

They are now the INTERNÉS of death ?

And yet, here is what the torturing-emperor, then an exiled adventurer, wrote a few years ago :

O you that happiness has made egotists of, you who have never suffered the torments of exile, you believe that it is a slight punishment to deprive men of their native country ! Well ! know it, exile is a continual martyrdom, 'tis death ! but not the glorious death of those who fall for their country, not the milder death of those whose lives close amongst the charms of home, but a death by consumption, slow and hideous, that wastes you out and conducts you noiselessly and without effort to a desert grave ! In exile the air that surrounds you stifles and you only live by the weakened breeze that comes from the distant shores of the native land !

L.-N BONAPARTE.

Thus sang the alligator when he was high and dry on the shore of the stranger.

O Revolution ! heavenly fires, avenging thunder bolts that are hurled from the altars of eternal justice, will you not burst at last ! and will not the earth be purified ?...

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRANSPORTED WOMEN.

This is a new chapter in the history of our civil wars. In Hungary, the female patriots are whipped, strangled or buried in dungeons by drunken soldiers; in Italy, the Austrian bruises, their breasts, cuts their beautiful hair, and sometimes hangs them in bunches along the roads; but France never knew those pastimes of savages, and to find so many women, departing captives, along our roads, for they galleys of Arica or the hearth of the stranger, we should be obliged to go back to the awful and bigotted butcheries of Louis XIV, to the great exile of the Cevennas!

Since à half century particular, under the influence of the new ideas that have sprung up in the souls of all, and of new and growing liberties, the sentiments and habits of the nation had become milder, purer, more elevated: in all our strife and struggles, the woman was held sacred, as the child: — the executioner drew back even before man, and, on awaking, the Revolution had disarmed him.

Here now is the manner in which M. Bonaparte has understood, served and developed this situation and those feelings so full of promise for civilization; here is the way in which he treated women, women that even the royalist vengeance had respected and spared!

THE PREFECTURE OF POLICE.

The "Prefecture de Police" is a hideous building, damp and gloomy, propped up by the "Palais de Justice" and the old Chatelet, and as a toad in a stagnant pool, bathing its two flanks in the Seine.

It is a world of dungeons, of gratings, of filthy rooms, of doors all covered with iron nails: there the looks are as crooked as the consciences, the steps are furtive or noisy, according as they chance to be those of the informer making his rounds, or the bullying jailer sure of his force. In this place of lamentations and gross insults, calumnies seem to glide along the walls like vipers; this is the Paris of crime as its theaters are the Paris of arts, its libraries, the Paris of thought.

The matron who at night opens her gambling tables; the poor beggar who tries to excite the pity of the passers-by with the rags of her children, or her own shrill complaint; the female thief that fills her muff whilst pretending to drive a bargain in the shops; the poisoner, the infanticide, the prostitute picked up in her hovel, all those are night and day thrown promiscuously to one large hall called the "dépôt des femmes" (the women's depot),

On the other side is the "dépôt des hommes" (the men's depot) where you will meet the burglar, the swindler, the murderer, the liberated galian, the scum of humanity, every vice and every crime!

Well, it is in this caravansary and sink, in this hideously peopled den, swarming with vice and vermin, that after our civil wars, when right and the people have succumbed, are thrown all those whom the battle has spared, all the noble and dreaded names that remain on the tablets of the police!

Let a Revolution pass and sweep away a dynasty as in 1830 or 1848, — not a prison door will close behind the vanquished; but when it is a government that triumphs, whether crime and legality, right or force, the gaols open, the registrar's office is crammed, and every place becomes a dungeon even to the temples!

The Prefecture of Police was never forgotten in those distributions of human victims that take place on the day of reaction, at the various prison gates of Paris. It is the general

depot, the reservoir of the slaughter-house, and receives at first the prisoners that are afterwards shifted into the other gaols. But never had the old prison received such a rich cargo as in December, and, ever refined in his hatred, M. Bonaparte completed it by a group of women that he got his police to throw there, between thieves and prostitutes !

Those women, they were our daughters, our mothers, our sisters ! — Oh ! let not those tortures be effaced from our too generous memory : they must be remembered !

When the name, christian name, age and profession were taken down by the registrar, the police handed over their victims to the female go-between, to *search* them... and when this odious insult had been submitted to, when every brutality of word and hand had been committed, the distracted and shuddering women, were pushed into the common-hall in the midst of the herd of prostitutes !.... And when this last profanation had lasted long enough to make them loose their senses, they were offered privated cells : —

Here at least, said one of the prisoners who escaped by miracle, here at least we could collect ourselves in our heart, our thoughts and our courage. *We saw, we heard no more.....* Instead of a camp bed we each had an iron one with a mattress and sheets, the whole for 50 centimes (5d) a day, *attendance* included. At seven a'clock every morning, we rose at the signal of the jailor on service, and, sick or well, we were obliged to put all in order in our little room.

We can't have any one sick here, the turnkey used to say, the Prefecture of police is not an hospital. Up with you !

At eight o'clock we received a loaf of black bread with a bowl of meat or vegetable broth, in which was soaking the *ball of bran*. At two o'clock came the second meal composed of lentils or beans ; a pitcher of water completed the fare.

As to the cells they never opened but for the service or the watch ; no communications, no air, no light, we were kept in the closest and most secret confinement until after our examination by the " instructing-judge ".

And this judge who according to the law, ought to have made them appear before him, within the third day of their confinement, this judge who knew full well the tortures of preventive imprisonment when it is prolonged and particularly for honest women and in such a place, this magistrate that pretends to the name of man, sometimes left them *three weeks* in their cells !

And when he called them at last, when they appeared before him in the hands of the "gendarme," he insulted them either in their family or in their honour; he threatened or sneered according to the mood of the moment; he was now jovial, now cruel or lively, inquisitorial often and ever cowardly.

He is called Amedee Petit, this judge, as the one of the comedy, Brid'oison : *little* in heart and *little* in honour, let the name remain with him.

SAINT-LAZARE.

The prison of Saint-Lazare is a kind of Fort-l'Eveque, where the police shuts up the prostitutes who have infringed their regulations and the female thieves who have been submitted to the first examination.

The female patriots of the 2nd of December, cooped up in those sinister vehicles, called cellular-coaches, were thrown to this new den of nameless infamies and were submitted as at the Prefecture to all the indignities of the jailor's questions.

With the name, christian name, age and profession, they required moreover here, the *religion* of the victims. We will soon see the motive of this.

There, in cold, damp, naked rooms, the day's cargo was distributed by groups of three or five, and at certain hours of the day all met in a common hall, that the informers might lay their nets.

Ever faithful to its infamous policy, ever bent on degrading and lowering its victims, M. Bonaparte's police invented against its prisoners the most cowardly and most cruel of tortures : — he sent to visit them the special physician of the abandoned wretches whose prison they had been doomed to share ! Thus virtue and honesty, kept captives by crime were assimilated to *legal* debauch and vice !... But this hideous scandal of force working to sully honour was avoided, and before the energy of the resistance, even attempted violence recoiled !...

But let us turn our eyes from those brutal orgies of vice : even the sight of blood would be less painful and the mind suffers too much while unfolding such scenes !

At Saint-Lazare, the fare was the same as elsewhere; two

meals a day, soup and beef such as it was, at ten in the morning and at two, potatoes and lentils with the *bran ball* and a quarter of a bottle of wine a head.

After the physician of nameless diseases, another man attempted to interfere, this last was the priest, a magistrate between man and God : but this new attempt failed like the former. Our Republican women, young girls or mothers of families, knew too well the meaning of those christian hypocrisies, that endeavoured to seduce their misfortune.

The sisters of charity were more lucky, and in their capacity of gaolers, they were able to open their *holy* traffic.

Some charged with the care of the souls, attempted to make converts ; others, whose duty it was to look after the profits, organized the work, and in this last speculation they went so far as to tax one franc, all work that was sent to the prisoners, from the exterior !

Such were the interior rules of this political Salpêtrière, opened to the republicans' wives and daughters, by the banditti of December, and to make sure that no one insult would be spared them, the son of Queen Hortense, who is expert in delicate manœuvres, sent them one of his worthies to settle their accounts with his... *clemency* ! This was the same general de Goyon who had just made his rounds in the forts and casemates, attempting to excite repentance but who had found everywhere the lofty scorn of Republican pride.

He arrived among the captives insolent, swaggering, and rude, flanked by his eternal Tristan, colonel de Courson, his secretary-reporter.

The women were called before him and filed off under the brutal insolence of his barrack words, gestures and looks.

To some he said they smelt of powder ; to others that they were united to brigands and fallen into the scum of society, to all that there would be no pardon, unless they assured the *prince* of their absolute submission, and addressed a *heart inspired* petition to him !

To provoke, to insult and torture women, what a noble part for a french soldier !

'Till then M. de Goyon had been nothing more than a brigand like so many others ; but the insulter of women deserves but one name, — Haynau-de-Goyon.

Let us listen now to a noble voice, that of genius and virtue addressing us from the tomb.

'Tis Madame Pauline Roland, in the martyr's den, the den of Saint-Lazare.

Saint Lazare, March the 8th, 1852.

My dearest child, and you all my good friends, long live the democratic and social Republic! I am condemned to transportation, Algeria, I believe, and as I am fully determined to ask for nothing, and to let nothing be asked for, the judgment will most probably receive its execution. If perchance they should not dare to transport women and mothers of families, and should my punishment be commuted into exile, we will endeavour to meet and live together in justice.

However, I say so in all sincerity, I am in no ways cast down by this blow. I hope, wherever I am, to be able to spread the word of truth and to sow the divine seed: what matters the rest.

I dare not speak of my children for my heart breaks at the thought. What will become of the dear orphans? I am going to write to the minister of war for leave to bring them with me, though, if my request is complied with, I do not know how I can manage to execute the plan. In any case I must leave my little Moses behind, for those almost tropical regions would be certain death to him. My poor Moses! it is he who wants his mother the most! My friends promise to take care of him, but who can fill my place? May the future know no more orphans and let all the terrible sufferings heaped on us, let even our death, buy that future, if it must so be.

Tell Pierre that I love and bless him from my prison for the share of light I owe him; tell him I would have been happy to have been with you all.

Just as I finished this letter (23rd of April) four new companions arrived to us from the "Loiret": — three mothers of families and a young girl of 21 years of age.

How many victims! May God have pity at last!

We still remain twenty-four at Saint Lazare, six of which are condemned to Algeria *more*, that is to say to the penitentiary, five to Algeria *less*, that is to say they will be free in their place of transportation; and one to Cayenne. We are five who have positively refused to demand any thing: Augustine Péan, Claudine, Madam Huet, Madam Jarreau (Cayenne), and I. It appears that Maupas is furious against me: much good may it do him; in truth I fear him not, the wretch can only kill the body.

Still I have many motives of personal preoccupation; I do not know what will become of my poor children! my friends, dispersed as they are and hardly knowing how to live, in exile or in transportation, my friends can do nothing for them! My Moses is ill, seriously ill, I fear, and my friend S... on whom I could rely, will perhaps be compelled by the state of his own health to give up his establishment.

On the other hand, the uncertainty in which we are kept, deters me from making the energetic appeal I would have the right of making if the blow had been more violent and decisive.

Ah well! God, the protector of the widow and the orphan, will surely come to their succour!

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Pauline ROLAND

The report of the *commissary of mercy* is despatched. *Clemency* has opened the prison doors to four women, four women who have been overwhelmed for several months by all the humiliations of body and soul. The others remain, and the Second of December, in the garb of a policeman, comes and seizes on its victims.

Let us again listen to the martyr-poet of this cruel Odyssey, Madame Pauline Roland:

THE DEPARTURE.

It was on the Tuesday 22nd of June 1852. As usual the few friends, faithful visitors of the dark prison, had come to see us. All were calm, almost merry. M. Bonaparte, it was said, had given his word to his uncle Jerome, that the women should not be transported. A general amnesty would restore us all to liberty on the 15th of August, or if any one was excepted, she might freely take the road of exile.

Yet we shared neither the confidence nor the joy of our friends; a fatal report had reached us.

This was the news of the death of one of the heroes of democracy. Noble hearted Barbès was said to have been killed in his prison by a gendarme.

Our afternoon was most anxious.

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As soon as the bolts had been drawn on me, I wrote to Belle-Isle

to enquire into the truth of this report. I went to bed at ten and soon heard in the passages the steps of men and an unusual noise.

The idea presented itself to me that we were also going to be murdered. I arranged myself in my bed so as to die decently, and after having extinguished my light I fell into that child like sleep that God sends, like a balm, to the prisoner.

I had been sleeping two hours, when my door was noisily opened. Two pale nuns, each holding a taper that seemed a funeral light, were standing by my bed and ordered me to rise. — “We are starting for Africa, I said.” — “Alas, yes, poor lady!” — “Long live the Republic!” And immediately I rose.

But a cry of anguish had struck my ear. I thought it had escaped one of our companions. I ran to each but they were all firm and smiling. It was a young nun who had uttered this exclamation and most likely was punished for having done so. Men soon arrived, and the director, trying to disguise his deep emotion, went from room to room repeating those words that seemed to have been learnt by heart: — “Ladies prepare yourselves, you are going to start for Algeria; at half-past one you leave the prison. I only received the order an hour ago. Otherwise I would have informed you sooner.”

We hurry and run to and fro half clothed; we prepare our bundles, of which not one, can escape the humiliating formality of being searched. We shake hands; some write a few lines to bid a last adieu to their children and their friends, and, as we fear to be separated we divide, with sisterly equality, what little money is in the hands of a few. And during all this time men mixed up with nuns go from room to room and neither the former nor the latter seem to perceive that the most simple laws of decency are violated. A prisoner is no more a woman in a jailor's eyes; the essential is to send forth, at the appointed time, the victims of the new council of Ten, that strikes in the dark as formery the odious tribunal of Venice that history has pointed out to the execrations of humanity.

One of our companions, who is only just recovering from a severe illness, is conducted and is to start with us; two women are obliged to support her and while answering the jailor's questions, for his book-keeping, she is permitted to remain sitting probably because they fear she would faint if she rose. One, the tallest of us, still young and remarkably handsome, (she was even long a celebrated beauty) seems to be bent by age and suffering; locks of white hair fall under her black bonnet. She seems to be the personification of endured torture, a living protest against the iniquity committed,—against transportation.

At last we are all ready, and we are for the moment shut up in the famous cage from whence we had been delivered up to the high sacrificer, de Goyon, but this time it is only for the mock formality of our

liberation (*levée de l'écrou*) since we are only to change our place of captivity.

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The nuns with their superior at their head, come to settle some little accounts for the work done by their captives; but the work is so minutely criticised, so scrupulously visited, that about half the price is held back from women who have no other resources! To be just towards these *Saints in God*, we must say that not a word of consolation or sympathy was addressed by them to the victims, not as much as a glass of water was offered to those who, amidst all sorts of dangers, were going to take the road of exile. This, no doubt, would have been a serious infraction to that iron rule, the first article of which seems to be: — Thou shalt not love!

O Christ! whose profaned image those women carry on their breast, could you have believed that in your name, banishing love and pity from their soul, they would turn to stone the heart that God gave to woman that it might be on earth as an angel of tenderness and consolation!...

And you, noble Teresa, who contemplating the tortures of Satan, let this sublime word escape you: "The unhappy wretch! he does not love!..." What do you think of your degenerate daughters?...

The brigadier or caterer of the prison, thinking better of it, declares that as the day is begun we have a right to our allowance;—food is brought by his orders, and almost against our will he crams what he can in the few baskets we possess. Hence forward we belong no more to "Saint-Lazare." We are counted over to the armed men of the police.—The tallest and strongest amongst the knights of the "Rue de Jérusalem," (1) had been chosen for this expedition. — Ferocious pistols peep from their pockets, intentionally half open, and — what ignominy! — we are forced to walk arm in arm with those ruffians to the terminus of the Havre railroad.

The rain falls heavily and we are almost all in slippers, without mantles and lightly clad. We ask in vain for cabs which we offer to pay for, one alone is called for our sick companion, and a cart follows with the baggage.

If it had been day-time we would have been shut up in their horrible cellular coach, but it is night, the streets are deserted, we can be dragged on foot. We only meet on the way one or two workmen who look at us with curiosity and seem to be trying to find out what is the meaning of this silent *cortège* that is neither a marriage nor a funeral. The coach of some rich person, returning perhaps from a "fête" at the Elysée, bespatters us at the corner of the "Chaussée-

(1) The street in which is the Prefecture of Police.

d'Antin ; " a little farther we stumble over a vagabond who is sleeping under a door, and all this, in the midst of the jokes and insults of our ignoble cavaliers.

We entered the terminus by the baggage entry, and in the first rays of breaking day we saw glittering three files of bayonets ; 'tis the line, the representatives of antique chivalry, the support of French honour, who with their arms loaded come to superintend the departure of ten women, who once gone will permit France to sleep in peace ! We are pushed into the waggons where the policemen also seat themselves after having been commanded in a loud voice to note down every word we say ; numerous " gendarmes " mount into the other waggons ; some are to accompany us to Algeria, others only to Brest.

But what are we waiting for ? After we have been thrown into the waggons we are told that we will only start at four o'clock. — What we wait for are our brothers, the transported men, two hundred and ten of whom are to start with us.

They look at us with surprise and do not know what to make of us ; the bravest take off their caps to us ; but generally they turn round us with that uneasy and puzzled look that Lafontaine describes in mice when they meet Rodilard covered over with flour. Evidently our friends fear a snare, in fact the police had manœuvred so as to inspire them with this distrust ; it endeavoured to draw down the most painful insults on us.

They hoped that a brother's hand would offer us the sponge steeped in gall and vinegar that Christ received on the Golgotha from an unknown soldier.

The freight being completed, the engineer gives the signal, — to us the signal of exile — and we start with all steam on for the sea.

Pauline ROLAND.

It is the "*Magellan*" that receives them at Havre : the "gendarme" is charged to watch them as for the men ; he is brutal, gross and rude as usual. But on board both officers and men show some kindness. — We will now meet them at their place of landing.

I will not let the post leave without sending you a few lines, but only a few lines, for the strange manner in which we are established here does not leave us a moment of solitude, nor the means of gathering our thoughts.

I am well and my courage remains unshaken, that is what is most necessary to let you know. We are at present at fort Saint-Gregoire, which is situated opposite Oran, as mount Valerian opposite Paris, but on a steeper eminence.

The officers of the "*Magellan*" supposed that on leaving the ship, on board of which we had received such a brotherly hospitality, we would be permitted to rest at the pretty village of Miserghin, and afterwards would be "internées" in some town of our own choice; they were mistaken. As soon as we had landed at Mers-el-Kebir, we were handed over to the soldiers and conducted to this fort. Here we are obliged to sleep on straw, our fare is that of the soldiers, without either wine or coffee and with black bread. Add to this that we have only one room for us all and a very small yard.

I can say nothing of the country, that I only saw from the top of the waggon that brought us to the fort at the risk of twenty times breaking our necks. The road that leads to it is cut out in the perpendicular rock and is bordered by a precipice. For a moment, our conductors, the "Zouaves," were frightened themselves. The horses stumbled, I turned away my head and my companions uttered such a shriek of fear, that our escort permitted us to continue our ascent on foot. This scene was awful! during all the voyage I regretted not having my little girl but here I thanked God to have spared her the sight of such horrors.

Pauline ROLAND.

CONVENT OF THE "BON-PASTEUR."

The Bon-Pasteur (Good Shepherd) is a religious house, a kind of convent, situated near the village of El-Biar, at a few miles from Algiers.

The special direction of this establishment is in the hands of a M. Pavie, heir and successor of bishop Dupuch, whose name is well known all through the province of Algiers. His coadjutor and principal steward is his vicar-general, abbé Suchet, who looks after the interests of the undertaking.

Here is what Madame Pauline Roland, says of this prison-monastery:

Algiers, July the 14th, Convent of the Bon-Pasteur.

We arrived at Algiers on the night of the 12th, after two days of a most trying passage, during which we remained on deck night and day, lying on sails and with nothing to cover us but a miserable blanket. It is now three weeks since we have slept in a bed or had what may be called a meal. It is really astonishing that ten poor women who started ill from Paris have been able to go through all the physical and moral tortures to which we have been condemned.

I am happy to say, however, that both on board of the "*Magellan*" or on board of the "*Euphrate*" that has brought us from Oran to Algiers, all those who belong to the navy showed themselves full of care and respect. But nowhere were we expected, nothing was prepared to receive us, and we were per force condemned to the hard fare of the sailors. On board of the "*Euphrate*" an exceptional favour would have been made me, I was offered an officer's room, but I declined the offer as I was unwilling to enjoy a privilege that my companions could not share.

On landing at Algiers we were conducted to the Convent of the Bon-Pasteur. Our fare here is the same as elsewhere, as far as the black bread and the other food goes, but in all other respects our situation is harder by far than it had yet been. You may judge. We are here with five other females belonging to the Var, the Hérault and the Gers: together, fifteen women all in the same room, and our fifteen pallets take up so much place that there is hardly enough left for a long table on which we take our meals in common. Add to this, to have a complete idea of our residence, a yard about twice the size of our room, without a single tree, or any other shelter where we might escape from the ardent rays of a scorching sun.

I do not know if this is what M. Guizot understood when he asked that imprisonment should be added to transportation, but truly such an abode is intolerable: it is a real hell.

Adieu. Let me hear from you; above all tell me all about my dear children. Since I left France, three weeks ago, I have heard nothing of them. Pauline ROLAND.

Those material wants, however, only wore out the body, and the religious system, ever able in the practices of torture, organized against their victims a whole series of moral persecutions.

If the father confessor called them to the *holy* tribunal; the nuns traced their steps under pretence of *reconciling* them; my lord bishop let fall from his sanctified lips a hope of pardon for all repentant and contrite hearts!

The prisoners worked, the profit was for the community;—the holy jailors thus filled their purse, receiving on one hand the sum paid for each prisoner by government, and on the other the price of their labour. — Holy practices, long known to those pious souls, who are so detached from the interests of this world!

The consciences to recall and souls to save were the great affairs of the nuns, and on this ground they built a whole system of intrigue, of annoyance, of hypocrisy, such as can only

be found in a convent! Woe to the strong minded woman who remained firm in her faith, her life became an unceasing persecution, though always disguised under the forms of christian kindness and charity.

When every effort had failed, those last received an order of *internement* and were thrown to the most distant villages.

Read this letter from Madam Roland, dated from her place of interment:

Setif, September the 15th.

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You have no idea of the hatred of those people for your poor friend, you would not credit it: its absurdity is even greater than its violence, However, they have at least the quality of frankness, for I was told:

—"As you are a most dangerous character, uniting in your person the attractions of the other Madam Roland, and the fury of Theroigne de Méricourt, we will send you to Setif; in that hole you will not be able to act."

—"But Sir, by my labour I must earn my livelihood and support my three children."

—"You are going to a place where you will find nothing to do, but Government will look out for that."

And this magnificent Algerian government allows me one franc a day that *I have the insolence of refusing*. At Setif, merely to live, and depriving yourself of almost everything, the least you can lay out is three francs a day.

To diminish my board I sew and cook for the hotel at which I stop.—But my children.....

.
Pauline ROLAND.

As to the regulations, the discipline and the police formalities, they were the same for the women as for the men. If they left they received their "*feuille de route*" (route of the road), when they arrived their first visit should be for the "gendarme" and every day they were obliged to prove their presence by giving their signature. Thus, for them, work was impossible, and they were submitted to servitude, misery, and isolation.—Such was the fate of the transported females who left the manastery-gaol "unsubmitted!"

They were not spared the persecution of the petitions for pardon and the same promises and the same threats were em-

ployed that had been practised with the men in the forts and the camps.

As to me I can say like Jesus : "the foxes have their holes but I know not where to rest my head." Where will I be in a week ? God knows. The Algerian government have sent to the commander of Setif, I do not know how many circulars in which we are required to ask for our pardon under penalty, if we refuse, of being sent to prison and condemned to hard labour. I was alone when those curious documents were communicated to me. I returned the most determined refusal. I await the result, not without uneasiness, but without fear.

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Pauline ROLAND.

She had not long to wait, the noble women, and her torturers, exasperated by the calm energy of her refusals, gave way to their most violent passions : she was transported to Bone.

Those are the terms in which she gives an account of this last stage of her pilgrimage, — of this new shame for the Randon government.

Constantine, October the 14th, 1852.

I received at Setif, where I had been "*internée*," for the last five weeks, on the 10th of September last, the letter that you had had the kindness of addressing me on the 14th of last August. This letter, by what might seem a kind of presentiment had first been sent to Bone.

I now write you from Constantine where I am again a prisoner. I left Setif on the 9th, by the order of the Governor of the province. This order bears that I am to be immediately conducted to the Casbah of Bone and detained prisoner there. Here, where I am to remain four days, it is expressly forbidden to let me communicate with any one except my guardians.

I will now give you the reason of this measure that is not an exceptional one, but is common to many of my transported brothers.

About fifteen days ago, we were informed by a circular from the governor-general, that those who desired to return to France, or wished for the right of definitively residing in one particular place, or any other favour, were, before forty-eight hours, to address a petition personally to his *highness* the president of the Republic.—The model was given and if you were permitted to make any slight literary modifications, that was the utmost that was allowed you. I have never made, nor will ever make any such demand ; my conscience forbids it. My refusal was made known and by return of post the order was received to send me to Bone.

I abstain from all reflexions but if you are still the journalist, whose courage was never questioned, if you are the enemy of arbitrary power, I ask you to carry to the knowledge of the public this act that has been repeated all over Algeria. This does not only concern the liberty of a mother, whose orphans God will not abandon; the question is not to save from the miseries of a prison the frame of a poor old woman who feels in her the strength to submit to anything rather than commit an act of cowardice, the question is a higher one: — the defence of sacred principles!

It is then in the name of justice and liberty that I address you those lines, giving you leave at the same time to do with them as you will think fit.

Pauline ROLAND.

We end here (see chapter of notes) our quotations from the correspondence of Pauline Roland: her tormentors exhausted this noble character without being able to make it bend, and when they saw her near her end they sent her back to France. Madame Pauline Roland died at Lyons on her way from Africa: — the *clemency* of the *prince* had liberated a corpse!...

As to the other female martyrs, their sufferings were everywhere the same; and how many still remain on the land of Africa?

Madame Pauline Roland is dead, but, amongst others, what is become of the following victims: — Madame Clouart, Rosalie Gobert, Eugénie Guillemot, Augustine Péan, Fine Rabeil, Elizabeth Parlès, Anne Sanglas, Marie Reviel, Claudine Hibruit, Armantine Huet?...

This last named one, Madame Huet, is she not there away in some den of *internement* and in the hands of the blackguard proconsuls?

For the last two years she has been dragged from gaol to gaol, from suffering to suffering: Prefecture of Police, prison of Saint-Lazare, cellular coaches, escorts of gendarmes, the sea the penitentiary and the dungeon, she has gone through all and suffered everything without bending either her soul or her knees before the villains who torture women, and like Madame Pauline Roland, she has seen every stage of her mount Calvary.

Unable to reduce her to *submission*, that is to make her sign a petition, what did the torturers imagine? — After having separated the wife from her husband, transported like herself, they sent the latter *by force* back to France in spite of his protestations: they amnestied M. Huet and kept his wife

captive in the desert! What a touching show of justice that thus reaches two persons with the same blow and makes of mock mercy a new torture for a noble hearted man.

Madame Huet will most likely obtain her pardon like Pauline Roland. — When they will have finished killing her.

Let us stop here the history of this persecution of women, a dismal episode that would be a stain in the annals of Cafer-land.

When Germanicus, in former times, was poisoned by Pison, valet of Tiberius and compeer of Sejean, Agripina, his wife, filled Rome with her complaints and her lamentations and as the fallen legions appeared to rouse at her voice, the man of Capri exiled her.

Later he had her murdered in her place of *internement*; for he could not sleep in his grottoes refreshed by human blood, while such a high and stern virtue remained close to his throne. Tiberius was afraid of great souls!

Like this bald and rotten old man, Louis Bonaparte fears free intelligence, stout hearts and reflective minds. Caligula of ideas, he would with joy cut off every head that thinks?

It is for this that Madame Roland died, slowly murdered by his Pisons of Africa and *crucified*, as she says herself, *in the person of her dear little children*!

In this weak and delicate frame, worn out by age and by labour, was a soul ardent for good, a religious heart breathing high inspirations, all the noble instincts of conscience and its justice—she was an enemy! M. Bonaparte stoops from the height of his dictatorship, carries away this woman and gets her thrown into his gaols!

By and bye he will take Belgium and the frontier of the Rhine!

A hundred other women, wives, daughters or mothers, are dragged along the roads, imprisoned and packed out for Africa:—those too were enemies. Were there not proud souls amongst them? were there not holy devotedness, heroic sacrifice and pity for misfortune?...

Virtue, as well as thought, frightens M. Bonaparte: Epoinus for him is no better than Sabinus, and it is for this that the Second of December, in its glory, spreads desolation through

so many homes: — To exile! with the women, like the bourgeois and working men!

By and bye he will pass the snow-clad Alps and have his Austerlitz..... after Africa!

What meanness, what degradation even in his cruelty!

Oh certes, in the midst of our mighty struggles, woman has more than once had to suffer as well as man, and from Brune-haut up to the duchess of Berry mangled and quartered, the one in her body the other in her honour, we find but too many such victims in our history. But this was the result of bloody games, between rival ambitions; those tragedies were only acted in royal houses or in those high spheres where the quarrels of lofty pride are fought out. The daughters of the people were not mixed up in those storms, and if Joan of Arc was brought to the stake, it was that, greater than a dynasty, the virgin of Vauxcouleurs had counted a hundred victories!

Now it is a spinner from Rouen or Lyons, a house-wife of the Ardèche, a woodcutter's wife of the Nièvre or the Allier that M. Bonaparte drags from their hearths, for a quarrel about a political constitution, and that he throws to the land of exile like so many Clytemnesters: — the wife of a wine merchant is his Marshal d'Ancre, a writer, Madam Roland, is his Mary of Scotland.

And what could avail all those holy weaknesses, those obscure tears, those frail devotions, which are called Women, what could they avail against the armies of this man, his cannons, his pride and his crimes? — In his palace guarded by the "Swiss" of his late butchery, having overthrown everything, — the tribune, the press, the assembly, parties and laws — master everywhere in fact, by his pretorians, his spies and his judges, what had he to fear from a few working women, scattered in the most humble homes of France, and who to mourn alone, shrank into the shade of their desolate hearths?

How cowardly in his fears, or refined in his hatred must he be, this Cæsar, who draws his sword against the spindle, takes the needle captive and sets on all the forces of his police against a few republican women!

Alas! 'tis the wild madness of crime, that everything frightens! 'tis the ravings of the assassin that the voices of his own dreams terrify:—conscience, hidden tears, domestic love, sad looks, mute woe, everything accuses him, everything mad-dens him: — he has so much blood on his hands!.....

But it was in his nature, in his tradition, and Bonaparte

third of the name — since the Austrian embryo is reckoned — Louis-Bonaparte does not derogate by those infamies. Did not the founder of the dynasty, the great emperor of the legend, did not Napoleon I, pursue and hunt Madame de Staël all over Europe? In the midst of his victories, when the earth trembled under the weight of his armies, when kings bent, like mere lordlings, at the threat of his sword, was not this Frederick Barberousse, this piratical Charlemagne, frightened by a pen? Did he not so far honour human thought, as to strike at it even in the person of a woman and to have her spied, like a rival power after having exiled her?.....

But this one does things on a larger scale. He generalises his hatred; he extends it to the humblest females of the most obscure villages; he enters everywhere like the plague — in the house of the “bourgeois”, the work-yard, and the thatch-roofed cot — and in his eyes a carder or a laundress, is as dangerous at least as the mother of the Gracchi.

True to his blood, the Corsican has even improved!

And what in truth was this exile of Madam de Staël, counting her fortune by millions, surrounded by friends and living at Coppet amidst the splendour of the Alpes or travelling through Europe escorted by her glory?

To-day, it is at the Prefecture de police, this depot-den where all the scandals of licentious nights are gathered, — it is at Saint-Lazare the Bastille of prostitutes and female thieves, that Bonaparte throws our women! Instead of the lake of Geneva and its vast horizons, they have barred, grated and narrow cells,—their Benjamin Constant is a rough and insolent guardian — and the *ball of bran* is their feast?

Listen to another voice, that of Madam Louise Julien, (1) from the den of the Prefecture de Police:

I have passed twenty one days in this hole, cell number 1, called the *trial cell*. It is a model construction, a new system and a most strange one, nearly equal to the iron cages of his eminence, M. de la Ballue:

Imagine a room, about seven or eight feet square, dark, silent, crushed under several stories and the window of which, shut by a secret lock, only receives air by a little pane of glass that slides up and down. Outside, the day is darkened by a thick iron trellis-work, and blinds whose bars are so close together that to catch a glimpse of heaven would be impossible; add to this a stifling heat produced by a huge stove that oppressed me to suffocation.

(1) See chapter of notes.

It is in this grave-like cell that lame and sick, I remained, as I said already, twenty one days, my only crime was to have sang the Republic, and there I was left, and from hour to hour I was obliged to put my mouth to the trellis-work to breathe a little vital air and avoid dying! During all this time of martyrdom I did not see a judge, but how many hideous scenes!...

I shiver even now when I remember all the outrages I had to repel, and that sometimes went even to violence.... I have seen, *with my own eyes*, fine handsome young girls, that some serious fault had brought to this sink, but who still might be reclaimed, I have seen them submit trembling and pale with indignation, to the insults, of the coarse guardians, and of the director himself, an old man who has been turned away since because he was *too free*.

What a hell!

Aye a hell; where every vice swarms, where beastiality flourishes, where Lucifer and his turnkeys are kings!

And how long did those women, but yesterday snatched from the family hearth, how long did they suffer captivity in this den of filthy brutes?— One, two, three months, either at the Prefecture of police or at Saint-Lazarre, that is to say years of suffering, ages of torture!

But when every delicacy of the woman has been wounded, when all their sufferings have been outraged, will the tormentors stop at last? — No! the torture has hardly begun! All who remain firm in their proud and indomitable contempt and refuse the *pardon* of the pirates, are handed over to the soldiers, and those Christian martyrs to social principles, are dragged towards the sea and thrown to distant exile!

After so many convoys of men the Ocean receives its female cargo and bears it to the Mediterranean, the old Roman sea, whose waters, even in the days of Sylla, never received a like hecatomb.

Such is the will of the new Cæsar-Augustus who mounts the throne on the shoulders of his pretorians, and amidst the benisons of his priests, who, deliver up the weak, the children and the women, for the honour of kissing the master's hand!

The church, looks to the *sportule*, as well as the soldiers: —

The times are nigh!

What becomes on the land of Africa of the unrepenting transported? — They have barely escaped from the brutalities of the gendarme, the rough fatigues of the sea and their float-

ing prison, when they fall into the hands of the nuns of El-Biar, the convent disciplinarians.

A couvent is a holy asylum is it not? A sanctuary from, whence prayer, like an eternal perfume, ascends to heaven;—where everything is meekness, charity, divine raptures? Yes, they pray, they sing, they “psalmodize” in those prison-tabernacles, but they spy, they torture, they provoke with affected sweetness:—’Tis a woman that governs under the hand of a priest!

The black bread, the captives food, never falls into their cell, without some pious sentence or a verse of the gospel:—they starve you with unction.

The labour is never paid them (at the *lowest* price) without a text from scripture or the lives of the Saints:—you are pillaged lovingly! they discount your work with canticles:—The holy women do not belong to this world!

But those are only slight miseries: ’tis the persecutions of the soul, the conscience-hunt, that are the real scourges of those *holy* houses. The nuns excel in those practices: they weigh on you, night and day, at all hours: like venomous tarantulas they bite and tear your very heart and make every wound bleed: ’tis as if you were tortured by wasps:—God has his vampires!

Thus tortured, the transported women had, perhaps, more to suffer than amongst the ruffians of the gaols. Stupified by suffering, a few gave in either through *religion*! or in the hope of pardon, and the rest declared to be intractable, like Madam Roland, were parked in the villages between hunger and the watch of the police.

All are not yet dead, but they cannot bear out long, for the sufferings of exile and its nostalgia so terrible for man, are more fearful by far, for the sensitive and delicate nature of woman!

We are writing history, a history that already has its tombs and yet we hesitate! and yet we doubt.... How can it be that this hideous scandal of women tortured, tortured with every refinement of cruelty, could, be given to our country without exciting the curses of public opinion and rousing the wrath of France!

Our country is, we know it, accustomed to violence, to surprises, to hard battles, to the smell of gun powder and of

blood; if it hates tortures it has always a kind of feverish love of war, and our history tells of but too many of those savage games; but it is under the fire of smoking cannons that the struggle takes place, and those who fall, the corpses of the day, are men!

Here the scene changes: what the carts of the police carry away, those who are given up to the brutal grasp of the "gendarme," are women; those who are administratively exiled are mothers of families, like Madam Greppo, Madam Voisin, Madam Jeanne Deroin, and how many others! Those who are transported and parked in the solitudes of Africa, those who die there in the slow agonies of the convent or the Desert, are your daughters, "bourgeois" and working men!... thine France!—And see, O my country, in your towns, along your roads and in your villages, why are so many doors closed? why so many abandoned cottages and deserted workyards?... Because the men have been sent to Cayenne, to Bone or to exile, and that, wanting bread, the women have killed themselves, have become mad or beg along the roads?...

Oh this cynical war against unarmed weakness, will prove the most hideous stain of this government of December, of which it may be said that in two years it has fatigued crime. And again, to imprison, to banish, to behead rival ambitions that hold the sword in hand, this is the usual case between parties; but in this age of civilization, to hunt down the guardians of the hearth, to throw women to the arenas!... this monstrosity defies hell itself!...

And what grieves us, what frighens us, is that every one remained mute in this France so full of high and noble instincts! in chivalrous and liberal minded France! It is that this last chain of captives went by unnoticed like the other caravans of exile; and that in our history, there will be one shameful leaf bearing this title: *Transported women*!

That, justice in its meanness, did not stop the convoy, this does not surprise us:—it is a prostitute, the prostitute of every government.

That religion did not shut its temples the before murderer,—'tis nothing strange:—religion has long been nothing but a commerce, and the Athanasius have long been no more! But that public opinion, that the great soul of France, should not have risen to protest against this scandal, if not by vio-

lence, at least by curses and tears!—again we say it this grieves, this frightens us!...

And see how by contrasts the abyss is lighted!

On the second of December two women were in Paris, — one, the mother of a family who had honoured her already long life by on obstinate, intelligent, elevated labour, that furnished for her children's wants, — the other, a roving adventuress, haunting palaces, parks and the chase, gathering pleasure everywhere and counting her nights by feasts!

The first, during the "Coup d'Etat," raises the wounded, consoles the bereaved, warns the suspected, seeks refuges for the proscribed: she is thrown to Saint-Lazare; — the other runs through streams of blood, like Tarquin's daughter, and superb, and beaming with smiles, goes to congratulate the assassin in his den: she is received as Cleopatra by Anthony, and her seat is marked in the great orgies!...

The first in her prison, works for her poor little abandoned children, for her companions less inured than herself to hardship, for all who suffer around her or in exile; she consoles, she elevates souls: she is transported to Africa! — the other, queen of the revels, drinks in the bowl of the dictator, intrigues, excites to vengeance, and, wily courtisan, inspires violent desires: she is made empress!

Exhausted, worn out, the first returns to France, only to die, without even the last adieu of her children! — the other, like the Eudoxies of the lower empire, displays her beauty on the throne and only awaits a pope to crown her!

Will crime be much longer king in our land of France? O People! does audacious vice dazzle thee so that you dare not raise your head before the masters?

Remember Madame Roland and her companions? — they are thy daughters, thy mothers, thy sisters.

CHAPTER IX.

LAMBESSA.

Lambessa!... since our last civil wars, this name has sounded everywhere in France, even in its most humble and remote villages; there is not a department, not a town, not a hamlet but heard it pronounced in the official harangues or in the correspondence of exile. For France, Lambessa, is the Saint-Helena of the Republic!

And yet though Lambessa is not a fabulous place, it never received any other proscripsts than those of the great battle of June 1848.

About three hundred men have been there for the last two years, condemned to the hard labour of the galleys, — their only witness, the desert; and conscience their only avenger!

When M. Louis Bonaparte required Bab-Azoun, Douera, Birkadem and all the old African citadels, for his proscripsts, he removed from the Casbah of Bone, the three hundred victims of the social tempest, that he and many others had raised, and the ruins of Lambessa was appointed as their Bastille, or rather as their grave.

Open your books, bend over your maps, consult travellers, nowhere will you find any serious information as to this speck in the desert where our brothers are doomed to live!

It is thrown as it were on the verge of those vast solitudes that sec nought of nature but the sun and the winds; neither flowers nor trees are to be found on those distant shores where even grass cannot grow: — such is the landscape!

The heated breath of the stormy sirocco and the damp chilly nights; — such is the climate!

In the camps, the discipline of the galleys, the cannon ball (1) for the mutineers, and insult for all. As to the labour, it was a task of misery indeed, and to make their vengeance more bitter, the gaolers forced the captivess to build their own prison with the materials of the Roman ruins strewn here and there.

The three hundred of Lambessa, as indomitable in their ideas as they had been in the combat, brave and generous characters, do not bend before brutal strength. 'Tis for this that the reaction of 1848, that many headed monster, would never amnesty them, and this is easily understood.—They belonged neither to Cæsar, nor to Pompey, nor to Lepidus. They knew of nought but the mighty watchword of the french Revolution, and of course every ambition, each succeeding dictatorship, left them in their galleys.

One man, above all others, however, had promised to efface this shame and to finish their torture; he was then a candidate, and his circulars were as full of mercy, as was their author of ambition. In his addresses, transportation was a crime, and in his inveigling speeches, he desired power only to heal the wounds of the father-land.

Truly in the eyes of those who know the history of the present times and have followed up our struggles, M. Bonaparte had here not only a duty to perform but a debt to pay. For indeed, his gold and his name had armed many in those terrible days, where despair, misery and right found, so many ambitious accomplices.

Read the trial of Lahr and Daix, the first heads that fell under the executioner's hand since the people had flung the throne and scaffold to the same "gemonies."

But M. Bonaparte was a princely ambition of the high school; for such demi-Gods, men are instruments or obstacles, *things* in fact:—as obstacles, they are crushed, as instruments, betrayed and when the time comes, he who betrayed or crushed them mounts to the Capitol!

Thus the scaffold was maintained, neither amnesty nor pardon were granted, in spite of the promises of the electioneering addresses; M. Bonaparte has donned the imperial mantle and still keeps at Lambessa, at Mount Saint-Michel, at Belle-Isle,

(1) This barbarous mode of punishment consists in attaching a cannon ball to one of the legs of the prisoner, so that wherever he goes the poor wretch is obliged to drag it after him.

all those proud republicans who do not know what it is to bow to each changing whim of fortune !

We know nothing certain as to the interior rules of Lambessa, but the discipline of the Douera, Bone and Beni-Mansour is Elysian, compared to the mysterious and unknown codes that govern this place !

More distant and more isolated, than the other dungeons, the gaolers of Lambessa are free and irresponsible in their cruelties ; the complaint cannot reach beyond those distant circles, and the tyrant is all powerful on this domain. He has both soul and body in his grasp, and he can insult and torture according to his whim and fancy, disturb the broken and feverish sleep, double the task of labour, and by every torment satisfy even *their* hatred !

'Tis the free vulture, tearing the breast of Prometheus on the desert Caucasus !

What human fury can invent in such a situation and what unarmed misfortune has to suffer, may be guessed ! But it is not only this interior, anonymous, irresponsible persecution that must be reckoned here ; it is not only hunger, punishment, unceasing labour, a solitude that cuts you out from family, country and friends, — 'tis the war of elements, 'tis the climate, fever and death that spring from the pestilent swamps and are carried by every wind that blows.

Do you wish to be acquainted with the terrible influences of the country where M. Bonaparte has sent his captives ? — Read the following letter :

It was on a fine and warm day of September ; I was slowly making my way towards the place of my new appointment. I had received the order of going to Chelif, to fill the post of physician at the penitentiary of political transported.

I could not repress feelings of regret as the town of Mostaganem that I had inhabited for the last six years, faded and disappeared behind me. I thought of those I had tended, of the friends I was leaving, and the three seasons of cholera that I had gone through as chief physician and in my turn I whispered to myself : *military grandeur and servitude* (1).

I do not pretend to claim for us alone, the physicians of the army of Africa, the exclusive privilege of disappointment, lost illusions and unrequited toil ; it would be unjust ; — but Algerian life incompletely

(1) The Title of one of A. de Vigny's novels.

organised as yet, *offers bitter and fatal sufferings* that our medical brethren of France know nothing of.

The circumstances in which we are placed, *overexcite* the sum of moral courage we may possess, and *rapidly use the springs of the organisation*, give to the intelligence a capricious and feverish activity, exaggerates our physical wants and *soon extinguish our most generous sentiments*. We grow old quick, because a *pityless climate* crushes us under its yoke; we grow old quick, particularly because the heart remains unoccupied.

Family traditions exist not in Africa; there nothing recalls the memory of your younger and better years; every thing on the contrary irritates your impatience, offends your delicacy, inflames your material desires and shocks your judgment even while leading it astray. After a residence of any time, if you examine yourself and coolly analyse your feelings, you feel you are not so good as you were.

Man is naturally active, his soul, his mind and his body, must be satisfied properly and moderately, that the harmony of his existence may not be deranged, that he may fulfill his duties and submit to the necessities of his situation, without letting egotistical passions, illegitimate desires trouble his rest or his reason....

..... Let us then observe; — as a physician perhaps it will enable us to cure, as a philosopher it will make us more indulgent, for the errors of mankind, because in our impartial justice, we will attribute reprehensible passions to their real causes and to the surrounding influences that prompted them.

..... The village of Pont de Chelif is situated on the declivity extending from the N. W. to the E. and sloping gently towards the Chelif, one of the principal rivers of Algeria. The village is ended by a rather high ridge about "50 mètres" from the river.

The village is surrounded on all sides by high mountains, part of which belong to the Dhara, the rest to the village of Chelif. At about four miles, on the Dhara road, an extensive forest of oaks and mastic-trees.

This village is not entirely built, it consists at present in about fifty houses, at irregular distances from each other.

The buildings that are intended to fill up the highest part of the village have not as yet been begun.

A ditch has been dug, round the village by the transported.

No spring has been found as yet; one well has been dug but the water is bad and salt.

The wind blows generally from the N.-W., the N.-E. and the S.-W.

Storms are very frequent: the sea breeze only rises towards two in the afternoon. The N.-W. winds are often very violent; *the heat is overwhelming and most difficult to bear up against; the air is heavy and damp.*

This is naturally explained by the situation of the village, built as it were, at the bottom of a funnel.

The Chelif water is bad and is well known as such all through the sub-division.

It is briny, of a dirty grey colour, and thick with earth and putrid matters, *it is heavy and difficult to digest, it fatigues the stomach and occasions diarrhœa*, and contributes in a great measure to the frequent attacks of hot fever that are observed in this country.

In the vicinity are to be found quarries of marble and a great number of blocs of white stones, real alabaster, with which the transported have made filters; several have worked most curious pieces with those stones.

I remarked that those filters, though they served to clarify the water, gave it a salt disagreeable taste and gave it a purgative action.

At about two miles to the East, above the Pont du Chelif and close to Souk-el-Milton, is a swamp, the exhalations of which the wind bears down over the village, when it blows from this quarter.

During a certain period it is known that it rains by torrents in Africa, and the ridge I have already mentioned, not being pierced to let the waters pass, they form real swamps round each house.

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The works recently undertaken, and the great clearings, contribute to the *unhealthiness of the village*.

Nowhere can be found the slightest trace of vegetation. Lately a few gardens have been attempted.

The houses inhabited by the transported are well laid out and cleanly kept, but *they are all very damp*. They are roofed with tiles, and all possible precautions have been taken with them, but there are some inconveniences that are unavoidable in their situation.

The transported, 317 in number, arrived at the Pont de Chetif the 10th of May 1852.

They were divided in *detachments of 20 men*, under the orders of a chief named by the governor. *Each detachment occupies a separate house.*

They all have the same kind of beds as the soldiers and are well covered at night.

Their food is as follows: a pound and a half of bread, a half a pound of bread for the soup, three quarters of a pound of meat, a pint of wine about one ounce of coffee and the same quantity of sugar.

On the whole they are as well fed as the soldiers.

The transported *work twice a day* every two days, at six in the morning and at two in the afternoon. They have finished a ditch round the village.

Transportation is thus made more severe by forced labour.

In general, the conduct of the transported under the influence of

the wise and intelligent administration of the directing captain, has not given rise to any serious complaint.

From the 16th of May to the 20th of November out of 317 transported *one hundred and twenty* were sent to the hospital! Thus more than a third of the colony was attacked by the diseases of the place in less than six months.

The soldiers though chosen amongst the natives, were taken with severe fevers.

What was the character of the diseases under which laboured the transported?

I will endeavour to explain it and at least will give a general idea of it. I could dispose but of very few means of action and as the sick were sent to the hospital they soon escaped my observations.

Towards the end of Summer and the beginning of Autumn, cases of dysentery were scarce. Almost all the transported were taken with intermittent fever; they experienced one, sometimes two, very seldom three attacks a day. Several were so badly taken that I was obliged to employ the most active medicines at high doses. None were delirious.

A curious and important remark is that all those who were affected by the miasms of the swamps, have retained the effects of them and *never have been able to be enterly cured. Cachexy, left its indelible mark on them all.*

This may easily be explained by the intenseness of the miasms and by the weakness of constitution of the transported. Their average age is forty, and alongside of quite young men you see *old ones of fifty, even of sixty.*

On my arrival here I had foreseen this result and requested the directing captain to address a special report on this subject to the governor-general, to obtain that those who were labouring under confirmed Cachexy, should be sent to France and detained there in prison.

I expressed the same opinion to the medical inspector in a report I had the honour of addressing him.....

... The peculiar and morbid characters of those disorders *were solely to be attributed to the climate and to the heat of the temperature.*

I have travelled, I have visited two gaols in France, but *I never saw anything so miserably sad as a penitentiary.* Often as I gazed on those pale, worn faces where exile and suffering had left their traces, as I observed those men, many furrowed by deep wrinkles, who appeared to me as if their only desire should be the quiet obscurity of the family hearth, I used to ask myself: to what motives can they have obeyed in *committing those faults* with which they are reproached? Was it the hope of a better future that armed their hands and inspired their courage?.....

Now is this village placed in salubrious and healthy conditions?...
I think not.

The ridge that ends the platform on which the village is built, stops the rain water, which with the "detritus" of all kinds that it meets, forms artificial swamps, the pernicious effects of which I have already noticed.

The situation of this village, its neighbourhood to a river rapid and overflowing in the wet season, slimy and stenching in the dry, and more than all the bad quality of the water, *make me consider this locality as most unhealthy.*

It appears then to me that it is useless to finish the village. In 1847 and 1848 the troops that worked at the bridge sent us a considerable number of sick and the number of deaths was considerable also. The particular labour the soldiers were put to, might have added in a notable way to the number of the sick, but the principal cause must be assigned to the climate.

In my opinion this village ought to be nothing more than a military camp to defend the bridge, as it commands an important position. Of the 317 transported that arrived on the 10th of May 1852, there are now but from 130 to 150 left : a great many have been *pardoned.*

A GREAT NUMBER OF TRANSPORTED HAVE ALREADY SUCCEEDED TO NOSTALGIA, DISCOURAGEMENT, AND THE FATAL INFLUENCES OF THE CLIMATE.

Emile CORDIER,

First class military physician in Algeria.

The man of science who wrote those lines is a salaried official of government, who shrinks from all that might be deemed political temerity; he takes good care in many passages to express the contempt and repugnancy which he feels for the martyrs of Republican faith.

And yet his confession reveals that, even for the happy, *there are fatal griefs in African life; that the springs of life are quickly worn out, the climate is without pity, the heat is intense and difficult to bear, — nowhere (in those desolate regions) do you meet any traces of vegetation; — nothing is more miserably sad than a penitentiary!*

The report in which those deadly conditions are enumerated, the Algerian administration received without answering it. The central Gouvernement was aware of all those terrible influences of the climate, and yet it threw twelve thousand men to this land where disease and death spring from the plant,

from the air, from the swamps and the winds. — After such revelations let them now tell us that they intended to colonise Africa!

Lambessa, although situated on another point, is placed in a similar atmosphere of fever and pestilence. It is always the burning "sirocco," the unhealthy dampness of tropical nights, the poisonous miasms, and the inflamed vapours of the desert.

The worthy doctor who describes with so much pathos his well paid exile, confirms what we have advanced already in this volume, that the transported are condemned to forced and inceasing labour; he speaks of the *ditches* and *clearings*, that the transported mention in their correspondence and of all the rough drudgery, the daily tasks inflicted on its victims by the philanthropy of the 2nd of December.

Those works, he says, are repeated twice a day and add to the unhealthiness of the village.

'Tis easily understood, this soil which is opened for the first time, since centuries, pours forth every poison and spreads mortal diseases far and wide. How many fell amongst the pioneers that opened the virgin forests of America?

Our scientific gentleman adds a very clear and significant declaration: — *of three hundred and seventeen transported, he says, there now remains but one hundred and thirty; many have succumbed to nostalgia, discouragement, and the fatal influence of the climate.*

And to add to the authority of his words he remarks that Cachexy was the lot of those that were not carried away by fatigue or fever.

To be sure the paid physician of the administration adds also: — *many have been pardoned.* But we know the truth of the amnesties of the 2nd of December, and we may confidently lay two-thirds of the absent to the account of death.

Thus on this land of Galleys, the gaolers are murderers, labour is a torture, the air you breathe is a poison, and the soil itself devours you! Corpses or phantoms, are all that will be left for the colonising of Africa.

CAYENNE.

This vast Arena of Africa, in which lions, the Kabyles and the winds gambol, was not sufficient for Mr. Louis Bonaparte; as gluttonous in his hatred as in his ambition, for other victims he demanded other skies, doubtless, that throughout the earth's extent he might have witnesses of his glory: as yet, whilst at the ladders lowest rung, whilst as yet were above him the people and the assemblies, he had fashioned into a model-workshop for the republicans a miserable little isle of the Pacific, and had cast his first victims into that accursed pit of the distant and mysterious Polynesia. Who has forgotten Nouka-Hiva?

After December and his lucky trickings, absolute master of his situation, having consciences, institutions, ideas, men beneath his heel, the dictator could more easily give full fling to his cold blooded vengeance, and Cayenne had then its share of the spoils of December, as Algiers, as the Marquesas, these dungeons of the Great Ocean.

Thus in the course of two years, 12,000 republicans have gone by successive convoys to this land of fire which our misfortunes have for a length of time made illustrious, and the revolution of February will there leave its dried bones, as did its mother the Great Republic.

Mr. Bonaparte loves tradition, above all in the matter of punishment he bethought him of Fructidor!

Journalists, farmers, proprietors, operatives of the towns and labourers in the fields, nay even women are there in this charnel-house land that the sun scorches, and now again we must colonize it.... but with *felons*!

Mr. Louis Bonaparte is, in truth, greater than his uncle: he is not *a prince*, he is *the prince*:—the other—he of glory, as the songs say, the other was contented to have assassinated in all the grand circumstances of war his thousands of men by day, to take, at his moments of relaxation a town, a frontier, a kingdom, and to send to the prisons or the deserts—to Guyana for example—such as fell to his hand: he was an artist in murders: he employed force for itself and cared of nothing but power.

This one takes neither towns, nor frontiers, nor kingdoms;

he assassinates at home, attacks not his neighbour yet speaks peace as Louis Philip the King of Bankers : but with his enemies he uses those feline manners more cruel than violence and more terrible than the scaffold ; he binds them face to face with felons, hoping by these means to degrade and blast in them the idea they personify ; he knows that Cayenne will kill them as effectually as Africa, but he wants not dead bodies only, he wants, in all and everywhere, the death of honour : he makes not war against men, he makes it against mankind ! He is the Jesuit of the system.

Did we doubt of this deepest piece of infamy which recalls to our minds the punishment of Maxentius, binding the living to the dead, we have but to transcribe here the Morny-decree of the 8th December, a decree assimilating political prisoners to criminals of justice, and condemning members of ancient secret societies to a common life, in the galleys of Cayenne, with outlawed felons !

Here is, amongst a thousand others, an unpublished letter, and one that proves the truth of those monstrous unions engendered by the thought of the crime.

On board the *Erigone*, May 28 1852.

My dear Charpy,

We started from Toulon the 23rd of April, and arrived the 6th May at Brest, where we have languished since. But at present we are about to leave for that Cayenne which has been so long promised us.

It is time we were there, for I am in truth worn out with toil after so many journeyings both in France and in Africa.

The personnel of the frigate is as follows : 145 political prisoners from 32 departments, crammed together as on board the *Christophe Colomb*, you may imagine our sufferings, about 88 common convicts, the dregs of society ; these men are going to Guyanna under the denomination of volunteers ; then to complete the situation, 161 galley slaves have been brought on board this day. Such are our travelling companions ! I leave you to imagine our grief and the position prepared for us.

Dear friend, preserve amongst you a kindly thought to the exiled ! I know that in Africa, separated as you are from your families, you are noth appier than we ; only you will see them again shortly. We are told that but few of us will ever return.

Forget me not, my friend, I entreat you. I have just spoken to you of my prison ; speak to me of yours.

I expect a letter from you, I shall receive it at Cayenne, forget me not!

It was the 29th of May we quitted France, if thou seest her shores before I do, salute them for us both, I love her still.

Adieu.

Pierre QUEBEL,
Hatter of Montreuil.

The workman is gone, his last look seeking out France, his foot in fetters like his chain-companion, a felon, an assassin, mayhap!

And it is not in the midst of the struggle only, when terror begets violence, that such things are done; it is not a stroke dealt in battle, an accident, a freak of vengeance; it is an abiding system, it is the living law, religiously observed by the masters and applied by caprice.

Behold!

We read in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, March 6 1853.

"In pursuance with the 2nd article of the decree of the 8th of December 1851, the minister of the general police has decided that Chapitel, shoemaker, aged 29 years, born at Clermont-Ferrand (Puy-de-Dôme), and Brayet, shoemaker, aged 43 years, born at Rive-de-Gier, the former sentenced to six months of imprisonment, and the latter to two months of imprisonment, for being attached as members to a secret society, are to be transported to Cayenne for the term of ten years, after the expiration of their punishment."

Is the *system* evinced with sufficient cruelty? The justice of the tribunals, so crawling and so cowardly since the 2nd of December, had only condemned these two *prolétaires* to the *minimum* of punishment; for all those who know the cowardice and the necessities of Themis, it is evident they were innocent. Well, the police seizes on and casts them for ten years on the shores of Cayenne!

Is there still a France? and would not one say that the following lines were dictated from Archangel or Astracan?

"Letters from Toulon inform us that to-morrow Thursday March 10th, a fresh convoy of felons will sail from this port for the penal colony of Cayenne. Part of this convoy will be formed, if from this to the 10th counter-orders do not arrive from Paris, of a certain number of persons "condemned" by the court martials organised after the *Coup d'Etat* of December 1851, some to a simple deportation, the

others to deportation to a fortified place. These persons had applied for mercy, and their punishment had been commuted to that of "forced labour in the galleys at Toulon for 15 years, or in the penal colony of Cayenne, at their choice. They had selected Cayenne, under the impression that they would there be classed in the category of political delinquents. Having made their choice, they were informed that they would be treated just like common felons. These persons wrote immediately to Paris, as they had the right, to obtain, if possible, that the commutation which had been granted them, should be cancelled, preferring to be sentenced for life to a minor but more degrading condemnation.

"It was proposed to us, writes one of those unfortunate beings to his wife, to choose between the galleys of Toulon and those of Cayenne. We selected Cayenne, thinking that we would there be considered as political delinquents, but were told we should be considered as felons. We deemed it our duty to protest against such a sentence.

"Our dignity and the honour of our families pointed out our duties, as it were painful for us to spend our existence in the midst of men whom morality condemns and whom crime has branded.

"Let not the news of my departure afflict thee! think of thyself alone. Arm thyself with courage, and be a wife worthy the unfortunate friend that embraces you with all his heart."

"All men of sterling truth, whatever may be their opinion concerning those actions which have been condemned by the Court-martials after the 2nd of December, will agree that this language is the language of men of soul, little deserving, in truth, to be assimilated to felons."

(*La Presse*, 10 March 1853.)

Dignity, honour, respect for the name, what mean these terms? what do these rascals require? As for Messrs Bonaparte and Morny, these illustrious bastards, the thing is within comprehension—they come from so high and so remote a source, and through such noble channels! but these obscure sons of toil, these citizens of no note, the anonymous nothings of life.... Is there, beneath these rags, any honour to be lost?

The court martials have given their verdict: Mr. de Maupas, who is *the law*, as the other is *the majesty*, Mr. de Maupas cannot wait; let justice have its course!...

They are gone, in the last convoy of chains, protesting in the face of heaven and of man against the injustice that stains them, and leaving behind,—not indeed honour, that they bear with them, they are honour in themselves!—but desolation in their home-stead, and the deepest shame in their country!

What is their course of life down there? it is the *régime* of the galleys under a tropical sky: it is compulsory labour under the fiery sun; it is the surveillance of the driver, the brutality of the guards, the contact with infamy, vice and crime—it is the body wasting away, and the soul agonising under every torture: it is certain death!

Thus in this promiscuousness more fearful than silence and isolation, their utmost energies are condensed to attain one single end; to open for themselves a path across the Ocean; to be free, and to become men once more!

Argonauts of despair, some of you have succeeded: read the following letter:

New-York, 6 January 1853.

To the Editor of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*.

Sir,

You, some time since, gave insertion to a letter which told of the escape of twelve political exiles from the Isle de la Mère (French Guiana). The drama has been brought to a close this day; I hope, Sir, you will not consider me importunate in requesting you will insert this fresh letter, which will give our American friends every detail concerning that evasion. Hatred forming no part of my principles, I shall relate simple facts without comment.

Since their departure from France, the exiles to Cayenne suffered with difficulty the ill treatment of their guards; but, thanks to prudent advice, no disorderly conduct occurred during the voyage. After their arrival at the Isle de la Mère, their miseries were increased twofold. There was not a day that Mr Dubourg, jun. director of the *ponts-et-chaussées*, styled governor of the Isle de la Mère, did not threaten to put us in irons or have us shot, and that without the slightest shadow of pretence. Souls that cruel sufferings had not been able to subdue, revolted against this conduct, and determined to die or reconquer their liberty!

Many plans of escape were formed. At first it was proposed to seize on the Governor-General and his staff on one of his visits to the Isle; with such valuable hostages nothing was easier than for all to get on board a steamer and reach America where we were sure of a good reception. Some moments before the time for action, many of the principal conspirators refused through dread of a serious resistance, and consequently a shedding of blood. Besides, the hope of returning to their families of which they were the sole support held back many

fathers ; another, but more comprehensive plan, was thought of ; it was that of taking possession of Guyana by joining with the blacks. I think it my duty to say no more on this subject ; my friends will understand the reason...

" These projects of a general escape having fallen to the ground, 12 men united themselves the 8 September 1812, and prepared a plan of a partial escape. At 10 in the evening two of these went to the telegraph and broke the signals. After the *gendarmes* had gone their rounds in the barracks the twelve exiles slipped cautiously from their rooms and directed their steps, each with a small parcel under his arm, to the place of meeting. They had concealed there a small bag of biscuits, boarding cutlasses and some carpenter's tools. All was put on board a little canoe, which was pushed into deep water by the men swimming.

" During this time, Barthélemy, one of our best swimmers, went to carry off a second barque, which was within pistol shot of the house of the Governor and the pilots. We then directed our course, some swimming and others propelling the canoes, towards two large pilot-boats, which were lying at some distance from the shore. After unheard of toil, the anchors were hoisted, the sails set, and we stood out to sea, taking all the barques in tow. An hour afterwards we threw over board everything useless and shaped our course to the west, without charts, compasses, or provisions, with the exception of five pounds of biscuit, some raw potatoes that we found by chance on board, four demi-johns of wine and two pots of mustard, but not a single drop of water.

" Every thing passed off well during the night, and at daybreak we were able to set all to rights in our sailing gear. We made good way and already thought ourselves on the Dutch coast, when we discovered the *Isles du Salut*. We lost much precious time through our desire to reconnoitre these rocks ; they had been able to despatch orders in every direction to stop us, and we were not much surprised at hearing the alarm gun. We then discovered our error, and sailed before a sloop of war dispatched by the resident governor of the Safety Isles in our pursuit with orders to fire on us without challenge. (This fact has been confirmed to us by the carpenter of the *Voyageur* and by three of our companions who effected their escape after us.) Our boat made good way and was completely copper-bottomed.

" We got entangled amongst the breakers of Synamaria, where it was impossible for our pursuers to follow us. Night put an end to the chase, and we thought ourselves safe when we were stopped short by sand banks. We then perceived the sight of a schooner which was also in pursuit. These were *gendarmes* ; but they did not see us and could not approach us on account of the low water. At three after midnight the water rose and delivered us from our prison of mud and the *gendarmes* ; we stood out for three hours to the open sea and

from that time suffered no more annoyance. After 82 hours sailing we reached Brandwarscht, the first Dutch post. We hoisted signals of distress and were soon boarded.

"We asked for water and provisions, and three men went on shore to procure them. The governor of the post was absent, and a Dutch resident received us. The position in which he saw us created suspicion in his mind; he thought we were felons escaped from the *Isles du Salut*, and said he considered his duty to arrest us. I then made him this declaration: "We are twelve prisonners of war who have made our escape from the *Isle de la Mère*. In spite of you we might pass on; your post is too small; but I declare to you, that by reason of your doubts, we will not go elsewhere. We place ourselves under the protection of Holland, in vertu of the right of Nations." The resident then told us that if we really were political exiles we had nothing to fear on the part of Holland, and that we might trust ourselves in her hands. He gave me a written declaration that we should not be given up, and I caused my companions to disembark.

"The next day Mr. Maïs, the governor, arrived. He is a Frenchman, and took as much care of us as if we were his brothers, keeping us at his house for three days that we might forget our sufferings. We were afterwards conducted to Paramaribo, where we were received as strangers who had arrived without passports. The *Heldin* was assigned to us as a residence and Paramaribo as a prison. During this time the governor took every necessary precaution to convince himself of our identity, and the 2nd of December the Dutch government set us all at liberty.

"During our stay at Paramaribo, three other republicans succeeded in escaping from Cayenne and entered the Dutch fort under the American flag. Mr. de Troyon, commander of the French brig *le Voyageur*, demanded them the day following; but at a meeting of all the American Captains which was held at the residence of the merchant who performed the duties of Consul, it was decided that any political prisoner who set foot on board an American vessel should be free. Measures were taken that our friends might be well treated on board, and three days after they set sail for Boston.

"Brethren of America, I now appeal to your hearts. Eleven of my companions remain very unwillingly in *Guyana*; all desire to come to America; they all have need of a new country of freedom; they all eagerly desire to grasp the hand of friends. Are there no means of coming to their aid? I but ask the question: the noble and generous hearts of the Americans and of the French in America will answer it, I am certain!

"My companions are all good soldiers of universal democracy; all are young, active and have professions.

"Here are the names of the twelve free exiles:

- “ 1. Reusse (Jules), cook, native of Paris, remaining at Surinam.
 “ 2. Billiard (Gilbert), baker, of Allier, remaining at Surinam.
 “ 3. Barthélemy (Jacques), baker, remaining at Demarara, an English possession.
 “ 4. Tournaire, shoemaker, of Ardèche, idem.
 “ 5. Siol (Albert), coach maker, of Ardèche, idem.
 “ 6. Brûlat (Joseph), watchmaker, of the Lower-Alps, idem.
 “ 7. Beulet, proprietor, of Ardèche, idem.
 “ 8. Lemaître (Louis), of Nièvre, idem.
 “ 9. Miaille (Henri), gardener, of Vaucluse, idem.
 “ 10. Cadenes (Louis), carpenter, of Marseilles, idem.
 “ 11. Yssery (Joseph), tile maker, of the Gard, idem.
 “ 12. Riboulet, professor, of the Jura, at New-York.
 “ The three last escaped are :
 “ Gourieux, undertaker.
 “ Quesne, journalist.
 “ Chambonnière, professor.

“ Sir, respectfully yours, as delegate of the twelve.

“ RIBOULET,

“ *First class Teacher.*”

This almost miraculous escape, through so many dangers of sea and of man, is one of those daring adventures in which valiant souls delight, and of which there are many recorded in our republican annals ; but such attempts betray they not always the despairing efforts of martyrs whom misery weighs down, and for thus to seek for a problematic liberty through the path of death must not one have drained the very dregs of patience?

They declare it, besides :—a disobedience of orders, a look, a motion causes them to be put in irons : for an answer, a word, muskets were loaded, and Mr. Dubourg, one of the Dragons of these fever-scorched Hesperides, looked on punishment or insult as a pastime !

Thus the 2nd December has in every corner found out for the execution of its vengeance and the service of its hatreds some of those *Tristans* of low rank who have a genius for torture ; well then, not one of them must escape, when once pointed out ; for, though, meanest minions of crime, they belong not to the great page of history, they have sufficiently disgraced their species that she should recollect them. Enter then, Mr. Dubourg, into the little *ménagerie*-Monnier, as one of the jackals of the second Empire !

CHAPITRE X.

TO THE REPUBLICAN MARTYRS.

In the opening of this book, Citizens, I made my bow to Cæsar, and shook the serpents of the Eumenides against that forehead which bears crime as a tree its flowers: now, these closing lines, to ye do I address them, to ye all, friends unknown or old companions that suffer for the immortal Right, whether in the gloomy solitudes of exile, in the Landes of the Tropic or of the Desert scorched by the sun, or in the gaols.

They are conquered and we are the masters! exclaim the Kings and their Bards, as they count the scaffolds, the gibbets, the crosses, the galleys, the prisons and the tombs scarce closed et dripping fresh with blood. We have extinguished the lamp of these workers in the mines of Heaven; we have crushed their ideas, and overthrown their ladders as their legions: there is no longer a Republic, there are no more liberties, there exists not a tribune from which the word drops and runs throughout all the earth; France at last, is borne to her tomb, *we are the masters!*

True, we have suffered much; an incomplete and but dim revelation of our griefs, this book proves it, and, if we look around us through Italy where so many corpses dangle to the

wind, to the recesses of Hungary covered with scaffolds, into Poland country of widows and of hopes, if we count all those crammed prisons, those charnel-houses open and heaped, all those ruins that speak, all those towns that weep, all those proscriptions and all those captivities, we shall have a terrible balance sheet of mourning; we should, of need, borrow the tablets of Death himself!

But the earth drinks not up all the blood of these scaffolds; thence pass into the souls of children ideas died with this blood, of which some remains to staint the hands of the Kings; but these gloomy prisons in which so many entombed martyrs languish, they are seen from all quarters of the world; are heard the clank of the chains, the grating of the bolts, the sob of night, and feelings of rage accumulate, curses respond to curses which some day shall burst in thunder!—But these caravans of the exiles wandering on the highways, they are the Revolution that is passing on, sowing its ideas with its tears, rallying its forces, opening hearts that were locked, creating souls and beating the summons on every side for holy wars!

Who are these men and whence come they? one demands from the stranger. “We are banished Poland: property, family and country, we have lost all, but not without struggles and glory. But we were driven to exile, we were but a legion against a world. And now the Cosaque carries off each year our infants.... And their elder brothers perish in the Caucasus.... and our language is proscribed as poisonous, and alone and bereaved in the homestead our wives in mourning, minister to their masters. If the battle cometh not again, happy are the dead!”

The Host answers not perhaps, but he calls his sons, and later when Nicholas visits London, he finds not a beggar to salute him.

Who are these men, and whence come they? “We are

humbled, proscribed and wandering Hungary: our wives as our mothers are at the gibbet: treason has handed us over before the last drop of blood was shed: our land is but an arena, and the scaffolds cover it as the tents of death. Happy those who have fallen, if the mourning of our country is to last much longer."

The Host, perchance is silent; but he calls his wife, his children... and later, when the butcher Haynau visits London,—by the hands of her workmen, of her women, England brands him on the forehead.... and receiving chastisement from the rod of the people on the thoroughfares, the bloodhound hides his shame in the recesses of his plunder-purchased dominions.

Italy speaks like her sister Hungary, and Germany like France.

"We had wished, say they, that nations should not be the patrimony of Kings, that thought should not be the eternal slave of force, or of dead dogmas; that liberty, which is life, should permit the *idea*, which is the sunbeam, to pass along; that privilege should fade before labour, and that the human family, freed alike in its spirit as in its body, should be allowed to organise itself in the full harmony of fraternal relations! This is why so many others are in Africa, in Cayenne or in the gloomy fortresses of the Danube or the Rhine; this is why so many of us are wanderers, proscribed, persecuted, martyrs, at the mercy of the highways, of fortune and of governments!"

The Host replies not, but he looks upon his Bible which to him was so long a crime; he bethinks him of bloody Mary, the hangmen Stuarts.... and presently afterwards, through the press, in the meetings, on every hearth, there are two great trials opened, there are two convicts sentenced: The Pope and the Emperor!

Forget it not then ever, ye transported, ye exiles, ye cap-

tives, our sufferings are yet a force, our tears are fruitful as our blood, and the hangmen who think to live by our punishments dig but their own graves!

Strange fortune this of the idea! it engenders upon the gibbets, upon the crosses, upon the scaffolds, and the ashes of the funeral pyre are its seed! Where are the Hussites, where the Albigenses, where the Puritans of the times of Milton? They lie embalmed in history, maimed, bloody, torn with pincers or broken alive on the rock, but Luther has been for Ages the Master in England, in Germany, in America, and the Pope reels tottering from his chair even in his Rome!

Where are the Encyclopedists, the Philosophers and all those Apostle-confessors who toiled during the last century in the workshops of Switzerland or of Holland? They are yet proscribed, they are yet blasphemously reviled as the Titans of revolt; but the French Revolution hath sprung all armed from their propagandas, Descartes hath slain the great Aristotle. They have renovated the conscience of mankind and if every thing is not swept clean, it is because science is more difficult to form and more slow in arriving than religion!

Thus the entire past is for us a guarantee of victory; in the midst of our trials if our heart is shaken, we have but to remember!

Are we not, in fact, the direct heirs, the disciples, the children of those great martyr-fathers, of those luminous spirits, those soldier-thinkers whose logic more terrible than swords hath made so many ruins in the old world of slavery?

Well then, all those dead fight for us, with us; they were at the battle of 1830, with the sergeants of Rochelle; they were at the barricades of 48 with the martyrs of Mount Saint Michel and of Doullens; they are in you, in me, in the soul of the Citizen, under the vest of the *proletaire*, nay even in the conscience of the judge who mutters out sentences of death from the bench!

There is not, in the midst of the enemy's ranks, one soul at ease, no, not from the executioner up to the Emperor !

Let all of us whom the present hour weighs down, let us all then have a firm faith, untameable as that of the ancients of the first Republic whose heads dropped into Samson's basket, or dead on the paths of exile : Let us preserve, to the last, whole and living, that religion transmitted to us, and by us fecundated and increased !

Our misfortunes, as our pride are a propaganda : it is the dust of Marius, 'tis thence the Gracchi spring !

Let us note besides, around us, what is the enemy's strength, and what the signs of the times point out.

This empire of yesterday, founded by slaughter on the ruins of a Revolution, and that has fought so many battles with the human mind, what has it gained in these two past years ? Where are the high and serious spirits that it hath rallied to its brutish degradation, to its worship ?

Where are the characters, the swords, the consciences of any repute and value who have bowed the head or bent the knee ? what party hath detached itself from its traditions and hath deserted its altars to follow the new fortune ?

This empire hath, however, every means of wealth, every grade of power and of dignity in its gift. It hath put a whole civilisation up to auction, and never was such a large bargain offered to those desirous to be purchased ! well then, saving some needy marquises like Lacrochejacquelin, or some old terrified cowards like Timon, not one man hath since the 2nd of December taken the path to the Tuileries !

The empire stands, in the midst of France, isolated like a stake ; its accomplice-armies, yet do duty as sentinels, but even now there are sinister rumours in its ranks, at times swords clash, generals watch each other with gloomy glances, the Hierarchy threatens to fall to pieces, and the soldiery that

see the people pass in silence under their burthens, the soldiery look on and think !

The magistracy on its benches renders always the same services, imprisons, exiles, confiscates and kills by order from high quarters ; but the spilt blood chocks it at times, certain confiscations weigh upon and terrify it ; but it is livid as remorse under its scarlet robes, and when it leaves the grand chamber for the closed doors of home, it mutters : What crimes ! what times ! we are on the road to destruction !

The Church wafts its incense yet, and sings its psalms as at the onset ; but it intrigues and betrays in favour of its absent masters.

The administration is faithless : the police is terrified at its own violences ; capital itself dreads this isolated force which may be to-morrow a war, in the midst of a hostile world ; and all these interests, all these ambitions, all these meannesses despise him !

Cesar has preserved but his fellows, his roysterces, his town-friends, enfranchised gluttons who hold on the steps of the throne, have the public treasure in their gripe, who come, and swill and squander. Denizens of misery burst from their sheds they delight in silks and velvets, splendid hotels, full cellars, gilded saloons and besides, accomplices of the traitor, they are chained to the 2nd of December.

“ Mistrust thou them, however, O Cesar, and remember Fouché ! ”

Such is the Court, such the influences, the forces, the strong shoulders that bear the Empire. Beyond this official circle of parasites and compeers, in the whole nation, there is not an instinct, not a conscience, not an idea that is not revolted !

The aristocracy holds aloof, and scars with withering contempt these heroes of the stable or the bubble bank, all those

princes of the tavern or the gambling house, all these empresses of adventure that form the Olympes of the Empire!

The *Bourgeoisie* humbled, disarmed, suspected, insulted by the goading spur, watched by the police, the *Bourgeoisie* republican or liberal compares times with times: it is preparing for days of toil.... and the Jews, the money men tremble — the tribe of Israel knows nothing of the finances of the Country, in so low a tone is the Budget mentioned in the Legislative body! and then have you not heard the cannon on the frontier of the Rhine, at Constantinople, for example, or on the direction of Waterloo?

These are the tortures of the Strongbox: cruel cares of night and day. They hoped to sleep more quietly in this *Corps-de-Garde*!

As to the people, no more Austerlitzes, no more Jenas, no more Pyramids, and plenty of taxes. Its means, meagre wages that the rent swallows up, then with you to Mazas, to Cayenne, or to Lambessa if you are not of opinion that this snail-like empire is an engine of civilisation, this night of robbers a sun bright day, this heap of mud a monument of glory, and this Napoleon-socialist a father!

There are, besides, in these dense masses of the proletariat, severe studies which are continued, patient but indomitable energies which have never given up their arms; neither the violences of force, nor the ballot-boxes of fraud, nor the jesuitical *équivoques* have been able to lead them astray; daily they pass under their burthen before the Tuileries, serious, impassible as judges; they know that such they shall be!

Let us then have faith, all of us, men of toil: if we have lost a country, if our families weep, if the glooms of exile or the miseries of the prison try us, if we wear the deep mourning of the Republic, soldiers whom crime hath made orphans, let us lift our disturbed and thunder-stricken heads: Liberty goes her rounds!

Backed by history, we have behind us the invincible phalanges, the grand ideas and the tombs that speak : science is in our ranks, consciences are aroused, the interests keep aloof from the hangman, and if the incident was tragic, it will not last long !

But let all those who have remained in their homestead, *Bourgeois* or *Proletaire*, prepare themselves : let the people above all not sleep ! their dead, speak they not to them ? — Shall the children be less haughty, less devoted than their fathers ? — Know they not that there is in the world an Italy, a Poland, a Germany, a Hungary that weep ? Is it not better that France should die than that France should live a vassal, in silence and dishonour ?

Awake ye then, workmen, peasants and citizens ; unite, form your bands, and accursed and infamous be he who shall prefer his income, his wages or his comforts to the grand duty !

CHARLES RIBEYROLLES.

Werner.

Ribeyrolles, Ch.

History of the transportation of December The African Gaols

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